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# A FAMILY MOTOR TOUR THROUGH EUROPE

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ROUTE OF TOUR.

# A Family Motor Tour Through Europe

BY

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TO MY WIFE



## PREFACE.

DURING the last few years so-called "automobile literature" has brought forth numerous descriptions of motor trips to Europe. Some of them, under the fascinating form of entertaining novels, have succeeded in developing a new field in fiction literature. Others, while giving some general description of a particular trip, have omitted much useful information; and in some instances the main object of the publication has been to advertise one special make of car.

While planning an automobile trip through Europe during the summer of 1906 I found that I was unable to obtain many very desirable data. After returning home from my trip it occurred to me that my fellow automobilists might be benefited by the results of my own experience. With this aim in view I have tried to describe my experience as accurately as possible, and in a special chapter I have added some generalities with the purpose of thus condensing information or advice.

During my travels I have met automobile parties of many descriptions, but I have not encountered any who had undertaken a long trip accompanied by young children, as we did. That this can be accomplished in all security and comfort is a fact which I believe ought to convince and reassure those who are skeptical or timid as to the possibilities of automobilism.

In this period of extreme commercialism it may not be out of place to state emphatically that whatever is contained in this series of articles has been written entirely independent of any business consideration.

If I succeed in inducing others to try a similar trip, and by giving them the benefit of my own experience contribute to their happiness and comfort, I shall feel amply rewarded.

L. H. B.

YONKERS-ON-HUDSON, March, 1907.



## INTRODUCTION.

AT the beginning of 1899 I bought my first automobile and thus became one of the earliest, if not the very first, motorists in my section of the country. I soon became aware of the fact that I had the unenviable distinction of being considered by my neighbors as an impertinent nuisance in general and an aggravated object of malediction for horse owners in particular. Among the latter some of the more timid went so far as to telephone to each other whenever I left town, so that they might time their buggy drives behind their shy horses with less risk of meeting the "gasoline devil."

My little car, one of the first made in the United States, a two-cylinder touch-spark affair, made noise enough to awaken a whole cemetery. I might write a full-sized book describing all the harrowing tribulations of my early career as a pioneer motorist. At that time there were no garages, no chauffeurs, no special machinists. Whenever anything went wrong—and this happened every few miles—I had to attend to it myself. After a while I began to appreciate, as a matter of course, that on every excursion I should spend about as much time underneath the car as inside of it.

Very soon I engaged a machinist to help me. The poor fellow was an Englishman who had had varied experience with almost any kind of machinery. The eager interest with which he took to his new job was shown by the encouraging cheerful-

ness he displayed during the first breakdowns; but somehow or other he was not prepared to cope with all the "cussedness" which was stored up for him in that innocent-looking vehicle.

Finally, overcome and distracted by too many ever-recurring troubles, he took hopelessly to drink and ran away; I have never seen him since, although I have often been haunted in my nightmares by his desperate-looking ghost.

I am afraid I owe it to nothing but my inborn stubbornness that I did not drop then and there the vexing sport of automobiling. But I persevered, and by the time I had improved the sparking plugs and the driving gear and was able to make the thing run in what I then thought a tolerable fashion, I found a better car, a steam buggy this time. It looked so easy to handle, so silent, so well behaved at first, that it took me several days to find out that matters were not by any means so perfect as they seemed to be at the demonstration, on the success of which I had placed my order. Burnt-out boilers, crushed bearings, uncalled-for fireworks from the gasoline tank and other similar peace-disturbing happenings made me return again to the type of internal combustion car, which had become much improved in the meantime.

I now purchased a car of French make, which gave me considerably less trouble and less expense for repairs; from this time on I was able to undertake trips of increased duration.

But this make of car was outrageously noisy, and the vibration was such that an old lady whom I had invited to travel with me ran away indig-

nantly when she became aware that trepidation had caused her set of false teeth to drop out of her mouth.

With my last two cars I have been considerably more fortunate. Both were built in America, but were very close copies of accepted French designs. Some of my friends who have no or little knowledge of machinery and no experience in automobil-ing, but are blessed with generous bank accounts, purchased the most high-priced cars France could produce. When something went wrong, which happened once in a while, they blamed automobiles in general and seemed satisfied with the belief that matters would be worse with any but their own machines. I myself had to be more cautious in my expenses and had to use more discrimination before purchasing.

At that time I was aware of at least four reliable American makes. In some details these domestic cars may have been inferior to imported ones; in others they were undoubtedly superior.

Since then I have had plenty of opportunity to compare performances of foreign cars with good American cars. I have come to the conclusion that, while for racing and very high power cars America has not yet produced machines equal to those of foreign make, many touring cars of moderate horse power have been built during the last two years which have proved to be at least as reliable as the best high-priced foreign productions.

During the first struggling period of automobil-ing the main effort was naturally directed toward making sure that the cars "would go," but of late

more attention has been paid to the question of comfort. There are many yet who imagine that goggles and masks, together with an outfit resembling a combination of a diver's suit with Esquimau dress, are indispensable for motoring. I used to think so myself, and whenever I invited friends I bundled them up as if they were going to a German student duel or upon a North Pole expedition.

And even then, after a few hours' trip, a general scrubbing was very much needed. Swollen cheeks, red noses and tired eyes were some of the drawbacks which soon stamped the enthusiasm, especially if ladies were of the party.

Furthermore, the microbe-laden dust can scarcely be called healthful or pleasant.

The front glass which acts as a shield and more especially the limousine or landaulet type of automobile bodies have improved all this. From my own experience I dare say that whoever has tried long distance touring in a well-designed limousine will find an unprotected, open touring car a very objectionable contrivance, as different as an open freight car is from a well-appointed observation car.

A properly constructed limousine or landaulet can be made as open as an open car, but can be changed immediately so as to provide a perfect shelter for all emergencies. The roof protects against the burning rays of the sun, as well as against dust and rain. The rear is indispensable as a dust shield, and the side windows can be dropped partially or totally, according to the weather conditions. A broad front window which can be opened over its full width leaves a free outlook for



the passengers, while the plate glass in front of the driver protects against dust and flying insects, although it does not obstruct the view and allows ample ventilation even in hot weather.

- It seems almost a paradox, but open cars are hottest in summer weather; then, indeed, the glaring sun sends its burning rays on the heads of the unsheltered occupants. I have noticed more than once that during very hot days the inside seats of a limousine are cooler than the driving seat, which is not so well sheltered against the radiation of the superheated road.

While touring through Europe I found that almost all the better cars of modern make were of the limousine or landaulet pattern, and I believe that within the next few years unprotected touring cars will become more and more the exception.

One of my friends is the owner of an open car. One day, while he was driving, the front wheel of the car came off on account of defective construction. My friend was thrown over the dashboard into a ditch, and very luckily escaped without injuries. Since that time he cites this occurrence as an argument against anything but open cars; he is afraid that whenever he may again be pitched out of a car the window will prove too much of an obstacle.

A similar argument was advanced during the construction of the first railroad carriages, which on this account were made windowless. Even now in Europe most railway cars are padded, and this stuffy upholstery is the survival of a design inspired by the former fears of collision.



I believe that an automobile should be of a construction sufficiently reliable to preclude the coming off of a front wheel, and that, furthermore, it should never be driven in such a way as to render collisions possible. But even if reckless speeds are indulged in all windows can be lowered, and in that case the car is safer than an open one.

Some automobile constructors have tried to do away with glass by using celluloid. This is a very unsatisfactory substitute, of insufficient transparence and rather dangerous on account of its pronounced combustibility. That a cinder of a lighted cigar may set it ablaze will readily be believed by all who know that the base of celluloid is nitro-cellulose or gun cotton, a high explosive.

As may be inferred from the above, my own car is of the limousine type. It is by no means the most expensive car that can be bought, but as it is it has proved very satisfactory and has rendered long and faithful service. Built in 1904, it is now more than two years old and is still in a condition which leads me to expect many more years of good work. The car is of American make, and I think I am only doing justice to the makers by mentioning that the chassis or machinery was built by the Peerless Motor Car Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, while the limousine body was built by Quinby & Co., Newark, N. J.

The engine has four cylinders and is rated at only 24 horse power. This motor has never given me a second's hesitation, although it has never been taken apart nor examined a single time since the day when it left the factory. I cannot say as much of

the transmission, which has required some watching, the driving pinion having shown sometimes a tendency to get out of adjustment.

For those who do not know this type of car I may add that the motor has jump spark ignition and the transmission is of the bevel gear type, without chains. When I first bought the car it was provided simply with a storage battery. My former automobile had been equipped with an Apple dynamo, and contrary to the advice of the makers I adapted a similar dynamo to this car. The result of this addition has corroborated my former satisfactory experience.

On the dashboard a little volt- and ammeter shows me at any time the condition of the source of current used for both ignition and lighting. The whole outfit weighs and costs scarcely more than an extra storage battery, and I feel that the astonishing regularity of my engine has been due very much to this excellent addition.

I prefer a dynamo to a magneto because the former also furnishes electric light for the lamps, inside as well as outside. This dispenses with all the bother of ordinary lamps, and furthermore affords a safe and easy means for inspecting any part of the machinery even in the darkest night, without any danger of fire or explosion should there be a leak of the gasoline. A flexible cord, with its connected lamp, is always and instantly available.

Among several other minor additions to the car, I should mention a strong and reliable "sprag," consisting of a steel rod about three-quarters of an inch thick and pivoted at the upper end on the right

side of the rear axle. At about six inches from the loose or pointed extremity of this rod it is connected by means of a good strong steel chain to the end of the chassis. This chain is just long enough to prevent the car from walking over the "sprag," in case the latter enters too deeply in a soft roadbed. Most "sprags" have no such chain and are in consequence apt to become useless and even very dangerous, as I know from personal experience. For touring in a hilly or mountainous country I consider a reliable "sprag" indispensable. Even if not to be used as a last resort in case of defective or improperly adjusted brakes it will allow more ease and freedom in stopping or starting on heavy inclines.

The roomy body of the car can seat five persons inside and two on the outside. Sometimes we have traveled with eight—three crowding on the front seat or the chauffeur sitting on the side of the platform.

The coach work is made of aluminum, wood trimmed with mahogany, and upholstered with dark green leather. The distance between the floor and the ceiling is such as to make it very comfortable. The plate windows are rather large, and when all are open the view is no more obstructed than in an open touring car with canopy top. A little mahogany folding table about 14x24 inches can be raised or lowered instantly from the side. Two lockers on the rear corners contain toilet articles and refreshments.

On the upper part of the sides are hooks for overcoats, and on the ceiling is a silk cord ar-

rangement for carrying half a dozen hats without the necessity of boxing.

A bright electric lamp furnishes abundant light for reading or writing in the evening and a heavy brass pipe near the floor provides a foot rest as well as a foot warmer for cold weather. Through this pipe can be sent a portion of the exhaust gas of the engine, making the car as comfortable in zero weather as in summer.

Guides, plans, maps and note books are carried in a readily accessible bag attached on the side wall, while a little bookrack below offers room for a few books.

Ample tool boxes and lockers for spare parts and other accessories were provided, while the extra tires were strapped on the roof toward the front.

The baggage was packed in ten leather dress suit cases carried on top in the railing and one small leather trunk carried on the rear. All this was properly protected against dust and rain by means of waterproof fabric.

The car, empty of passengers and without luggage, but carrying spare tires, tools, water and gasoline, weighed 3,130 pounds. Weighed in Europe, while touring with full equipment of trunks, three adults and two children, it showed on the Government scales 4,200 pounds. Sometimes this weight was increased by three extra passengers, and it is a very creditable performance for a car of 24 horse power climbing with this weight, without hesitation, the highest mountain roads over the Alps.

As to the tires, I used 34x4 $\frac{3}{4}$  inch. While touring England and Scotland, covering over 1,300 miles,



I had only two punctures. In midsummer on the hot roads of France I burst three tires in succession, then went through the remainder of the trip and through Italy without even the necessity of pumping up.

I have tried several makes of American and English tires and have come to the conclusion that a well-known make of French tire is the *least bad*. I was told that this foremost French tire manufacturer had made 8,000,000 francs clear profit last year. The fact that he has reduced the price to \$43 for new covers, 34x4 $\frac{3}{4}$ , shows that American manufacturers at a price 50 per cent. higher should be able to considerably improve their products.

Our tour, starting in London, included England, Scotland, a small strip of Belgium, the almost entire length of France, the crossing of the Alps and Italy, and ended at Naples, from where the car was sent home.

Our party consisted of my wife, my eleven-year-old boy, my little daughter, nine years old, myself and my chauffeur Lewis.

As to the latter, he is an American who speaks nothing but English and is a married man of steady and temperate habits. An excellent coachman, he is very observant of the rules of the road and makes a good driver. As to his mechanical training, he obtained it under my direction during the last years of his service with me, and now understands thoroughly every part of the machinery of this particular make of car.

While I cannot boast of having broken speed records, I put special stress upon the fact that never



during the many years I have owned automobiles have I caused injury to anybody; never have I had an accident and never have I been arrested for violating the automobile laws of any country.

While touring in Europe our aim was not so much to make mileage by flying from one country to another. We desired to enjoy whatever there was interesting or agreeable along our route and thus contribute to our own education as well as to that of our children. Whether the latter enjoyed the fact that they had some school books along, and whenever we stopped anywhere for over a day had their lessons under the tutorship of their able mother, is a question which I am not prepared to answer affirmatively.

But I know that our daily general discussion on topics relative to the countries through which we were traveling was of considerable educational value to their youthful minds and never failed to interest them immensely.

Not being pressed for time, we were able to change our plans frequently, sometimes on the spur of the moment. Whenever we found a place which was sufficiently attractive we could conclude to stop there for several days in succession. This we were able to do because we carried an ample supply of baggage and traveling requisites.

We avoided as much as possible the large cities easily accessible by train, and preferred the smaller places of interest situated more outside the big arteries of travel and which, on this account, have special attractions for the automobilist.

While planning our European tour I was fully

aware of the importance of providing proper boxing for my car. Steamship companies will transport automobiles only when boxed or crated. Aside from this I desired to make sure that my car would arrive in good condition. Furthermore, I wanted to be able to pack and unpack quickly and in such a way that the box itself could be knocked down easily and be shipped to any point from which I intended to sail back to the United States. Several forwarding companies offered to attend to all these matters for me, but, as I could spare the time and attention, I concluded to have a box made to my own specifications, and to supervise myself all matters connected with packing and shipping. In order to avoid unforeseen delays in boxing and unboxing, I made my chauffeur rehearse these operations in my garden, so that when two days prior to sailing we arrived at the steamship pier in New York with our automobile he knew exactly how much time and help was required for enclosing the car in the "knock-down" box which had arrived the day before.

## ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

SHIPMENT was made per steamship Minnehaha, of the Atlantic Transport Line, and about two weeks afterward, when we presented ourselves at the Tilbury Docks near London, we were greeted by the familiar sight of our box, standing near the stone edge of the well-planned basins.

Liberal Great Britain, with its enlightened laws of free trade, spared us all the vexations and red tape of customs examination, and in about forty-five minutes the car was unpacked, ready to run, and we had only to store the "knock-down."

As it is strictly forbidden to bring gasoline inside the docks, the car had to be pushed as far as the gate, where it was provided with the necessary supply of fuel and water. After this, the first turn of the crank sent the motor off.

I was reminded of the fact that I was not allowed to drive in England without a British license, the penalty being arrest and fine.

Two days previously I had written to the county clerk for a license, but only that very morning had I received the blanks to be returned and filled in, duly signed and accompanied by £1 (\$5) for the license number, and 5s. for the driver's license.

Not desiring to be delayed on this account, I borrowed two number plates from an obliging automobile supply store, and, before starting off, mailed the money and documents to the county clerk.

I trusted to good luck and to my borrowed numbers to escape arrest, and discounted the good sense and courtesy of English policemen; in case I should be compelled to excuse my irregularity. I intended to mention that I was merely taking possession of my car and would not use it further until my license was obtained.

I had been under the impression that the steamer would land my automobile, if not in the heart of London, at least in close proximity. Therefore I was somewhat astonished to find out that "Tilbury Docks" was about 25 miles distant from the city.

My destination was Bromley, where we intended to stay some days, to be near our children, who were to remain for six weeks in a boarding school at Chislehurst, until we were ready to go to the Continent.

Not having had time to purchase the necessary road maps I engaged a man who was well acquainted with the route, and under his guidance we drove on without hesitation.

I did the driving that day, and was soon impressed with the excellent surface of the road. No "thank-you-ma'ams" nor bumps, as are so abundant along the Hudson. I was still more astonished to find that we could run over grade crossings without noticing any jarring or jumping. I felt a little awkward for the first few minutes when, according to English custom, I had to take to the left in passing other vehicles; but by the time we reached the crowded streets of London I had fully acquired the habit.

The slippery streets of the city gave us an un-

pleasant tendency to "skid," and I was about to order the "chain grips" placed on the tires, when the guide told me that we soon would be out of the crowd and on dry surface again. In the meantime he called out "left, right," etc., directing what way to take, when suddenly, before I knew it, we were in some long, straight, narrow passage with a gentle incline. "Blackwall Tunnel!" I heard him shout. "Takes us under the Thames!" By some singular acoustic effect all the combined noises of the vehicles in the tunnel were amplified to a frightful extent, and conversation became almost impossible, except by loud shouting. The humming of our motor, which in the open air is quite moderate, became a roaring thunder. The tunnel itself is a fine piece of engineering; on account of its gentle slope it is considerably longer than the width of the river. It is well illuminated by rows of electric lights, which reveal the immaculate whiteness of the tile-lined walls. The road is just about wide enough for two vehicles to pass, but the humid and smooth surface played tricks with our unshod tires, and it was a wonder that in our skidding dance through that tunnel we did not strike anything worse than the curbstone. I felt very glad when we were again in full daylight, and resolved never again to drive in London without anti-skidding devices.

We now had entered less congested parts of the city, and nearing the suburbs we noticed how motor cars were driven at a speed which in New York would surely land their drivers at the police station. I was told that the speed limit all over England was



20 miles an hour, but that non-observance of the right of way was as severely punished as reckless driving.

Once in a while a heavy motor bus, with a shrieking noise, came rushing along a row of buses, cabs, trucks and other vehicles, and I had to admire the skill of some of the begrimed motor-bus drivers, who, while clearing their way through the crowded



"We drove into Bromley."

thoroughfares, found time to dash a pail of lubricating oil into their motor box.

We were nearing the country, and the traffic became less dense; could open the throttle and give more speed. The road became straighter and wider, and the quieting appearance of the green landscape was very welcome. Shortly afterward we drove into Bromley, a trim little town where our motor was to be garaged and cleaned up at the Bell Hotel, which

had been recommended to me as a convenient place to stop, near Chislehurst.

We found this arrangement quite satisfactory. We had good friends in Bromley whose children were in the same school as ours. During that week, in company of these friends or alone, several pleasant motor trips were made into Kent and Surrey, the most lovely neighboring country south of London.

The vacation of our children was to begin at the end of July, and we were only in the latter part of June. This gave us a full month to leisurely tour England and Scotland until, on our return, we were to undertake, in company with the children, our trip over the Continent.

A few days were spent in London, shopping and purchasing maps, guidebooks, etc. On the 28th of June we were ready to begin our trip northward.

Unfortunately the day started with heavy showers, which seemed to run into a continuous performance. About noontime we decided that, sheltered as we were inside the car, and our outside baggage being well protected, we could take chances and hope that the weather might improve before we reached the other end of London.

This was precisely what happened, and by the time we arrived near Richmond the sky had cleared. It was now about noon, and while our driver had to stop to replace a flattening tire, which had picked up a mischievous nail, my wife and I used the opportunity for starting our lunch from the variety of provisions we carried inside the car.

A friendly sun was now again smiling on us, and

from the stately terraced park we could overlook the restful landscape below; everything seemed flooded in a vaporous bath of light, the slow Thames River winding its course through bright green meadows, dotted here and there with big and shady elm trees.

After our short stop at Richmond we passed through Kew, crossed the Thames over Kew Bridge and entered Ealing, by narrow and congested streets. Shortly after, we branched off to the wide Uxbridge road and driving became easier and pleasant. Beyond High Wycombe we met a long, stiff grade of about 10 per cent. and overtook an American steam touring car that was climbing the hill, with the four occupants walking alongside the empty vehicle, which was puffing laboriously upward.

The farther we went away from London the better became the roads. We were driving through a lovely, rolling country, with a smooth highway and green fields. Now and then we met a cheerful-looking cottage, its stony façade made lovelier by some creeping tea roses. Carpet-like lawns, tastefully laid-out gardens, with very old trees, and everything cared for to perfection—all this gave us a strong impression of pretty, rural England. The excellent road invited us to speed on and yet the sensation of loveliness was so predominant that we preferred to stop frequently to better enjoy the charmingly reposeful landscape.

Nevertheless, before we knew it, we had made over 70 miles and were nearing Oxford, the end of our day's trip. A last stretch of undulating coun-



try followed by a steady descent led us over the bridge into the heart of the classic old university town.

I was aware that there was an excellent modern hotel, but we had concluded that we would prefer the Clarendon, an older one, recommended by the Automobile Club, and which seemed more in keeping with the general spirit of old Oxford.

The extensive stables and garages showed that



"Into the heart of the classic old university town."

this inn was much patronized by motorists and coaching parties, and the general appearance was undoubtedly similar to what I suppose all good hotels were at the beginning of the last century. Our choice proved very good, and the only grudge I had against the hotel was that for the first day I could scarcely find my way. The sleeping rooms were distributed along a sort of labyrinth, and, to make matters more perplexing to my slow memory,

they were not numbered, but each bore a name as: "The Wellington," "The Napier," "The Sun," etc.

It so happened that all I could remember about our room was that it had some astronomical name; while trying to find my quarters I had to be rebuffed repeatedly by the occupants of "The Moon" and "The Sun" before I finally dared to try my luck at "The Star," where I met with better success.

This was not the best time for a visit to Oxford, as it had been vacation for several weeks and all college life was absent. Yet three delightful days were spent there. Whether visiting the old buildings of the many colleges or taking leisurely walks through the meadows, or along the shaded Isis, we incessantly felt the intense impression of the sweet, musing atmosphere, which seemed to pervade every part of the old town. I have not found any place in England which, to my mind, represents so well the spirit of the English nation as this incomparable Oxford, with its old traditions, its conservatism, its imposing quaintness and its dignity.

The last afternoon we took a run to Blenheim, the castle of the Duke of Marlborough, a rather gloomy and cheerless example of heavy and pretentious architecture, surrounded by an extensive park, its only redeeming feature.

The following day we were the expected guests of some Scotch friends at Snitterfield, near Stratford-on-Avon.

We left Oxford at about 11 in the morning. We had some difficulty to imagine that we were in the month of July, because the sun shone bleak and wintry, and it was so cold that we felt very glad



"Along the shaded Isis."



"Its imposing quaintness and dignity."

to have a closed car with a heating device. I drove for a while, but soon found that, notwithstanding the shielding front glass, my overcoat was an insufficient protection against the chill.

A gently undulating road of a perfect surface enabled us to make good speed, until suddenly at a bend in the highway we had to slow down before three easy-going, well-fed, prosperous-looking cows.

As soon as we stopped they started to run, but when we went on they stopped again and barred the road, which was closely fenced on both sides. I was fully aware of the possible result of a collision between our car and these heavy masses of beef, and for quite a time it was a game of run and stop, until the realization of our ridiculous position brought forth uncontrollable fits of laughter from all of us.

Finally, after much dodging, one of the cows dropped in a ditch, and this left us a small but sufficient opening to wedge our way through. Trying to offset our delay I pressed the accelerator and we soon arrived at Stratford; a few miles further on we reached Snitterfield, a small village surrounded by a hilly and well-cultivated country.

A most hearty welcome awaited us at the house of our friends, who, enthusiastic motorists themselves, had already prepared a special garage for our car.

The main part of the house under the hospitable roof of which we were going to stay had been built in Shakespeare's time, in the quaint architecture of that day, and the modern additions had been made in tolerable conformity with the original style.

The *ensemble*, with the surrounding gardens and lawns, made a delightful specimen of an English country house.

The liberal supply of rain which makes the British climate so humid is also the main reason why, in that country, it is possible to produce such well-kept lawns, better than are to be found anywhere else, and which look more like immense green carpets.

There, the lawn extended to a sort of terrace, with a green stairway, and reached out toward a very tastefully arranged rose garden. Stately trees, several of them many centuries old, were artistically grouped all over; giant yew trees next to imposing cedars of the Lebanon; exotic-looking araucarias in proximity to glossy-leaved hollies, the latter with trunks almost a foot in diameter. A shady pathway lined by tree-like rhododendrons led toward an old church. Everything was harmony and every detail gave evidence of centuries of good care and good taste. Yes, this is undoubtedly the secret of these striking effects of English landscape gardening, which seem so hard to imitate successfully.

The place just described is merely a representative of hundreds of others, some larger, some smaller, but in all of them the landscape gardening has been the result of a slow and well-studied process, extending through many generations and carried out by a succession of owners, the children being able to follow the improvements which their fathers planned, while determining by actual experience, and not by haphazard selection, what species



of trees and plants were best adaptable to the country.

In the States we are apt to do the reverse. Usually we begin by destroying the largest number of the trees, then we try to make a garden of the bare place by planting new trees bought at random, and it takes us a lifetime to find out that many of them are unsuitable for their new surroundings.

In some of the English country places it took centuries to obtain this experience, and we can hardly hope to acquire the same in a small number of years. In the meantime we ought to put our main faith in such trees as are indigenous to the locality.

Good gardeners, at reasonable wages, seem to be obtainable in England; so are good house servants. As to the latter, it is a mighty good thing for the English country gentleman that well-trained and faithful domestics are neither so scarce nor so expensive as in the United States; otherwise, the average English country house, with its retinue of dozens of servants, would soon become an impossibility. As matters are now it would be hard to find in any other country such attentive and well-trained help as is the standard which has been set by our English cousins.

It is true that in the United States our very limitations in this matter have compelled us to adopt many reforms in our home life. By necessity we had to simplify our habits and introduce labor-saving devices.

The traditional English portable tub, which is brought in the morning into your sleeping room,



"A few miles farther on we reached Snitterfield."



"The church where he (Shakespeare) lies buried."

the running backward and forward with hot water in shining brass pitchers, the many little open fires in each room of the house, are all very quaint and charming English customs, but they involve a tremendous amount of extra work, which has been rendered superfluous by our more modern house installations.

During the week we stayed with our friends we



"At Ann Hathaway's cottage."

drove to Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace. At Ann Hathaway's cottage, as well as at Shakespeare's house and the church where he lies buried, we noticed, by the numerous American names in the visitors' books, that transatlantic travelers furnish the larger number of pilgrims to this shrine of early literature.

Our friends had another treat in store for us



when they announced we were to witness the famous "historical pageant" at Warwick Castle.

A few miles' drive brought us to the mediæval-looking town of Warwick; the place seemed much astir in expectation of the coming event. The streets were crowded with carriages and automobiles from almost all parts of the country. On the big lawn of the castle gardens, where the performance was to take place, had been erected an enormous wooden stand, protected against sun and rain and provided with ample seating capacity for thousands of spectators. Although the better seats were sold at a guinea apiece, every place seemed to be taken.

The performance itself was given on the spacious lawn, admirably adapted for this purpose. It was screened with a fitting background of fine trees and shrubs and bordered on the left by the peaceful River Avon.

All the performers were amateurs, and among them many well-known people of the town or neighborhood.

That these men and women knew how to ride a horse gracefully was abundantly shown by their imposing display as armored knights and ladies of the ancient nobility.

The show was intended to represent a synopsis of the history of the town of Warwick, from the early times to the more modern periods.

The whole thing was certainly a great success, and it was obvious that all the performers were imbued with the spirit of the play. In fact, while the pageant was repeated every day for about a week, almost all regular trade or business in town

was discontinued. Not only did the townspeople have their heads full of their assumed rôles, but quite a few could hardly descend to trivial daily occupations while their minds were filled with the exalted characters they were impersonating.

After the representation was over, I was much amused to see the streets of the town filled with performers, who were hurrying home, in all combinations of historical and modern dress; some iron-clad knights were carrying their steel helmets on their arms and had donned black derby hats; others showed their colored tights and spurred top-boots below the latest fashion cravenette coats. The ladies in waiting of Queen Elizabeth rushed away on bicycles, furiously ringing their bells, their long, flowing robes of every hue and color folded over the frames of their machines so as to avoid unwelcome complications with the revolving wheels or pedals.

Warwick town is like a dream of the Middle Ages. The old gates and many houses of an early period give it an unforgettable appearance.

We had eagerly accepted the kind invitation of the canon of the Leicester Hospital to take tea at his venerable institution. The canon himself, as well as his daughter, had just returned from the pageant, where they had been among the principal performers. Their historical dress came out to good effect while they were leading us through a tour of inspection of these quaint old buildings, which, ever since Leicester founded the hospital in 1571, have provided board and lodging for twelve poor inmates or "brothers." What is most remarkable is that the half-timbered structure has been kept



"The performance was given on the spacious lawn."



"As to Warwick Castle, it is imposing enough."

with so much care that its well-painted woodwork looks as if it might have been made but yesterday. Among the curiosities shown us was a piece of needlework made by Amy Robsart.

As to Warwick Castle, it is imposing enough, but the place was now filled with visitors and we preferred to return some other day when quiet should reign again around this gray old palace.

This we did two days later. We went away in the afternoon, and passing through Warwick, first drove to Kenilworth, which lies about five miles further.

The majestic ruin of red sandstone dominates, with an air of undying haughtiness, the surrounding green fields below. With the remembrance of Walter's Scott's famous novel, our thoughts reverted to the former days of splendor of this castle, when Queen Elizabeth was festively entertained by the unworthy favorite to whom she had made a royal present of this baronial domain.

During our visit to Kenilworth we had the good fortune to be accompanied by the parents of our friends of Snitterfield, and a very interesting couple they were. The gentleman was a retired colonel of the British army, erect in bearing, with youthful eyes, a neatly trimmed white beard and a ruddy complexion. He was dressed in a very becoming Norfolk suit and knickerbockers; one could scarcely imagine that this cheerful man with the boyish face was a veteran of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. His wife, a splendid example of an English lady of culture and refinement, was an agreeable conversationalist, bright, witty, and full of in-



The Leicester Hospital.



"Our thoughts reverted to the former days of splendor of this castle."



terest in everything she saw. Her handsome white hair imparted the dignity of age, and yet she climbed the ruins vigorously, without any assistance, just as well as any of us.

When we returned to Warwick Castle, we were glad to find that we were almost the only visitors.

After paying an entrance fee at the porter's lodge, we walked through the picturesque road, cut straight through the rock, the sides forming two perpendicular walls, covered with green moss and creeping plants.

On arriving at the large outer court, this combination of green lawns and robust trees, with the stern gray of the old Roman towers, gave me the impression of youth intertwining with antiquity.

This same idea seemed to follow me when visiting the beautiful apartments of the residential part of the castle, where the cold and stiff decoration of former days seemed to have been deftly touched up, so as to bring it more into harmony with refined modern taste.

A rather obsequious and pedantic guide took us through the different rooms. Upon being shown a set of Roman swords which looked as bright as if they had been manufactured recently, I could scarcely refrain from asking whether there was any doubt as to their authenticity, to which, rather disturbed and in a slow, drawling voice, he, the guide, answered:

"I — myself — tell — you — they—ARE—antique Ro-man swords."

I did not make any further inquiries, nor express any doubt after this haughty rebuke, which



did not prevent our cicerone from meekly stretching his palm for the customary tip when we left.

That the castle was not a "dead one," like so many others of the kind, but was very much alive and in running order, was impressed upon us while we were being led through the many apartments; in one of the splendid halls the flower-bedecked table was being set for the entertainment of the guests of the Countess.

The Countess of Warwick is noted for her great beauty, and because in her writing and speeches she has openly defended socialism.

All this, together with her lavish way of spending money, has made quite a sensation in England.

As to the Earl of Warwick, I was told that he enjoys more the hunting of big game in the African jungle than staying in his castle, where he is seldom to be seen.

I was told, also, that the friends of the family, in order to prevent the breaking up of the estate, had organized a limited liability company, and after heavily insuring the lives of the present owners, were paying to them an annuity of £5,000.

The following day we were to take leave of our hospitable friends and continue our journey.

At the early morning breakfast, where, according to delightful English custom, everybody helps himself from a well-provided side table, we were greeted by the festive display of the intertwining flags of Great Britain and the United States.

Our hosts, by this delicate attention, reminded us that this was the Fourth of July; and a gloriously fine day it was!

When the time of our departure drew near, our friends, with their other guests, all assembled around the car, which stood purring in the courtyard. Many good-bys and *au revoirs* were exchanged; a last handshake, a "honk-honk" of the horn, a rrrtch of the clutch, and with a waving of the flags we were off, bearing with us a thankful remembrance of our enjoyable visit and our charming hosts.

Over pleasant country roads we drove, passing Henley-in-Arden and Sherley, and by and by we noticed in the distance a dark haze, which seemed to obscure the sky. After a while we could distinguish the straight lines of tall chimneys and buildings. The road, too, became dustier and more traveled. We were nearing Birmingham, the great manufacturing centre.

Following the tracks of the trolley cars, we passed through agglomerations of houses, and shortly afterward found our way to the heart of the busy, smoky city. Entering the bank district, I was reminded how advisable it was, while motor touring, to be always provided with enough cash for unforeseen occurrences, so I stopped long enough to present my letter of credit, after which we left the town, glad at the thought of being again in the bright and cheerful open country.

Somewhat bumpy during the first miles, the road soon became excellent, and after passing Lichfield the good and hard surface was almost level and very suitable for speeding.

Burton-on-Trent was easily recognized by its all-pervading odor of beer, malt and hops when we were driving through the streets, lined with smoky brick

buildings, all parts of huge breweries, covering hundreds of acres of land.

We next went through Derby, the county town of Derbyshire; then over a route of increasing picturesqueness we passed Driffield, Belper and Matlock Bath. At the latter town the scenery became so pretty that we concluded to stop there over night. The remainder of the afternoon was employed in



"We wend our way to the heart of the busy, smoky city."

walks around the town, which seemed to be a rather popular resort. Crowds of visitors, arriving and departing incessantly in "traps" or "char-à-bancs," take away the impression of quietude which would better agree with this otherwise lovely little place.

The Derwent River has mined here an abrupt gorge in the limestone cliffs, producing a rather striking landscape effect.

Several petrifying wells, which coat any object suspended in the water with an incrustation of limestone, are some of the curiosities of the place.

Instead of using the ordinary bathtub, we tried the next morning the "tepid swimming bath fed by a natural spring," as advertised. In the cellar of the hotel we found indeed a sort of large cement tank, filled with bluish transparent water, which looked very attractive, but the icy cold feeling after the first plunge convinced me that the official temperature of 68° Fahr. should not be taken for granted. A few minutes' swimming in that tank was enough for me, yet the sensation was very invigorating. After breakfast it was suggested to us that we should go and see one of the several grottoes of Matlock; we were persuaded to visit the Cumberland Cavern, which was said to be the most important one. A hot climb over a little footpath on the hill brought us to the entrance of the cave. At this early hour we were the only visitors, and the guide seemed somewhat disturbed at the idea of going through the whole performance for only two customers.

He gave us each a lighted tallow candle and bade us follow him, he carrying a pack of candles, which he lighted one by one and planted at intervals along the dark and narrow passage in the rock. Our path went twisting and winding, now between fallen fragments of rocks, then again descending over clumsily hewn stairs. Sometimes the passage became so low that we were obliged to stoop to the point of almost crouching on hands and feet, and we fully realized the ridiculousness of our positions,



"The Derwent River has mined here an abrupt gorge in the limestone cliffs."



"Our route followed the pretty Derwent, with rows of houses and shops lining the way."



because there was absolutely nothing remarkable in this limestone cave—no stalactites, nor high-vaulted chambers, nor any of the usual geological curiosities which are so interesting in some other grottoes.

While we were crouching on and trying not to bump our heads against protruding rocks nor bruise our shins against sharp corners, the guide would



"Ye olde Elizabethan hostelrye, the Peacock Inn,  
where we stopped."

now and then drop his natural voice and start haranguing as if we were an assembly of a hundred persons. In a loud, preaching tone he would declaim the wonders of this cave, while we were kept in our stooped position, and then suddenly he would resume his colloquial and meek English.

When, finally, we emerged, dirty and hot, from that cave, the wiser for our experience, we noticed



a waiting group of newly arrived victims, who all seemed very eager to go through the same ordeal.

By the time we returned to the hotel we found our motor car waiting for us, and our ride procured us a very welcome rest. For the first two miles our route followed the pretty Derwent, with rows of houses and shops lining the way. A few miles further on we arrived at Rowsley Station, from where we intended to visit Haddon Hall and Chatsworth.

I knew of "ye olde Elizabethan hostelrye," the Peacock Inn, where we stopped. A simple yet excellent lunch, improved by a bracing glass of best port wine, was just as much appreciated by us, modern automobilists, as it must have been by the long departed travelers who visited the place in the time of Shakespeare.

A further short drive brought us within sight of Haddon Hall, that charming and well-preserved example of a baronial manor of the Middle Ages. Graceful to the extreme, with its parapeted towers, it stands there as a picture of fairyland, surrounded by smiling meadows, where the clear waters of the little Wye run murmuring along, and some clusters of old elm trees provide a shady shelter for groups of lazy-looking cattle.

I felt as if I was suddenly transported to a world several centuries older, when standing in that old banqueting hall, where formerly the lord of the manor, his family, friends and retainers dined in the same room and listened to the songs of the minstrels in the gallery above.

There was that significant iron handcuff fastened to the wall, a punishment intended for whoever did

not, in good grace, empty his massive bumper when the health of the king was pledged. ' "Dred God and Honour the Kyng" is the family motto carved in the wainscoted apartments. •

Of the Vernons, it was said that squire after squire of this family strove to excel his predecessor in old English hospitality. To the truth of this statement, the spacious old kitchen, with its various cooking utensils of former times, stands as a mute yet convincing witness.

The romance of Dorothy Vernon has contributed, in no little measure, to render the old castle interesting to the never-ceasing pairs of lovers who delight in visiting the scene of the story of Dorothy, the beautiful youngest daughter of Sir George Vernon, "whose magnificence was princely and hospitality profuse."

There still is Dorothy's garden; there also is the beautiful avenue known as Dorothy's Walk, while the fine stone balustrade at Dorothy's door, shaded by ivy and sycamore, seems to invite young couples to repeat their whispers of love.

From this very door the heiress of Haddon stole out in the moonlight to meet the man of her choice, John Manners, a son of the Earl of Rutland. The connection was very much opposed by her family, and for this reason she was closely watched, kept almost a prisoner, while her eldest sister was feasted and honored as the affianced bride of the second son of the Earl of Derby.

One festive night, when many guests thronged the ballroom and while the instruments of the minstrels were playing to the dancers, the young beauty of



"Graceful to the extreme, it stands there as a picture of fairyland."



" . . . that old banqueting hall."

Haddon Hall slipped away unobserved, into the shadow of the big trees, where her lover, disguised as a woodman, was waiting for her. Shortly afterward a fast pair of horses were flying with them, in the moonlight, over the roads to Leicestershire, where the next morning they were married.

In our times they might have used a motor car. This was the very natural thought which came up when we re-entered our limousine en route for Chatsworth House, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. The great size and splendor of this modern palace made a strong contrast with the quaintness of Haddon Hall.

Its stately pleasure grounds, fountains, parks, immense greenhouses and the style of the building itself give it an imposing although somewhat stiff appearance.

The spacious halls and apartments of the palace, with their paintings, sculptures and other works of art, produce more the impression of a state museum than of a private residence.

The steady throng of visitors increases this feeling. There, as at almost any place of interest in England and Scotland, we found a continuous come and go of sight-seeing, holiday crowds, arriving in *char-à-bancs* filled to the limit. While driving through the park grounds we had outdistanced some of them, but when we reached the entrance we found several of these vehicles that had arrived before, their passengers waiting for admission. We were divided in parties of about fifty each, and each group was admitted at intervals and escorted by a guide.

Our guide was a woman about forty years old,

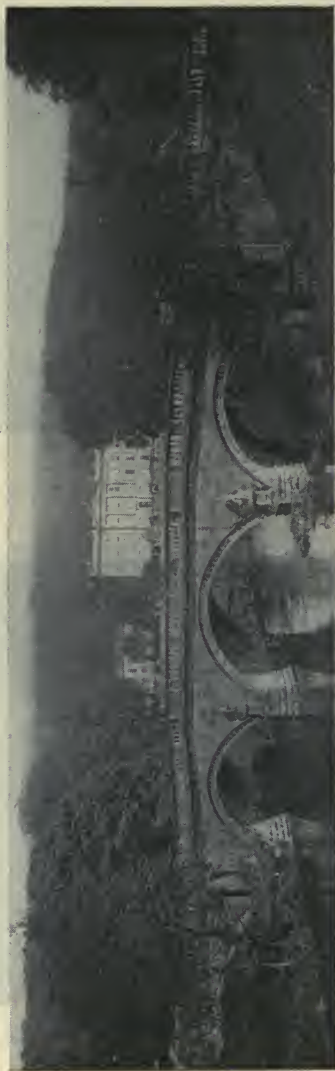


" . . . into the shadows of the big trees. . . ."



" . . . the fine stone balustrade at Dorothy's door. . . ."





"The great size and splendor of this modern palace made a strong contrast with the quaintness of Haddon Hall."

with a very decided growth of hair on her upper lip. While taking us through the different rooms every motion she made, every word she spoke was so mechanical as to remind us involuntarily of some automaton. I suppose she had repeated her part so often that it became her custom to use not a motion, not a word, nor a gesture, if they could be avoided. In each room visited she placed herself in the middle, and there, immobile as a statue, her eyes in vacant stare, she waited until everybody had assembled. Then, without moving a muscle, except her lips, she started explaining in a most unusual way, dropping her half sentences, one after another, as if counting them.

"The old room—— state bedroom—— before you—— coronation chair of George the Fourth—— the other—— of Queen Adelaide——," and thus she kept on, while we were hurried from one room to another.

After a less rapid visit through the gardens we returned to our car and drove leisurely through the large park grounds, with their herds of tame deer; we drove back to Rowsley, and from there to Bakewell. Here the road began to ascend for about three miles, with grades ranging about 7 per cent. This brought us to an altitude of 1,200 feet, in a decidedly pretty but hilly landscape.

The fine road now allowed us a steady coasting down for about two miles, then we had another short climb, and arrived in Buxton. Our day had been well filled and we felt rather tired; we were glad to find that there was a very comfortable modern hotel, the Empire Hotel, but situated somewhat

out of the town. The hotel advertises a garage, but the latter is of entirely insufficient size, and we were compelled, to our inconvenience, to send our car to the other end of the town.

On the other hand, we found the hotel accommodations excellent. We were very much in need of a few days' rest, and we decided that they could be found here better than anywhere else.

Buxton is one of the three chief inland watering places in England. The pretty little town is situated at an altitude of about 1,000 feet, and is known for its bracing climate.

Five days were spent here in leisurely succession. One evening we went to the theatre to see "Hamlet." The leading actors were excellent. The theatre was elegantly built and tastefully furnished, but never have I seen such a wretched stage setting. Even in little out-of-the-way playhouses in some Western mining camps matters could not be worse or more rudimentary.

Another evening we attended a different play. In both instances there was a very small attendance. I do not know whether it was the English temperature, the result of the play or the general spirit of the place, but every time we walked back to the hotel fairly shivering.

The following day there was a surprise in store for me at the garage. My chauffeur, in backing out of the building, had touched a round watering tank which stood almost in front of the barn door. The tank was made of stone slabs cemented together. I learned that similar accidents had happened before, with the result that the slabs had become cracked

and recemented, but now they had become loose again.

The manager, seeing a good chance to make a new tank at my expense, had promptly put several men to work before I was even informed of the matter, and when I arrived I found they had made a magnificent cement tank, and I was handed a bill for \$21. My gentle protest that I was willing to pay for repairs, but not for erecting a new tank, drew forth such an abundant flow of insolence that I prepared to submit to extortion rather than to engage in a contest of Billingsgate language, where I was sure to be worsted.

The following day we left for Manchester. It was raining for the first time since we left London. This compelled us to close some of the windows, but we found compensation in the thought that rain would lay the dust, which, during the preceding dry period, had kept increasing.

With our usual good luck we soon saw the weather clearing just as we started to ascend a long slope. A fine road brought us amidst a pretty landscape, with broad views, over distant hills, in many directions.

The car took the climb at a nice gait, and after we had reached an altitude of 1,500 feet we started on a gentle downward grade for about five miles, until we reached Whaley Bridge. At Hazelgrove the excellent macadam road changed into pavement. The latter was not so bad as we expected at the beginning.

We now were entering the densely populated district which surrounds Manchester for several miles.

Increased traffic, trolley cars and slippery pavement compelled us to drive cautiously.

A smoky haze, which gave a dark appearance to all houses, increased all the time, and through Salford we entered Manchester. Having just left the green and cheerful country, and now merging into this smoky city on a hazy day, we could hardly repress a feeling of revulsion at the sight of the grimy houses and sombre public buildings, which looked as if they had all been coated with dull black paint. We managed to squeeze our way between numerous vehicles over the slippery, greasy pavement, reaching thus the Midland Hotel, where we intended to stay for several days.

I was very favorably impressed with this large and well-appointed hotel, which is a side enterprise of the Midland Railway. In many places in Great Britain the railroads have taken the initiative in providing model hotels in immediate proximity to the station, thereby increasing the pleasure and comfort of traveling.

My only reason for staying in Manchester was to participate in the annual meeting of a scientific society. This gave me an excellent chance of becoming acquainted with some of the admirable educational institutions of the big industrial city. A town like Manchester, where seems to be concentrated the ceaseless activity of England, cannot be expected to present herself in Sunday clothes. From an æsthetic standpoint, a place of toil and energy, where wealth is made, cannot fail to be less attractive than a holiday resort like Paris, where money is spent. Nevertheless, we should bear in mind that just such cities





"Situated at an altitude of about one thousand feet, and is known for its bracing climate."



"Somebody has called it the 'Municipal Palace.'"

as Manchester and Birmingham have always been foremost for liberal and modern ideas.

A not inconsiderable portion of England has a tendency toward "respectable," easy-going, self-satisfied, proud conservatism, and this may be one of the reasons why, in some matters, Albion has not been able to keep among nations that foremost place it once occupied. Among other things, the English system of higher and lower education has become rather antiquated and insufficient for modern requirements.

Oxford may have a venerable name and a proud history, yet it is not this old town to which young America travels, but to Germany, when post-graduate education is wanted. On the other hand, Birmingham and Manchester have always by their own initiative tried to keep abreast of the times.

The Victoria University of Manchester may not have the antiquity nor the mellowed traditions of some older colleges of England, yet as a modern institute of learning it is certainly better adapted for its purposes.

The same can be said of the Municipal School of Technology; although I am fairly well acquainted with the subject I am not aware that in any other country has a more successful attempt been made toward the practical study of sciences as applied to technical arts.

I purposely do not dwell upon the great architectural merits of the buildings, because in late years, especially in America, the tendency of some well-meaning but misinformed persons of often attaching too much importance to the architectural

features of educational institutions. Such people overlook the fact that no amount of money spent on buildings or ornaments can compensate for the want of the proper spirit or the lack of good teachers in any school, however proudly may sound its name.

At a reception of the Lord Mayor, a splendid and elaborate function, we had a chance to admire the exquisitely well-built town hall. This modest name hardly conveys the idea of the magnificent proportions and the tasteful interior decoration of this striking achievement of modern architecture. Somebody has called it, very appropriately, the "Municipal Palace."

Finally, the many days of visits, sightseeing, banquets and receptions were over, and we left Manchester in the early afternoon of the 14th of July. At first we drove through what seemed to us an endless succession of small industrial towns, with monotonous rows of poorly kept workmen's houses. A rather cheerless district, reminding one forcibly of similar places near the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

Why is it that in all countries the neighborhood of coal mines should give such a gloomy, poverty-stricken appearance to villages or towns?

I ask myself how people living in such doleful surroundings can ever have a cheerful thought. No wonder, also, that under such conditions man should try to forget his monotonous existence and seek in drink a deceitful impression of happiness. In such places as these, as well as in the squalid quarters of London, the "pubs," that curse of Great Britain, are well patronized.

The average "beer saloon" of the States leaves much room for improvement, but at least it is not frequented by women, except, perhaps, in some very disreputable resorts. And what women! Women in rags, some old, some young; some accompanied by children; but the very appearance of all of them showing the hopeless slovenliness of their existence. What an example for their children, and what offspring will such creatures bear?

Usually the bar is entered by two different doors, one the "private entrance," the other the "public entrance." The former accommodates the customers who claim a certain degree of respectability, as far as respectability goes among them; the latter takes in the very flotsam and jetsam of the population.

There stands a limping, unwashed tramp next to a workman who has just left the mill and is now spending his hard-earned money. He is elbowed by a shabbily dressed old woman with glassy eyes and a tired smile over her wrinkled face. If her maudlin talk did not show it, her unsteady gait would tell you that she is already intoxicated, although she asks for more. Everything is served at the same counter; but the latter is separated by screens, so that one compartment is not visible from the other. Over this all presides the well-dressed, carefully coiffured, smiling, yet stiff and business-like barmaid. Now and then she gives a short word in answer to a question from a customer, intermingled with a giggle and a smile to another frequenter of the place. Always polite, always business-like, she seems oblivious to the anomaly of her position.

It is strange to hear it affirmed, by people who ought to know, that these young barmaids almost all lead a correct life, and regard their situation as if they were dispensing drugs in a drug store.

The sight of drunken women in the streets is not uncommon all over Great Britain. In places like Glasgow I have seen them unable to walk, so that the policemen had to put them on a stretcher and carry them to the next police station, while their shrieks were heard at a great distance. All this is certainly the darkest side in the life of Britain's lower classes. It is a very sore spot in the development of a country which in other tendencies shows several conditions of superiority over other nations.

These were the ideas which forced themselves upon me while we were leaving Manchester. They disappeared as soon as I saw again the green country. Bolton and Horwick were passed, and over a somewhat undulating road we reached Preston. From here on our route improved still more and the landscape became much prettier. After running through Garstang we had to drive cautiously through the narrow and crowded streets of old Lancaster. We next arrived at Kendal, a pretty little town which bears evidences of its antique origin.

There we could not withstand the temptation to buy some fine-looking bananas which a fruit vendor offered us. Only since a few years ago are bananas obtainable in England. Now that the Elder-Dempster Company has undertaken the regular importation of fruit from the West Indies, bananas are as common in England as in the United States, and



have rapidly become a very popular fruit. Neither in France, nor Germany, nor Italy, nor any place on the Continent, is it possible to buy bananas, except as a rare curiosity, and at correspondingly high prices.

Fruit in England is rather scarce, even in summer. Although the winters are very mild, the summers are too short and too cold to produce grapes or similar fruit, which require a generous sun for ripening.

Nevertheless, large, delicious English strawberries, far superior to the less tasteful American varieties, are obtainable at low cost in the early summer.

They are supplemented by fine big cherries and other fruit imported from southern France, Italy and Spain. Excellent Australian apples have lately become a new and very acceptable addition to the fruit supply of Great Britain. I should mention that later in the summer there is no lack of home-grown walnuts and hazelnuts.

Our road was now skirting the famous lake district and a short deviation to the west would have brought us in the very centre of it; but we knew that our time in England was limited and that there were many other things to see. We decided, therefore, to postpone our visit to this picturesque part of England until some future occasion, when we might be able to combine this trip with a tour through equally interesting Cornwall and Wales.

Before us we now had a rapidly ascending road, but the healthy purring of our excellent motor made us feel that there would be no trouble in taking these heights. The woodlands were soon left way below

and our view extended as far as the sea. We were entering a region of extensive hills, barren of all trees; the rocky surface was covered with bunchy grass, interspersed with blooming heather. The country bore a strong resemblance to the Scotch Highlands. After reaching an altitude of 1,400 feet we could give our engine a rest and descend by gravity.

A small agglomeration of houses was the first break in the solitude, after many miles. Then again, about ten miles lower, we passed the ancient little town of Penrith. This fine and unfrequented road invited us to increased speed, and by the time the sun was setting our car flew humming into Carlisle, where motor and passengers were soon housed in the hotel. As there was nothing particularly interesting to keep us in this town we left the following morning.

It was a bright sunny day, but a strong breeze was blowing and the air was crisp and cold. Although we were now in midsummer, the weather reminded me more of the dry, cold November days of New York, and our Panama hats, strapped to the ceiling of the limousine, looked very much out of season. A perfect road, green fields, and neat white-washed cottages made the combined impression we received while speeding along. Gretna Green! The name reminded us that this was the first village over the Scotch boundary line. Hither, in former times, rushed the lovesick couples whose matrimonial aspirations were objected to by their stern English parents. There, also, did they undergo the Scotch rites of civil marriage, the ceremony being per-

formed by the local justice of the peace, who happened to be also the blacksmith of the village.

After about forty miles of an almost level stretch we reached Moffat. A steady ascent for about seven miles brought us again over uninhabited moorland, covered with grass and heather. The only signs of life were now and then a frightened grouse or partridge, flying before the hum of our approaching motor. Farther on, grazing sheep appeared like so many tiny white specks on the otherwise uniformly green surface of the hills. The road ran about ten miles through this kind of country. Cold and chilly as it was, I could easily imagine what a picture of gloom this must be on a rainy or foggy day. Almost near the summit we reached a place called "The Devil's Beef Tub," a steep precipice of about 500 feet below the road. By the time we began to descend again I noticed that we were following a quick-running little stream, which was burrowing under the heather-covered rocks, and which I found to be the humble beginning of the River Tweed. The landscape changed by and by; an occasional bunch of trees began to alter the monotony of the hills; a few isolated farmhouses appeared, and shortly afterward we stopped before a very inviting inn, called Crook Hotel. The place felt warm and comfortable after our cold drive over Tweed's Muir. How we enjoyed our excellent hot tea!

There, also, we made our first acquaintance with Scotch cakes, a sort of crisp pancake, made without yeast, and very similar to curly triangles of brittle gray strawboard paper, but very toothsome for good appetites.



"We were entering a region of extensive hills barren of all trees."



"A steady ascent for about seven miles brought us again over uninhabited moorland."

The district into which we had entered reminded me somewhat of some American landscapes along the State road in Westchester County: a rolling country adorned by pretty farms. We so passed Broughton, Romana Bridge and Leadburn. Near Penicuik, after coming down a hilly curve, we took the wrong road, and before realizing our mistake were on a side road, with a rapid succession of sharp hilly turns; but our trusty car took the heavy inclines very gracefully and we did not care to return, because a few miles farther we would again join the main road. At that point the latter became very wide and straight, and we saw the mountainous contour of Arthur Seat.

Almost at the same time we were greeted by the faint yet distinct skyline of Edinburgh, a sight so characteristic that whoever has seen it once will never forget it. Our road descended straight toward the city, which lay before us, its glorious appearance enhanced on the background of resplendent light, as the yellow afternoon sun poured into the-glistening bay beyond.

“Edina, Scotia’s darling seat,

All hail, thy palaces and towers.”

This was my third visit to Edinburgh, and in every case have I been under the spell of this incomparable gem of the north. Paris may be gayer, London more imposing, Rome more classical, but I know of no other city which has the same æsthetic, yet coldly aristocratic tone.

Look! We are passing below that sturdy rock from whence the old castle seems to throw a frowning glance upon our new-fangled conveyance. There





"And shortly afterward we stopped before a very inviting inn."



"At that point we saw the mountainous contour of Arthur Seat."



“I know of no other city which has the same æsthetic yet coldly aristocratic tone.”

it was that King Edwin, by founding his "burgh," laid the foundations of the future town. There, also, the same Edwin, as far back as the seventh century, dreamt of a United Kingdom, which was only to be realized many hundreds of years afterward. Wars, treason, cruelty, persecution, fanat-



"Many of them landmarks of old Edinburgh."

icism, all have left their bloody imprints on the history of the old burgh.

There was that same Grass Market, where, in narrow-minded and stormy ages, heretics were burned and Covenanters were hanged next to malefactors. High street, with rows of tall houses, many of them landmarks of old Edinburgh, led us as far

as the North Bridge; there, turning to the left, we entered upon the more modern part of the town, and now we stood before the entrance of the palatial North British Hotel. In going to our rooms, it occurred to me what a pity it is that an otherwise well-equipped hotel should not have tried to provide better illumination in its gloomy, half-dark hallways. Two days were spent sightseeing in and around Edinburgh, for which purpose the car was used to good advantage.

On the afternoon of July 17 we started on our return trip southward. We preferred to take the less easy but more interesting road over Dalkeith, and after passing through some villages we found ourselves among the Lammermuir Hills. These had the same general desolate aspect as the moors we had encountered a few days before, on our way to Edinburgh. Chilly weather and a fine drizzling rain completed the impression of forlornness, which was accentuated by the monotonous bleating of some stray sheep.

Scotland has three kinds of weather: it is either "raining," is "going to rain," or "has just finished raining." I was reminded of the story of that foreign consul in Glasgow who had rented a house which he tried to embellish by works of art. In the entrance hall were four marble statues representing Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter. One day the consul, distracted by the hopelessness of the climate, ordered umbrellas for each statue, "to bring them more into conformity with the four Scotch seasons."

And yet this Scotch landscape, with its gray, melancholy appearance, has a charm of its own and gives



"Chilly weather and fine drizzling rain completed the impression of forlornness."



"The viaduct over the little Leader River."



an impression quite different from any other country.

Our road was now winding its way downward through more cultivated regions and the sky became bright again. Well-kept farms were succeeding each other, and by a succession of up and down grades we passed Lauder and Earlston. Near Leaderfoot, the viaduct over the little Leader River reminded us of the fact that by a short detour we might visit Melrose Abbey.

Reliable Baedeker calls this abbey "indisputably the finest ruin in Scotland," and he ought to know. I must say, however, that, crowded in between narrow streets and surrounded by houses, the ruin failed entirely to make on us the impression which we received two days later at our visit to Fountains Abbey.

Abbotsford, the picturesque home of Sir Walter Scott, was only two miles farther, but the day was quite advanced by this time and we preferred not to crowd in a too hurried visit, so we returned to the main road by St. Boswell. On the "green" of the village was being held the annual horse fair, and all along the road we met people trying horses, and farther up, near the village limits, encountered some gipsy wagons and a gipsy camp. Gradually we entered now upon a stretch of road so lovely as to look almost like artistic stage scenery. Vigorous old beech trees, with their moss-covered, silvery bark, alternated with the dark green of giant coniferæ.

We were so absorbed in the contemplation of this scenic avenue that we scarcely knew when we were entering Jedburgh. The quiet streets of the neat



"Encountered some gipsy wagons and a gipsy camp."



"The quiet streets of the neat little place hardly suggest the turbulent period during the wars with England."

little place hardly suggest the turbulent period through which this old border town passed during the wars with England. In those bloody times "Jeddart justice," like "Lidford law," hanged the man first and tried him afterward.

We were to rest here overnight at the "Spread Eagle Inn," a name which sounded rather American. The freshly painted façade gave a very neat appearance to the old hostelry. While we were finding our way to our rooms by a labyrinth of nooks and corners, our car was being garaged under a shed in the courtyard. The soothing rusticity of our environment was in marked contrast to yesterday's elegance of Scotland's capital.

Our further purpose, for the following day, was to leave early, after taking a glimpse at the ruins of Jedburgh Abbey. The latter was only a few hundred feet from the hotel. Leaving our car near the entrance to the churchyard, we were walking toward the old edifice when we were met by an elderly man who was working in his garden. His flowing white beard and intelligent dark eyes gave him a striking appearance. He announced himself as the custodian of the ruin. Leaving his work, he invited us to come in, but at the sight of our motor car he suddenly exclaimed:

"If you travel in a motor, then you surely are much in a hurry and can't find time to enjoy my Ruin."

We protested that we were not of the scorching-a-mile-a-minute class, and were traveling not for making mileage but for enjoying the country. We soon discovered that this man was unusually well

acquainted with the history and lore of his native land. As an able archæologist he retraced for us the record of every detail of the old abbey, interspersing his conversation now and then with verses from his own poems. That our new acquaintance was a very successful horticulturist, as well as a philosopher, was proved by his elaborate rose garden, which had



"The landscape was a repetition of Tweed's Muir."

won him many and many a prize in floral exhibitions.

Our morning had fled very fast and it was about noon when we took leave of our interesting entertainer and proceeded on our way. After a few miles of pretty wood scenery, the Cheviot Hills loomed up in the distance, and shortly afterward we were again on a long climb over green moors. Flocks of beautiful sheep with immaculate long, white fleece reminded us that this was the country where the famous Cheviot wool was obtained. The landscape

was a repetition of Tweed's Muir and Lammermuir, and, to make the similarity more complete, we were again treated at intervals with fine drizzling rain. By the time we began the descent near Carter Fell the weather developed a chilling rain storm, accompanied by such a strong wind as to make me wonder why our carriage was not blown from the road.

We had to draw the weather-curtains over the driver's seat, and if it had not been for our limousine car this storm would surely have spoiled our trip for the day. For miles and miles there was no shelter in sight, not even a lonely tree to offer us any refuge. But we kept on driving, while the furious storm beat the heavy rain against the plate windows, and were snugly protected inside our comfortable car.

As on former occasions, the rain stopped when we were nearing the lowlands, and now and then the sun broke out through a gap in the gray clouds.

Noiselessly we coasted downward, until we reached a little lake, and near the shore of it stood another limousine. The owners were fishing, while the chauffeur sat on the front of the car, his mind entirely lost in the reading of some novel. The road kept undulating, sometimes reaching an altitude of more than a thousand feet, but the country was not so desolate as the one we had just left, and showed, here and there, some signs of habitation in the shape of an occasional sheep farm.

We were just ascending a steep hill of about 7 per cent. grade when we overtook a heavy traction engine pulling two other wagons behind. The outfit



seemed to have no trouble in taking the hill, although it naturally went much slower than we did. Such kind of machines are frequently met in all parts of England, and several times I had occasion to obtain direct information as to the practical operation of such commercial automobiles. Some of them are driven by steam in about the same way as a steam locomotive; others are built on the same principle as the gasoline automobile. Heavy vehicles of the electric class, as are often met in New York, seem to be very scarce in Europe; probably on account of the fact that their operation is very expensive and that their scope of action is rather limited.

Some well-conceived English traction engines have the appearance and solidity of construction of a railroad locomotive. I was told that some could be purchased for prices ranging about \$2,500. From the fact that such vehicles had been in use for several years and had given full satisfaction as to the cost of operation, I believe that an immense development of the automobile industry is possible in that direction. The large flat tires have a most favorable result on the roads by improving the surface, acting somewhat like steam rollers. If such commercial vehicles can replace horse-drawn wagons it will mean an immense economy in the maintenance of roads, which now are so much spoiled by the sharp hoofs of horses as well as by the tires of narrow wheels.

The profitable use of commercial automobiles seems only possible in countries where good roads exist; that is probably the reason why they are so

numerous in England. In France I saw less of them and almost none in Italy, although both countries seem to be very well adapted for this purpose.

We were nearing Newcastle, and met now and then some stray agglomerations of houses, followed by a closer succession of buildings, until about three o'clock in the afternoon we entered the black, smoky city. With its immense industrial activity, Newcastle looks even less attractive than Manchester or Birmingham. We drove hastily through the town and paid our toll at the entrance of the heavy High Level Bridge. Underneath flows the muddy Tyne River, lined on both shores with rows of gloomy factory buildings, spouting clouds of black smoke from hundreds of big chimneys.

Leaving the city, we were now traveling through a dismal colliery district. The unpainted houses of the badly kept villages and the black-faced miners in the streets reminded us again of the neighborhood of Manchester.

A little beyond Chester-le-Street, the distant outlines of the Durham Cathedral rose in sight. The imposing building stands on a rocky promontory above the whole surrounding country. Arriving nearer, we were climbing the narrow streets of the town of Durham, and so came in full view of what is said to be the most beautiful Norman building in the world.

On the same lofty retreat, and not far from the stately cathedral, stands the ancient castle. Both buildings, in their elevated position, seem to impress their haughty domination upon the small town of crooked, narrow streets and old-looking houses.

At Durham we wanted to buy souvenirs in one of the many little shops, but were told that this was Wednesday, the week holiday of the town, and that stores were closed.

Each town or village in England seems to keep an extra holiday each week, occurring on a different day according to the choice of the locality, so that while traveling in an auto it is quite possible, as had happened to us, to strike a holiday town on each succeeding day of the week.

After having stilled our clamoring appetites at "The Three Tuns," which Baedeker recommended as "an old-fashioned but comfortable house," we took to the road again. A stiff climb awaited us near Ferry Hill, but then the surface became almost level again and we made good time. Darlington and Northallerton, two small towns of some importance, were traversed hurriedly; then branching off to the right we engaged in a succession of side roads toward Ripon, our destination for the end of the day. Side roads in England, although narrow, are as good and sometimes better than the main roads. Roads in England are seldom straight, as they have been laid out without injuring the convenience of mighty landholders, who here, more than in any other country, seem to have everything their own way.

We were traveling on good, hard and smooth surface and were all alone on the road. The setting sun urged us to go faster and the r-r-r of our perfect engine was a merry tune to our ears. While we were thus flying along we could hardly refrain from making some remarks in praise of our reliable

machine. Day after day we had been traveling without intermission, never delayed nor worried by troubles with the machinery. What a change, since my experience of a few years ago when I first tried my hand at automobiling, etc.! We might have kept up this optimistic conversation much longer if just at that time we had not been startled by a tchiss!—bang!—bang!—bang!—tchiss!—and the motor stopped. The engine, which always started on the very first touch of the crank, seemed lifeless now, although voltmeter and sparking plugs showed the excellent condition of the ignition system. Lewis was positive that it could not be lack of gasoline, because he had added some in Durham, but the carburetor seemed empty, and therefore, notwithstanding the assurances of Lewis that we had an abundance of gasoline, we examined the tank and found that every drop of fuel had disappeared. Judging by our odometer, we were fully two miles from Ripon, the nearest place to get a new supply, and Lewis was sent out in search of the much-needed liquid. A passing boy, on a bicycle, was dispatched after him, with the promise of a shilling if he could hurry the arrival of a can of gasoline. It had become quite dark now, but, lighting the electric lamp in the car, we were enabled to pass the time agreeably with reading.

After about an hour the gasoline arrived and the motor was started without any trouble whatever. While we were humming off the two last miles I ventured to remark that it made quite some difference to our engine whether it had gasoline or not, and that from now on we would never travel again



"The imposing building stands on a rocky promontory."



" . . . fitted together as a rare gem in an appropriate setting."



without carrying an extra can of this indispensable fluid, so that we could fall back on this reserve provision in case our regular supply gave out.

The streets of Ripon appeared pitch dark to me, but with some hesitation we found our way to the Unicorn Hotel. We were rather surprised to find this inn very crowded with visitors and found, to



"Our car was waiting outside."

our dismay, that all the neighborhood had flocked to Ripon, to see an historical pageant which was to take place next day—an event of much local importance, because it was celebrated only at intervals of many years.

The little place, otherwise so quiet, was now stirred up by all the hustle and bustle of preparation. This was quite different from what we expected,

and if it had not been so late we would certainly have driven to the nearest quiet locality.

I have a horror of crowds, and foresaw that Fountains Abbey, our sole object for coming here, would lose all its charm if we were to meet there the noisy hordes of the average holiday seekers. The hotel itself made a good impression, and the landlady told us she could provide us with rooms for one night, if we would promise her that they should be vacated for the next day, as everything had been engaged long ago for the full coming week. I went to bed rather disappointed to see my plans so upset. This visit to Fountains Abbey I had intended to spring as a surprise upon my wife as a fitting climax to our sightseeing journey through England. I had almost made up my mind to leave the place without even taking a look at the ruin, rather than to see it, as in the circus performance, surrounded by crowds. I must have felt very tired that evening. Luckily I woke up next morning in a much more cheerful mood, and it occurred to me that if the pageant was to start in Ripon at ten, this would certainly draw the bulk of the visitors. If we timed properly our visit to the abbey we might manage to be there during an interval when we should be alone.

To the astonishment of the attentive waiters, we leisurely lingered over our daintily served breakfast, while everybody else was much in a hurry to be in time for the pageant. By now the quaint old market place was filled with holiday crowds thronging between tally-hos, char-à-bancs and carriages of all descriptions. The scarlet coats of the top-booted postilions intermingled with the businesslike leather

jackets of the chauffeurs. Traveling musicians and gaily dressed clowns joined their noises with those of the hoarse exclamations of peddlers or fruit vendors. Flags and bunting everywhere added to the festive picture of animation of the whole scene.

Our car was waiting outside, and a few minutes before ten we managed to create a passage through the dense crowd and drive off to the abbey. The day could not have been finer. Two or three miles' drive, along hedged country roads, took us through Studley Village, at the entrance of Studley Park. There a straight avenue, flanked by broad lawns, brought us to a turn where we passed beneath the canopy of verdure supported by mighty beech trees. Close by was the gate, where we left our motor behind.

Upon entering the enchanting park which guarded the object of our visit, we were delighted to find that our plan had worked well—we were entirely alone. Whoever desires to behold a masterpiece of classic English landscape gardening cannot select a better place than this. The slow but dominating influence of time has raised there giant rhododendrons and yew trees, and each of them must certainly have been old even five centuries ago, when the abbey was founded. How trivial looks a modern garden compared to this imposing result of the combined effect of age, good taste and culture. Enraptured by our surroundings, we had almost forgotten that we came to see the abbey, until our walk brought us to a place where an open space in the shrubbery suddenly unfolded to our eyes a magic view of the distant ruin. The slender towers, so elegantly

placed on that velvety lawn, the serenely restful water of the little creek and the surrounding sumptuous vegetation of those veteran trees fitted together as a rare gem in an appropriate setting.

I cannot imagine that the abbey, in its former full architectural glory of centuries ago, when despotic ecclesiastics dwelt there in all their might and haughtiness, could ever have looked half as graceful as the exquisite ruin, purified from its former sins of intolerance and iniquity.

Hours had passed in the silent contemplation of this sublime spot, and it was time to leave if we desired to avoid the unavoidable inrush of the stream of visitors.

When we again arrived in Ripon the pageant was just over, and we had much trouble driving our car through the crowded streets.

Interspersed in the thronging crowd could be seen, here and there, the multi-colored costume of some returning performer. Rounding a corner we almost ran into the tin-bedecked horse of William the Conqueror. The warlike lord in his suit of armor had his own troubles trying to master his rearing steed. Furious while readjusting his overturned helmet, he mumbled some forceful Anglo-Saxon expressions aimed at our car.

We managed to leave the town without further encounters with irate knights and were soon again on our way to London. We might have turned first toward the old city of York, formerly the Roman Eboracum, twenty-four miles distant, but I was expected in London the next day, and therefore preferred to omit this side trip. Our itinerary took us

through Harrogate, an aristocratic-looking spa, provided with several large hotels. Then, further on through Wetherby, Aberford, Ferrybridge and Doncaster, we could indulge in some fast driving over well-kept roads. Just beyond Tuxford I became aware that one of our tires was flattening and Lewis discovered a nail in the cover. This was only the second puncture since we started our tour. While a new tube was being put in some playing country children came to look at the proceedings; I rather liked their pleasant and polite behavior, in comparison with the rudeness of the average American street boy, who certainly would have yelled, "Git a horse!"

A little conversation with them led to the avowal that they were very glad when "motors" had "break-downs," because then the motors had to stop, and something had to be done to the machine, and all that was so interesting to look at. Sometimes the machines could not go further, and then they had to be pulled with "'orses." This had "'appened" last week, but only "'Arry" had the fun of it, because the others were at school when all this occurred.

As soon as we were ready we made a thirty-five mile dash toward Grantham. It was nearly evening when we stopped there before the old "Angel Inn," with its quaint ivy-clad façade and stone turreted bay windows. At the entrance of the portecochère we were welcomed by the landlord and his servants. While our baggage was being taken off the car we were struck by the general antique appearance of the place. The buildings seemed divided for their several purposes, as indicated by inscrip-



tions. There was a "tap" for grooms, valets or drivers, and a special building for lodging the help; as to the stable, it had been partially changed into a "garage." A glimpse of the roomy kitchen showed us a well-arranged row of shining brass and copper utensils. Everything was well kept and had a prosperous look.

Along one of the walls of the courtyard there was



" . . . the old 'Angel Inn,' with its ivy-clad façade."

a row of swinging call bells, connected with as many ropes to different apartments, the names of which were inscribed above each. Whenever anyone rang a waiter ran out to ascertain which bell was swinging and hustled back to the room whence came the call.

Our room was called "The Granby." With its enormous antique mahogany bed, with four spiral posts and everything clean and neat, it looked very

cozy. I was told that it was here that Richard the Third signed the death warrant of the Duke of Buckingham. This was, in fact, one of the oldest holstelries in England, and as such it had quite a history. It had first been the property of the Knights Templar, and in the thirteenth century King John had held court there. We were quite pleased with our experience, and our delight rose to enthusiasm when we were invited down for supper, where the waiter served us delicious "Solemeunière," of staggering size and quality, rendered still more palatable by a glass of excellent champagne.

That the good points of this country inn were known by other automobilists was made evident by the fact that three more motor cars entered the hotel gate at this late hour of the evening. Just when I was about to retire to our room I heard another car drive in with a terrible noise. If it had been a thousand horse power it could not have made a more fearful racket. I quickly slipped outside to take a look at the monster automobile, only to find a tiny little French tonneau, driven by an immense stout French chauffeur with a carmine face, his black leather suit swollen to the point of bursting with its fleshy contents. It was with some trouble that this Goliath succeeded in extricating his massive form from the overburdened little noisemaker.

When, the next morning, I went to the garage, I beheld a busy scene. It looked very much like an automobile factory. Every car excepting ours was partly dismantled. One chauffeur was repairing his magneto, another was hard at work with his engine,

while the third was getting warm taking out his troublesome carburetor. As to the giant Frenchman, he was lying down on his back, with his legs sticking out between the front wheels, while his little car seemed to rest like a toy on his rotund belly.

I could not see his face, but when I heard the crisp, unsaintly French expressions which were pouring forth from underneath yesterday's terror I knew that he, too, had troubles of his own.

As a contrast to all this, I saw Lewis, in an easy-going way, filling in oil and gasoline; I could not help concluding that our old car did not make such a bad showing, next to three of the latest and best known foreign makes.

At noontime we left Grantham and after passing Stamford arrived at Alconbury Hill, where the road divides and where we took the wrong turn over Huntington instead of taking the shorter route to the right. While inquiring about the way, a bicycle rider came toward us and we were politely informed that there were "motor traps" near the town. He urged us to drive slowly so as not to be arrested. A little further we were approached by another bicyclist, who repeated the same warning. This seems to be one of the ways by which English motorists try to protect themselves against a too strict enforcement of automobile laws. As soon as we were out of the town and the roads were free again, we threw in our high gear and kept spinning onwards. Biggleswade, Hitchin, Welwyn, Hatfield and Barnet were passed, and from now on a close succession of well-kept country properties were the first signs that we were nearing London. At the

same time we met more bicycles and motor cars. At Finchley we took to the right, along the Finchley road. Large motor buses which rushed along with a roar like so many wild animals, and the multi-colored omnibuses with their horses beating a rhythmic thud on the wooden pavement, appeared again as a familiar sight of the metropolis. There now was Regent's Park and before long we were following the crowded but orderly procession of all kinds of vehicles through Baker street, Oxford street, along Trafalgar square, Whitehall, over Westminster Bridge.

Once over the latter, we entered other busy thoroughfares. After going through Lewisham we arrived in Bromley, from where we went to Chislehurst. There we were glad to find our children, who had been patiently waiting for our return.

I was again very favorably impressed with their schools, quite different from those enormous institutions where a child loses all its individuality. Both the schools had a very limited number of pupils and looked more like pretty villas with tastefully laid out gardens.

After the car had driven us back to the hotel at Bromley, I could not help patting it on the hood of the motor. Our odometer showed 1,314 miles since the car had arrived in England, and never had it given us any trouble.

A pleasant room had been kept ready for us at the hotel and we felt very much at home after our long trip. Looking from our bow window the street corner appeared very much like a theatrical scene. There in the background was the little old church

with its walls of flint stone; on each side was a row of shops, leaving a triangular space for the intersection of several streets. People were going and coming; now and then a neatly dressed girl on a bicycle crossed the street bent on some errand or visit; then, again, an automobile rushed along. While all this was going on some minstrels were holding an improvised concert in the middle of the place. On closer inspection this group formed an odd combination. One of the performers was blind, the other was one armed, while the third had no arms at all. Lustily they sang their grand opera *répertoire*, and afterward, while the blind and armless men kept singing, the one-armed man went around for the collection and gathered many a coin.

Bicycling is still very popular in England and Scotland. Not only are the roads filled with people who practise it as a sport, but persons of both sexes and all ages use the wheel as a very convenient vehicle for shopping and visiting. The well-kept roads and proper accommodations everywhere have undoubtedly contributed much to keep alive a sport which, unfortunately, has almost died out in the United States since snobbism abandoned it.

The next days were spent in London at the Carlton, a hotel which falls somewhat short of the rather pretentious reputation which it tries to maintain.

Our time was strenuously divided between sight-seeing and social functions, and after about a week we began to sigh again for motor trips in the green open country. Just then vacation time had arrived and we could take the children from their schools.





"While everything else was packed in the required number of dress-suit cases and loaded upon our car."

All our belongings that were not required for our trip through the Continent were stowed in two large trunks, ready to ship to Naples, while everything else was packed in the required number of dress suit cases and loaded upon our car. Our friends in Bromley, who had contributed so much to make our stay in their town agreeable, bade us a last farewell.

Now, with our little family complete, we left behind us green Chislehurst and its school memories. My children showed me the villa where the last of the Emperors of France died in exile, as a sad expiation of a reckless career.

We skimmed over the lovely county of Kent, with its land laid out like a garden, its trim hop fields and well-kept country houses; then all through Surrey, where the road traverses again an increasing

succession of the prettiest well-cultivated rural districts. The roads are bordered with well-trimmed hedges and are kept as if they were garden lanes. Prosperous-looking cottages and farmhouses add their smiles to the general cheer of the surroundings.

Here, as in several other places of England where of late motor traffic has become very dense, experiments have been made by spreading over the roads a thin layer of coal tar. This keeps the dust down and hardens the surface. I was told that the farmers themselves took the initiative of these experiments after they found out that soft surface roads caused sufficient dust to make the adjoining strips of pasturage unavailable for cattle feeding.

We had passed Sidcup, Maidstone and Ashford, the road being a succession of undulating grades. From the hill just before Hythe we saw the blue sea in the distance. The route now ran almost parallel with the shore and we were entering the region of the numerous sea resorts so popular along the English southern coast. After Hythe, we passed Sandgate and further on was pretty Folkestone, with its white cliffs, green hills and pale blue water. In this sunny summer weather the panorama reminded me somewhat of the Mediterranean.

We might have shipped the car from here to Boulogne, but we had planned to visit Belgium. Our destination was Ostend, and the easiest way to get there with the car was to send it from Dover to Calais and from there proceed to Belgium. Dover is only ten miles from Folkestone, but the road winds over very steep hills.

A sharp ascent began shortly after leaving Folkestone, and we kept climbing for almost two miles. The splendid manner in which our heavily loaded car accomplished this task made me feel very confident of our future journey through the mountains of the Continent. Near the summit we met some khaki-dressed English soldiers who had stopped manœuvring; their purple faces gave evidence that it was a very hot day for them. My English friends are apt to make fun of the average American who in winter lives in overheated houses, but, on the other hand, I am led to believe that Englishmen, like most inhabitants of northern Europe, are very helpless against hot weather.

A steady decline brought us into Dover. The day boat for Calais had left in the morning, so the car had to be sent by the night boat. Meanwhile, my wife and children would take the Ostend boat, which was to leave in about one hour. Lewis, speaking nothing but English, would be rather helpless in France, so I decided to accompany him and the car to Calais.

I had still ample time to take tea with my little family at the Lord Warden Hotel, see them off on the Ostend boat, and afterward look on while my car was being put on board the French steamer. The auto was run on the quay alongside the mail steamer and placed into a sort of wooden tray, to which the wheels were fastened by means of strong ropes, while wedges were braced against the tires so as to keep everything in position. The tray was suspended by four strong cables, which were kept stretched apart by wooden cross-pieces, so as to



"Lifted by a powerful crane."



". . . sheltered by chalk-white cliffs."

prevent the chains from touching the car and scratching the top.

In less time than it takes to describe it the whole was lifted by a powerful electric crane, which swung



“ . . . deposited neatly on the deck of the steamer.”

the car gracefully in the air and deposited it neatly on the deck of the steamer in the space reserved for second-class passengers. The tray was pulled from underneath the car and replaced with a sheet of



tarpaulin, which was to take care of any leaking lubricating oil.

It was but four o'clock in the afternoon and there was plenty of time for sightseeing. Dover is an interesting and busy little seaport of increasing importance. It is sheltered by chalk-white cliffs, the latter surmounted by an old castle which is still used as a fort. Romans, Saxons and Normans have all left their traces on the history of Dover. The fine new harbor is intended to accommodate British warships, and has become a stopping point for several transatlantic lines. All this, together with the sea bathing on the beach, the garrison and the mail steamers to the Continent, gives a peculiar animation to this otherwise small place.

I watched with much interest the manoeuvres of the grim, black British battleships outside the port. By evening most of them entered in procession into the harbor, where they dropped anchor for the night.

Some time past eleven our French mail steamer sailed away and about one hour later we arrived in Calais.



## FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

AS the car could not be unloaded before the next morning, I took a cab and drove directly to a hotel supposed to be the best in Calais, but which proved to be somewhat of a disappointment. Maybe I had become accustomed to the clean and neat English hotels, where cooking is perhaps not so artfully attended to as in France, but where everything looks well cared for, even if otherwise simple.

All over France one still find many hotel keepers who thing that a good meal, soft beds, a few electric lights and a stray piece of statuary or an oil painting are the only necessary qualifications for a good hotel, and who seem to be unaware of the fact that the modern, civilized traveler will sooner appreciate simplicity if the latter is conducive to cleanliness. They ignore the fact that a self-respecting tourist will give scant consideration to pretentious or luxurious furniture if the facilities which permit personal cleanliness are insufficient or absent.

Bathing and similar facilities are often of a rudimentary nature in French hotels; sometimes they are totally absent. The Touring Club of France is doing excellent work by attending to the education of such French "hôteliers" as have been living hitherto in blissful ignorance of these subjects.

As soon as I entered the town of Calais I became disagreeably conscious of an all-pervading smell of sewers. This unpleasant impression lasted as long

as I remained there. The inhabitants of the place appear to be unaware of this condition, or seem to think lightly of the matter. Unfortunately, the olfactory sense of foreigners does not seem to have become dulled to the same degree.

The next morning I hurried to the well-built quay. There I found my car still standing on the mail steamer, covered with a tarpaulin, while a lonely sailor was scrubbing the deck. I was kept wait-



"The latter was lifted in about the same way as in Dover."

ing until ten o'clock, when the operator of the electric crane finally made his appearance. Then I had to wait some more for the representative of the "Société des Rouleurs." The latter is a variety of trade union combined with a monopoly which seems to have the exclusive concession for handling all merchandise at the docks. Everybody was extremely polite to me, but everyone also took his own time to attend to his job. A wooden tray was again slid

under the car and the latter was lifted in about the same way as in Dover. I admired the fine electric crane which so neatly performed this work. The total charges from Dover to Calais, including loading and unloading, amounted to about \$30; but after the car was on the quay I was politely reminded that every one of the workmen who, some way or another, had helped unloading or helped looking on expected a "pourboire." This made me distribute a few francs among them. Accompanied by a "douanier," we now could drive to the nearby custom house. Under way, we picked up a customs broker who for about two dollars attended to all formalities and who sold us also some "essence" (that is what they call gasoline in France) and lubricating oil. The formalities were very simple and were concluded in a few minutes.

I might have been delayed much longer had I not previously applied to the Touring Club de France for a "triptyque." I had written them from England, sending a check for about \$120, which money was to be returned to me after leaving France. My "triptyque" was a printed document, consisting of three vouchers; hence its name. This printed sheet contained the full description of my car, with its number of extra tires; furthermore, it was provided with a small photograph of my automobile. One voucher was filed at the custom house, while the others were returned to me for further use.

The rough pavé of Calais was an unwelcome novelty, after the smooth macadam roads of England.

It is a common mistake to believe that *all* roads



in France are excellent. If it is perfectly true that some of the French "routes nationales" are the best roads possible, there are nevertheless several portions of this country where the highway is poor, if not actually bad. This is especially the case in the northern provinces, where pavé is quite common; also in other localities whenever the road traverses a town.

The route toward Belgium is "pavé" for several miles and is lined with a double row of crooked poplar trees. The country is extraordinarily flat and cultivated everywhere. At the end of about fifteen miles we arrived before the "remparts" of the little fortified town of Gravelines. An old wooden drawbridge over a moat with green, stagnant water led us inside the gates. The town had a neglected and careless look. Some French soldiers, with faded red pantaloons and slouching gait, were walking about.

Why is it that a nation famed for elegance should have the most slovenly, worst dressed and worst groomed soldiers? Wherever you see them they look about the same. This is especially strange if we consider that in France everybody is compelled to become a soldier, so that the army is recruited from all classes. I have seen more than one Frenchman who dressed faultlessly as a civilian, but changed entirely to an appearance of shabby untidiness as soon as he donned his soldier's uniform. As to the unsightly red trousers, I am told that the French Government introduced that color in the army in order to encourage the culture of madder plant, or "garance." I wonder how this still helps agriculture, as a much cheaper and better dye is



Calais.



"The classic windmills."

now produced chemically by "those terrible Germans."

We passed several places with "unFrench" sounding names, like Maerdyk, Dunkerke and Zuydcoote. The types of the inhabitants, as well as the general appearance of the country, show unmistakably that they are not French but Flemish, although politically they belong to the French Republic.

A good macadamized road ran very close to one of those straight canals so numerous in the Low Countries. Even the classic windmills were there to complete this picture of the Old Netherlands. At Ghyvelde the polite French "douaniers" signed our "triptyque," an indispensable formality for enabling us to re-enter France with our motor car. We were now in Belgian Flanders. Road and canal ran always side by side and the general aspect of the landscape had not changed.

At Adinkerke we were stopped by the Belgian custom house. While in England I had at first not intended to take my motor car to Belgium and therefore had omitted to send for a Belgian "triptyque," and this now led to quite some complications. The customs officer, although very courteous, insisted firmly that I should deposit the sum of 1,700 francs in none other than Belgian currency. I was amply supplied with British gold, but this was not accepted, and it was impossible to exchange same because in this little place nobody seemed to know the relative value of English money. After some deliberations I was directed to the local financier, a kind of half peasant, half usurer. He was willing to change the money provided I gave him fifty

francs. At this absurd proposal I was ready to return to Dunkerke, where there was a bank and where I might be able to obtain French gold, but the receiver finally made up his mind to accept my English sovereigns at the rate of twenty-five francs, which certainly was favoring him with a neat commission. Even then he had probably his misgivings, because he asked me to let his clerk ride with our car to the next town, where the money was exchanged at the local bank.

My baggage was passed unopened and unquestioned, but I was compelled to pay a franc for a license number. This small sum procured me a well-made, enameled number plate, which was to be attached to my car. Afterward we passed Nieu-poort. Some miles further the excellent macadam changed again into stone pavement. From now on we met many well-equipped, very modern limousines and landaulets. This was the first sign that we were approaching that most mundane and luxurious of all European sea resorts, Ostend.

Not so very long ago this city was merely a small fishing port. History made it famous for the Spartan heroism displayed while the beleaguered population stubbornly resisted the Spanish troops during the war in the Netherlands. In the last century it has acquired an ever-increasing importance as a bathing resort, until of late years it has outstripped all its rivals by the number of its visitors from all countries as well as by the opulence of its hotels and the extravagance of its gay life. Fashionable gambling, which was always one of the great attractions of Ostend, had been somewhat subdued for a

short period and the prosperity of the place seemed to be threatened seriously. But this year the Belgian law courts had reversed former restrictive decisions. The result was that now again the place was visited more than ever, and at the same time the class of women who are always to be found wherever gambling flourishes had reappeared in increasing numbers.

The Shah of Persia, or some other Eastern crowned head, was expected, and the gay season was at its climax when I arrived there. Hotels were filled beyond what seemed possible and shopkeepers as well as hotel proprietors were reaping a golden harvest.

On the spacious and cleanly tiled walk that forms the top of a well-built, sloping stone wall thousands of promenaders, dressed in gay summer clothes, walked in the glaring sun. On this famous "digue de mer" there is not a tree nor a shrub nor a touch of green in sight; the only available shade is provided by the massive row of substantial hotels and villas. The latter offer the very characteristic spectacle of their occupants all sitting before the open windows or balconies, while the endless procession of walkers is moving leisurely on. On this promenade is the Kursaal, a dome-shaped structure with wide-open veranda and coated with a combination of pale blue and cream-colored enameled tiles. Inside this building the very best of musical performances was going on, while the listening crowd was sipping its coffee or enjoying its afternoon cigar, many women smoking cigarettes.

Ostend, like most of the bathing resorts of this



part of the northern coast, has an excellent beach, sandy and broad; but its muddy, yellowish-looking water is a decided disappointment to anyone who is accustomed to really clear and blue sea-water. Unlike in England, but according to general Continental custom, both sexes bathe together. Ladies do not wear stockings and several of the bathing cos-



" . . . are compelled to dress in little wooden houses on wheels."

tumes are of the scantiest pattern. It is not an unusual sight to see women bathers carry their whole bathing suit in a bag not larger than a good-sized pocketbook.

The beach was literally black with bathers and onlookers. The former are compelled to dress in little wooden houses on wheels, called "cabines." After the candidate for a bath is ready a fisherman



View of the Beach at Ostend.



Kursaal at Ostend.

driver with half-bare legs comes along, attaches his stout horse to the vehicle and drives the outfit toward the sea, until the rear steps touch the water. After the bather returns from his bath he steps into the same vehicle, which is pulled back on the dry beach.

The number of visitors this year had increased to such unprecedented proportions that sometimes the bathers had to wait many hours before they could be accommodated. It was a sight to see the struggling crowd dispute with each other the temporary possession of a bathing car as soon as it left the water and long before the previous occupant was through with his toilet. On the strength of the tremendous success of Ostend, the whole Flemish coast has become dotted with numerous smaller bathing resorts; these have become patronized by people of quieter tastes.

King Leopold, who in other fields, too, has earned the reputation of a shrewd financier, has used his influence to the fullest extent in obtaining for Ostend and environs the many costly improvements that have contributed so much to the development of the place. The Belgian sovereign is one of the largest landholders on the coast, and he has been no loser by the extraordinary increase of land values in this section of his realm.

As I was well acquainted with Ostend from former visits, I concluded not to spend too much time there, but to reach Bruges before evening. A newly made macadamized road ends near the latter town, and from there on everything becomes horrible pavement.

Bruges, the ancient Flemish city which has inspired no less a poet than Longfellow, is an old acquaintance of mine. But I had not been there since long ago, and reminiscences of my youth came to my mind when I drove into these silent streets, lined with clean and pretty brick houses, where Flemish step-gables follow each other in quaint succession. The chimes of the ever stately Halletoren played their old familiar tunes, as in friendly welcome. I



"Bruges, the ancient Flemish city which has inspired no less a poet than Longfellow."

was to stay here one day, and we drove directly to the little Hotel de Flandres, a clean and well-kept hostelry, which I found filled with tourists from all countries.

After supper I went out for a lonesome stroll through the deserted streets. The all-pervading silence was broken only by the noise of my own loitering steps. The feeling of deathlike rest which hung over the town was emphasized now and then



by the clear ringing tunes from the watchful belfry. These were the self-same chimes which rang their rhythmic music in the fifteenth century, at a time when Bruges was the proud residence of the rich and mighty Counts of Flanders; when the wealthy Flemish inhabitants, traders and craftsmen, had



"The ever stately Halletoren."

brought their city unto the height of her glory and had made her known all over the civilized world. Envious Jeanne de Navarre, Queen of France, may have listened to these bells the very day when, at the sight of the better dressed wives and daughters of the burghers of Bruges, she exclaimed, in angry

impatience, "I thought I was the only queen here, but I see hundreds of them."

Things have changed very much indeed since those times of splendor and prosperity. The population, which once attained 200,000, has slowly dwindled to barely 50,000 inhabitants, and of this small number about 11,000 are supported by alms or charity. The largest properties are held by convents and numerous other Roman Catholic institu-



"... where Flemish step-gables follow each other in quaint succession."

tions, which during centuries of greedy accumulation have succeeded in hoarding up enormous wealth. But this affluence, instead of stimulating the spirit of enterprise, has merely been used for keeping in bondage that portion of the population that lives on charity, as a matter of course; even worse, it had systematized the general torpor of this old relic of the Middle Ages.

Some Britishers have discovered that Bruges,

with its cheap rents, its close proximity to England, cheap servants and inexpensive food products, allows them to get along respectably on an income which at home would be insufficient for living properly. The result has been the gradual formation of a British colony, numbering thousands, mostly retired officials or their pensioned families. A recently built canal makes of Bruges an inland seaport, and is expected to revive some of its former importance.

I went to bed and soon was heavily asleep, as if imbued with the general narcotic tendency of the town. In the early morning hours I was rudely awakened by loud puffs of smoke which, close to my open window, shot up from the little steam train that rolls noisily through the otherwise sleepy streets of Bruges. Shortly afterward the heavy rumble of an occasional milk-cart, driven by some peasant woman, or the loud talking of some passers-by, or again, the clatter of wooden shoes on the stone pavement, seemed to concentrate all noise of the town at a time when most people were still trying to sleep.

Bruges was about as far in Belgium as I cared to go with my motor car. There are many very interesting places in that country, famous for their treasures of art, their unsurpassed examples of architecture, their industries or their commerce, and Brussels, the very elegant capital, has fitly been named "Little Paris." But I was well acquainted with all this; furthermore, the larger portion of northern Belgium, including Flanders, has horrible pavement; only in the southeastern part, near the Ardennes, are good macadamized roads to be found.

Under the circumstances I concluded to leave the car in Bruges, under the care of Lewis, and to take a local train to join my little family in Ghent.

A few days afterward we all returned from there to Bruges, ready to continue our trip toward France. That day I had invited a friend of mine, who was to accompany us as far as Ostend, where, at his villa, he intended to join his family. From previous experience this friend had become rather skeptical as to automobiles in general, and more particularly so in regard to our intended tour through Europe. But he had not been long with us when he began to think it would be pleasant to try a somewhat longer journey in what he complimentarily called our "Salon-mobile."

Before he realized it we were past the Belgian frontier, and some time afterward we arrived in Calais, whence he had to return homewards by a very different ride, in a hot and unpleasant railroad car. The comparison of both ways of traveling seems to have impressed him in such a manner as to quite kindle his latent motor enthusiasm, and I shall not be surprised if, one of these days, I receive from him the news that he, too, has purchased an automobile.

Our road to Calais was the same we had used for coming. Three days beforehand I had wired to the Belgian custom-house officer at Adinkerke to notify him of my intended return to France, when I would reclaim the money I had left there on deposit. Although I had requested him to pay me back in gold, I was compelled to accept Belgian paper, the reason being that the banks in Belgium were

not willing, on any payments, to give more gold than a fraction of the total amount. As Belgian banknotes are not accepted in France, I was obliged, on arrival in the latter country, to change again, at some loss, into French paper.

At the French custom house, where we stopped a few minutes, while my French triptyque was being viséd, I noticed a flurry of excitement among the people around the little building. Some smugglers



"At the French custom house where we stopped a few minutes."

had just been caught. Everywhere the floor was covered with soldered flat boxes of sheet zinc, in which tobacco had been hidden. The boxes had been found attached underneath the flat-bottomed hull of a canal boat, which was tied near the shore. The officers seemed jubilant, because they were entitled to a percentage of their find. Their behavior was a great contrast to that of the abject-looking and fear-stricken prisoners. Our car might have contained



lots of tobacco, but the custom-house officers did not even deem it worth while to examine it. I felt glad to think that, to them, we looked sufficiently honest and law-abiding to pass without further scrutiny.

When nearing Calais we were stopped again by the "octroi," a sort of local custom house, established near the entrance of each town or village in France, and a most antiquated, cumbersome way of levying taxes on food products and other merchandise, and of providing revenue for local administration. It looks much like a custom of the dark ages to see uniformed officers at the entrance of every town, however small, examine carefully each passerby, look at each cart, each parcel or bundle, even poking into them with a long, pointed steel rod. All this to ascertain if anyone tries to evade the payment of a few centimes for "octroi." Gasoline, too, pays about one "sou" per litre, but I soon learned that for automobiles, especially when they have a foreign-looking appearance, much leniency is shown. In France ordinarily a "Rien à déclarer!" is accepted with a polite "Merci," and there is no further delay. In some towns, where a little more hesitation seemed to exist, I simply said, "Nous sommes seulement de passage. Nous venons de New York et allons à Naples." Everywhere, except in Paris, this statement stopped all further formalities and often made the astonished officer look at us as if we were freaks; he sometimes ended with a military salute and a friendly smile, while he yelled out, "Passez! Bon voyage!"

After Calais we went further over Guines, Marquise, Wimille. The road began to be less monoto-

nous, and in some parts changed into a succession of short inclines, but the villages did not have that aspect of tidiness nor the cultivated country that appearance of trimness which made the landscape of south England so pleasing to the eye. The roads were mostly lined in dull uniformity with rows of unvarying poplar trees. The same kind were to be found along the ditches which separate the fields. The latter, although well cultivated, seemed monotonously utilitarian. Neither did we meet the tastefully kept large country seats, as in England or Scotland, nor the lovely, well-trimmed green lawns, the pride of the British landscape. The pavement indicated now that we were near Boulogne-sur-Mer. We entered the town by an antique-looking tower gate.

Happening to ask our way of bystanders, two lads, in their eagerness to answer us, rushed at the same time toward the two opposite foot steps of the carriage, and, poking their heads inward, started to reel off a string of voluble explanations, talking, both at the same time, very loudly and very fast, thus trying to outcry one another, while gesticulating wildly, with the result that we were unable to understand either of our eager informants.

Two workmen standing near by made matters worse by excitedly joining in the general explanations and gesticulations. I knew by experience that in a similar case the best thing to do is to not interpose a single word, but patiently wait until they are all talked out; then, while they are gasping for a new supply of breath, isolate the most intelligent one and ask him repeatedly one direct question, un-



"We entered the town by an antique-looking tower gate."



" . . . possesses a picturesque background of steep 'falaises.' "

til he answers it in the same direct way, not giving him a chance to fall again into superposed and endless explanations.

I succeeded in reaching the lower town, near the sea, where the better hotels are situated. I was sorry to discover that on account of the English bank holidays the hotels were all crowded with British tourists, and this compelled us to take whatever accommodation we could get, although finally we found acceptable rooms at the Hotel du Louvre. It possessed a well-lighted garage of extraordinary size, situated in the middle of the hotel and provided with a pit for inspection. We were particularly glad to be supplied again with excellent plain drinking water, a commodity hard to find in the alluvial regions along the northern coast of France. In Ostend and neighboring sea resorts the drinking water is so positively bad as to become a serious danger to the consumer, and a source of revenue for the hotel-keeper, who thus finds ready opportunity to sell mineral waters at his own price.

There was fine sea bathing at the wide beach, which is incomparably less visited than Ostend, but has the great advantage of cleaner-looking water. Moreover, it possesses a picturesque background of steep "falaises," somewhat similar to the cliffs of the south coast of England.

Lewis reported to me that a large bolt had dropped from the transmission box of our machine and that we had none to replace it. I was reassured afterward on finding out that a new bolt could be made to order at a small cost. I was somewhat surprised to discover that the local machinist was able to

duplicate this American thread on his French lathe, although the latter was made after the metric system, which is not used in England or the United States; but is the exclusive standard of weights and measures accepted by all other civilized nations, and much simpler and more rational than our antiquated and cumbersome system, borrowed from the English.

Our night's rest at the hotel was unpleasantly interrupted by the ceaseless whistling and puffing of locomotives near our open windows. I cannot understand why the European continent does not abolish that barbarous practice of the train men, who make as much noise as possible. The slightest manœuvring of locomotives by night, as well as by day, seems to them impossible without the nerve-racking shriek of shrill steam whistles. Signaling with the hand or the portable lantern, as practiced in the States, seems to be totally unknown.

We left the hotel in the morning, first settling our accounts and distributing the usual "pourboire" to the garage men, porters and other employees of the hotel. These poor fellows have no other income than their tips, and as the hotel bills are proportionately much smaller than in the United States, I never feel like begrudging this little extra outlay, especially if it insures more careful service. Nevertheless, whenever I give a tip I feel as if I humiliated the man who receives it. And yet the recipients seem to be quite willing to help me in dispelling any scruples I may feel on this subject, and the very eagerness with which they accept even small tips leaves no room for doubt that if any



humiliating is to be done it will only be the result of the absence of a tip or a too meagre contribution.

Some Americans are not aware of the fact that in many hotels or restaurants of Europe servants receive little or no wages, and must live on tips. To such it may be interesting to hear that in many of the best-known hotels and restaurants the proprietor, instead of paying wages, receives money from his employees. For instance, the obsequious head porter, with his gold-trimmed cap and uniform, has often to pay a considerable sum of money to the proprietor of a large, well-established hotel, and he has to recover his outlay through the daily tips he receives. I know of several instances where the increasing prosperity of the porter enabled him to buy up the whole hotel with the gradual accumulation of his "pourboires."

I should call this a contemptible system throughout, but one which has received the sanction of time and custom from the early days, when the tourist was supposed to be a rich and important person and when all the employees of the hotel were considered to be his abject servants. This custom is unfortunately encroaching on our more democratic country, and in New York and Chicago we have come to the point where the untrained black or white restaurant waiter expects a tip, even when he gives nothing in return but clumsiness, aggravated by boorish manners, and impudence. Let us hope we may come to our senses and not further encourage this imported anachronism.

We left Boulogne with the intention of buying our supply of gasoline outside the town limits,

where the material is always less expensive, because it has to pay no octroi tax. I found that for daily consumption this made a regular economy of several dollars. As in England, the gasoline is neatly put up in tin cans, properly sealed and provided with very practical devices for emptying quickly. The empty cans are everywhere taken in exchange, or their value is refunded at a uniform price, so that it is possible to carry along full cans and deliver the empty receptacles at any other store en route. Very often the cans contain grit or pieces of solder; on account of this a funnel provided with fine metallic gauze is indispensable.

The lad who delivered us the "essence" at the garage was about sixteen years old. On inquiry he told me that his weekly wage was one franc and seventy-five centimes, or about thirty-five cents; he added that similar wages would keep up as long as he was "apprenti." When once he had thoroughly mastered his trade, he would become a full-fledged "ouvrier." From then on he could expect as much as five to six dollars a week. The intelligent-looking boy was very polite and made a good impression; he compared favorably with the average reckless, impudent youngster found in almost any garage in New York, who, as a starter, is paid from six to eight dollars a week, while his main activity is directed toward spoiling automobiles that are sent to the garage for repairs, and whose damaging help his employer sells to the victim at the rate of fifty or sixty cents an hour.

If, at this stage of our tour, we had strictly followed the requirements of the French automobile

laws we should have gone to Arras, the nearest town, after our arrival in France, where we could undergo the necessary examination, without which no automobilist can obtain the prescribed driver's license. But Arras lay quite outside of our itinerary, and it was much more convenient to attend to these formalities in Havre; therefore, I concluded to take chances with the law and trust to the proverbial courtesy of French officials toward foreign tourists. In the meantime my American, British and Belgian numbers were dangling aft and forward on the car, a rather bewildering sight for French gendarmes.

The road over Samer and Montreuil to Abbeville is a "route nationale," very straight and well surfaced, with several strong but steady grades. Abbeville, with its wooden gables, reminds one somewhat of the architecture of English houses of the Elizabethan period. It presented a more picturesque appearance than most French towns we had seen thus far. We passed the Somme, and then the Bresle, and ran through Eu, which formerly was the favorite residence of Louis Philippe. The landscape became more cheerful but more hilly, and now and then we had a short glimpse of the nearby sea. We had stopped en route to buy some supplies for lunch; these were eaten in the shady corner of a meadow, where we took some rest while the children played and romped about.

Later on, at about three in the afternoon, we reached Dieppe. This seaport made a very pleasant impression. The clear blue water in the well-kept dock basins seemed to add to the general appearance of cleanliness of the town. We just took the time

to run through the principal thoroughfares, and soon afterward were again on the pretty country road.

From now on we began to meet well-kept farm-houses, surrounded with high hedges of green trees. For the first time since we were on the Continent we passed along roads of which the borders were trimmed just as carefully as in England. A sign on one of the houses, "Cidre, Lait et Essence," made us realize the fact that we were now in Normandy. The three commodities, as advertised, were just what we were looking for. Milk is an article which, in summer especially, seems difficult to obtain in France and Italy, outside of breakfast hours. If restaurants or cafés possess it at all, their supply seems to be very scant and their charges extraordinarily high. A small glass of milk costs generally more than a glass of good wine.

We stopped; but my first acquaintance with the famous "cidre de Normandie" was decidedly disappointing. It was an awful beverage, tasting like a mixture of vinegar and pine tar, which I refrained wisely from touching further. As to the milk and essence, the shopkeeper explained that his supply was entirely exhausted. A few miles farther we found all that we wanted at Veules-les-Roses, a very busy little summer resort, where the streets were crowded with incoming and outgoing automobiles.

Our road had now become decidedly pretty and took us farther along the lovely coast of Normandy, with its white cliffs. From now on there was a succession of little fisher villages, and in the summer time every one of them becomes a bathing resort. The water everywhere is transparent and



blue; but the beach is generally slanting and covered with small flat pebbles which make walking difficult. We passed St. Valery-en-Caux, with its little harbor snugly hidden in a hollow between white cliffs; then Veulettes; then afterward the somewhat larger town of Fécamp, known principally by the much-advertised liquor distillery of the Benedictine monks.

In Normandy many roads are ballasted with flint stones, and the numerous loose sharp fragments had a very cutting effect on our rubber tires. This circumstance, together with the fact that the French peasants wear shoes with hobnails, which get loose, and thus scatter everywhere, made us feel some concern about our tires and induced us to give them frequent inspection. That day we picked five nails out of our tire-covers, but fortunately none had pierced the air-chamber.

Our car had again run exceedingly well, and if we had made no better time this was due to frequent stops. Sometimes we halted to allow us to do some walking; then again to ascertain the direction of the road. The French road signs are very complete and very minute; they indicate not only the different localities but also the distance, in fractions of a kilometer, as well as the grades of the road. Unfortunately they are almost invisible except at close range. They are made of cast iron, and the lettering, which is too small, is rendered still less visible by an unfortunate choice of pale blue paint on a white background. After awhile the whole thing turns into a uniform faded color, impossible to read except at close distance. Private enterprise, represented by



the Touring Club de France, the Michelin Tire Company, the De Dion-Bouton Company, and others, has improved very much on these official signs by erecting here and there, at dangerous places, less expensive but incomparably more readable directions. On account of hesitations as to the road, it took us sometimes from twenty to thirty minutes to get through small towns of many streets.

We were quite near the end of our day's trip, pretty Etretat. From the hilly road the little place made a charming picture. A sharp descent brought us into narrow streets leading up to the Hotel Hauville, where we stored our car next to several others in a specially provided barn.

Etretat, small as it is, has the reputation of being one of the most fashionable watering places on the northern coast of France. The first impulse of success of Etretat was brought about at a time when some well-known Parisian artists and *littérateurs* were attracted by its picturesque surroundings. I doubt, however, whether the cramped and shingly beach is really adapted for the ever-increasing number of visitors, who, by their very crowding, have taken away the former quiet loveliness of this idyllic retreat. Numerous villas and cottages surround the town, and their pretty gardens remind one very much of those which adorn small English country residences.

My only reason for stopping at Etretat was that one of my best friends had rented a villa, and with his family was spending the summer there.

During my stay of a few days I took the necessary time to drive to Havre, which is only 27 kilo-

meters away, and where I went to apply for my French license. I knew that it was customary to first make an appointment to meet the official who has this matter in charge; then to arrive prepared with small photographs of the applicants, as well as a general description of the motor car, supplemented by a blue print of the chassis, as furnished by the automobile manufacturers. I possessed all the latter documents when, in company with my friends, I drove to the office of Monsieur l'Ingénieur, who was to grant me the license that was to bring me in conformity with the law.

I found a very friendly middle-aged gentleman. I showed him my New York and British licenses, together with my log-book and diary. After all this abundant evidence that we were no green hands at motor cars, and had never caused accidents, he told me that he did not think it necessary to submit us to a practical examination. He added that it would take two or three weeks, perhaps more, before we would receive from the French Government our final license certificate, which would indicate at the same time the number we must carry on our car. However, he gave us a "permis provisoire de circulation," and advised us to carry this document in the car so as to show it in case the police should stop us. In the meantime this would enable us to continue our voyage without risk of fine. He added, jokingly, that touring Americans were ordinarily such hustlers as to be flying through far-away countries or even to be back home before the final license could reach them. This was precisely what happened to me, and never have I heard further about



"From the hilly road the little place made a charming picture."



". . . were attracted by its picturesque surroundings."

the French license, nor while I was in France was I stopped by any policeman or asked about these matters.

A few days later we all left Etretat in company with my friend and his wife; they were to be our companions as far as Rouen, whence they would return by train.

Until now our plan had been to go over the Loire district, then through Bordeaux to Biarritz, whence we intended to make a short trip into Spain and return along the Pyrenées to enter Italy via Nice. This route into Italy avoids severe mountain passes and has easy roads. However, on our way to Rouen I happened to read in the New York *Herald* the description of the tribulations of an American party who had just finished a motor trip through Spain. On the report of their unpleasant experience I concluded that it would be unwise to run the risk that my wife and children should have to undergo similar discomforts. We did not deliberate long before changing our plans; just as simply as if we were in a hired cab, with the intention of going to the station and suddenly ordering the driver to proceed in another direction, we now changed our whole itinerary through France, preferring the more direct route over the Haute Savoie and the Alpine passes into Italy. This gives a striking illustration of the flexibility and independence of motor touring.

We were coming down a steep incline when one of our rear tires exploded. This was the second burst tire in the last few days. Continued use and wear had finally brought our old tires to a point where the extra weight of two adults, in addition

to the former load of 4,200 pounds, proved too much.

While Lewis was changing the tire, and as to emphasize the fact that horse-vehicles, too, have troubles of their own, a large heavily loaded wagon, drawn by four horses, broke down just alongside our car. The wagon had to be unloaded so as to permit the replacement of a broken axle. By the time the



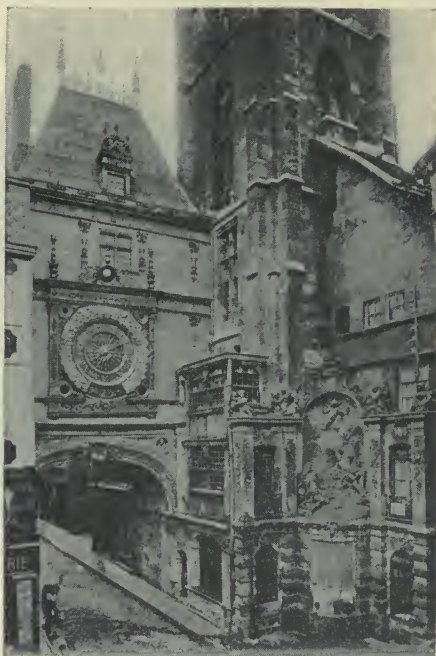
“ . . . we noticed the odd ‘bateau transbordeur.’ ”

teamsters were preparing to start their disagreeable work we were already flying ahead along the road, and shortly after we were cheerfully sitting before a tasteful lunch at a little hotel in Yvetot.

When we were ready to start again the sky had become covered with threatening dark clouds. Before long we were in a heavy rainstorm which would have put any open car at a very unpleasant disadvantage. By the time the downpour had stopped we



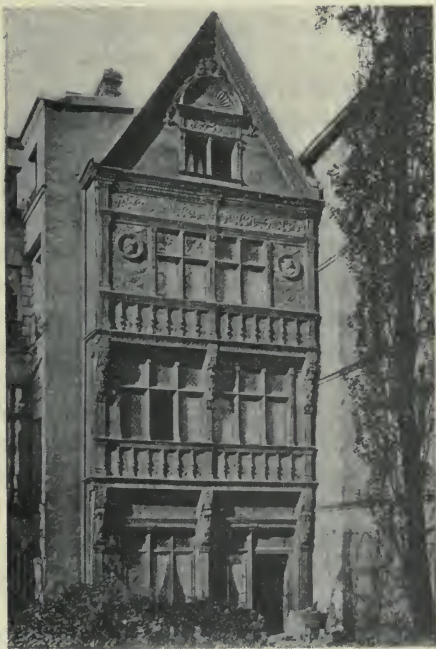
were entering Rouen. While passing along the busy Seine we noticed the odd "bateau transbordeur," a kind of ferryboat suspended by cables from a sort of high suspension bridge. This made a rather unusual system for conveying passengers from one



" . . . the graceful architecture bears abundant witness of the early historical importance."

bank of the river to the other, while allowing vessels to pass uninterruptedly. We deviated our course toward the centre of the city, and a few minutes later stood before the Hotel de la Poste, of inviting appearance, with a well-kept little flower

garden at the entrance. Too bad that, unlike most French hotels, it had no shelter for automobiles; this compelled us to send the car to a far-off garage. For quite some time we had not been in cities of over 100,000 inhabitants, and this made Rouen appear



" . . . who thus tried to advertise his uncommon skill on his own gable."

quite important to us. Although it is a rather busy town we were impressed with the general prevailing cleanliness. We started to visit the many old buildings, of which the graceful architecture bears abundant witness of the early historical importance of

Rouen. When, in the ninth century, the adventurous Normans invaded France as far as here, they marked the foundation of the city which later became the capital of the duchy of Normandy. Many links were to connect afterward the history of Normandy with that of England. There, for instance, in a little square we stood before the statue of valiant Joan of Arc, a reminder of the stirring and bloody wars between England and France.

I was greatly surprised to read, in a local guide book, that a certain Monsieur de Choussy has written a special essay to demonstrate that "La Pucelle d'Orléans" was never burnt alive at Rouen but was saved by some devoted friends and married afterward to a squire of Lorraine.

By the same authority I was likewise informed that the lovely house of Diane de Poitiers had never been inhabited by that lady with the pretty name, but was simply the dwelling of a successful wood-carver, who thus tried to advertise his uncommon skill by the remarkable work on his own gable.

Our sightseeing was interrupted when our friends announced that the time had arrived for them to take their train back to Etretat. We felt like pitying them on account of this, because for us the word "train" had become synonymous with noise, dust, discomfort and prose.

As to ourselves, we concluded that Rouen was worth another day's stay. During our rambles over the city we happened to find a bird store. My two children are great lovers of animals, and if I let them have their own way their not too small collection of dogs, rabbits, cats, guinea pigs, birds, etc.,

would soon increase to the size of a little menagerie.

Many a time had I been reminded of my boy's two trained cats which at home used to trot after him everywhere, and even followed him if he happened to take the trolley car; or the tame canary birds of my little daughter which at her approach would fly out of their cage and sit confidently on her finger or follow her around. Some of these pets were decidedly missing in the daily life of the traveling youngsters. The roomy limousine had induced repeated suggestions from them as to how nicely a couple of white rabbits could be kept under the seats. On other occasions the children gently intimated to me how humane it would be to adopt one of the many stray dogs or kittens that we happened to meet on the streets; but when I finally heard that my boy had been bargaining for a live and healthy ferret I decided that it now was time to compromise on some gentler representative of the animal kingdom, so I finally consented to the purchase of two tiny Bengalese finches. Housed in a little cage, they were from now on to become our traveling companions.

On the morning of August 18 we left toward Paris. Macadamized for the larger part, the route nationale was often interrupted by stretches of unpleasant pavé. This occurred regularly near the approach of villages; under the circumstances the warning to slow down to ten or twelve kilometers per hour, under threat of arrest, was entirely superfluous. Fast driving on these horrible cobble stones is almost out of the question.

We were fully acquainted with Paris, and experienced no desire whatever to spend any time in

the hot metropolis. We preferred to stop at St. Germain-en-Laye, a calm and pretty suburban town just outside Paris, famous as the former residence of the kings of France and possessing two favorably known hotels, surrounded with attractive gardens and provided with garages.

But I had to buy new tires, guide books and maps for our modified itinerary, so I left my wife and daughter at the hotel and with my boy and my chauffeur I drove to Paris. If we had been disappointed by the increasingly bad condition of the road while nearing St. Germain, we were horrified to find now that we were on a continuous pavé of such shockingly defective condition that I could not but wonder whether it was possible to reach the capital without accidents. Deep pits in the sunken pavement made driving a real torture. This, then, was the route nationale to the capital of the country which has the best roads in the world.

Neither were the surroundings very attractive. The Seine, on this hot day, looked black and muddy and emitted a very unpleasant odor. Yet I noticed some people patiently holding their fishing rods, as if they were expecting any fish to live in such polluted water; nay, I became fairly amazed when I saw men contentedly swimming in this repulsive liquid. The whole road looked dusty and was lined with rows of shabby, ill-kept houses.

On the side path I saw some women bicyclists riding their wheels astride. Wide baggy trousers, a white shirtwaist and a large unpractical picture hat, ornamented with the reddest of artificial roses and the greenest of artificial leaves, seemed to be their





"The former residence of the kings of France."



St. Germain-en-Laye.

favorite costume. This, together with their purple-red faces and their half-loose hair, made me conclude that sportive pursuits do not necessarily lend grace to women.

Our road ran along the route of a little steam train which does service between Paris and St. Germain and takes one hour and a half for the distance of thirteen miles. The rickety, noisy contrivance kept on puffing and whistling while we were driving alongside. Just as some boys were crossing the rails, several hundred feet ahead, I heard the driver yell out an exclamation; then, throwing on suddenly the brakes of his engine—the cars had no pneumatic brakes—he made all the coaches bump together, while the passengers were thrown off their seats. The conductor, running forward, called out angrily: “Voyons donc, qu’est-ce qu’il y a de cassé?” To which the driver answered shaking his head: “A-a-h! c’est les gosses!” The conductor now entirely lost his temper; “Nom d’un tonnerre! . . . C’est pas la peine de secouer les voyageurs! . . . En avant!” After which the shrill steam whistle gave another blast and puff-puff-puff-rickety-rickety-rick, the little string of ramshackle cars went on again at the same gait. Owing to the state of the road we could not drive much faster than the train. I was certainly very glad to arrive, finally, at the end of that awful pavé and to again find decent roads.

We were now at the Porte Maillot, before the grated entrance by the octroi. The amount of gasoline in my car was calculated there by the officials measuring the size of the tank and the depth of the

liquid ; after which I found I had to pay four francs and seven centimes, get a receipt for same and go through all this red tape, while other people were waiting patiently to undergo the same formalities. I was finally able to drive up through the Avenue de la Grande Armée.

There I found the Touring Club de France established in the palatial former residence of the notorious Humbert family. In the well-provided library I was received by the most obliging and courteous librarian, who promptly furnished me with all the desired information as to my new itinerary, also with maps. After some shopping we returned by the Porte Maillot, where we had to again go through the same octroi formalities and where they refunded my money. Over the same terrible pavement we managed to get back to our hotel in St. Germain.

The following day was Sunday and was utilized for walks and sightseeing. I had ascertained, in the meantime, that there is a better road to Paris which does not follow the route nationale, but which passes Peck, Chatou, Rueil, the bridge of Suresnes, then enters the Bois de Boulogne, follows the Route de Madrid and emerges from the "Bois" at the Porte Maillot. This roundabout way we took on the Monday morning when we left. Through many narrow and badly macadamized side streets we found our way until we entered the Bois de Boulogne.

There the octroi subjected us once more to the formalities, and I had to pay my few francs and odd centimes, after which we could follow the fine and broad avenue of the famous "Bois." Hot weather

and lack of rain had parched everything, and the lawns looked dried out and yellow. Although it was now eleven o'clock, we met almost no one until we reached the exit near the Porte Maillot. After taking lunch at one of the restaurants nearby, we continued along the Avenue de la Grande Armée, at the end of which we were greeted by the familiar sight of the stately Arc de Triomphe.

Down the superb Avenue des Champs Elysées we entered the Place de la Concorde; then again along the famous Boulevards, where we stopped long enough to do some shopping. Through an intricate maze of busy streets we reached the Avenue d'Italie. At the Porte Choisy we had to wait our turn to have our octroi money refunded.

The pavé to Choisy-le-Roy was not too bad, but when we arrived at Villeneuve St. George it changed for the worse. Later on we had a macadam road of very pitted surface and in bad repair. Matters improved after we reached Melun, a little town where the streets were crowded with soldiers.

From here on the roads become again truly excellent and worthy of their world reputation; we might go on speeding to our hearts' content, but we all began to feel rather tired and, after some hesitation, decided to stop at Montereau.

Baedeker and the Touring Club recommended the Hotel du Grand Monarque, an unpretending but entirely acceptable country inn, where our car was put in the garage and where shortly afterward we found the stable boy trying to blow out our electric front lights, which had been inadvertently turned on. One of the simple sleeping rooms bore a tablet:



" . . . after some hesitation decided to stop at Montereau."



"The children now put their winged fellow passenger back in 'the car. . . ."



"Chambre Empire." There it was that Napoleon slept on the night before the battle of Montereau, where he defeated the Wurtembergers. To the stuffy historical room we preferred the larger and better ventilated ones next to it.

The ghost of the "Little Corporal" must have roused us to early activity, because the next morning we found ourselves ready before seven. The bracing morning air, the fine roads and the healthy throb of our engine induced me to go at maximum speed. Rushing through the verdant country, we had passed Sens and Rosoy in a very short time, and I was just thinking that on straight and perfect roads like this and with nobody in sight it was a pity that, on account of our low-g geared transmissions, we could not go much faster. Just at that very moment, we were startled by a loud report and the rear tire burst. The car, after some dangerous zigzagging, was brought to a standstill. This was indeed a well-timed admonition against any future speed mania. I have no doubt that if we had been going faster we might have had a serious accident. Even at this speed, had it occurred on a crowded thoroughfare, instead of on a broad, empty and straight road, a collision would have been probable.

The very hot gravel, together with the friction of the fast running tires, had superheated the air contained in them to a point where the much-increased pressure ruptured the weakened rubber fabric. We had stopped at a very appropriate spot near a meadow and quite close to an immense oak tree. Under its protecting shade we spread our napkins

and provisions for an early lunch, while Lewis began to change the tire.

As usual during stops, the children took their bird cage out and put it in the cool grass. We were just finishing our meal when we suddenly discovered that one of the miniature birds had managed to escape through the insufficiently narrow interstices of the cage. We were soon all in hot pursuit after the little fugitive, who kept dodging us over the broad meadows. Many a time, when he was almost within grasp, he flew up again, to sit down a little farther, until his pursuers were almost exhausted. Then finally, when we were ready to give up all hope, my boy caught the bird by dropping his coat over him in the tall grass. The children now put their winged fellow passengers back in the car and we were soon traveling again.

By an old Gothic gateway we entered Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, where we admired some well-preserved houses of ancient architecture. We were looking for a place to replenish our gasoline supply. Ordinarily the latter is to be found at the grocer's or the hardware store, and a hand-painted sign displays, very visibly, at what price this article is sold, also the special trade name of the brand kept in stock. Prices range from 30 to 45 centimes per litre, according to locality.

Suddenly Lewis stopped the car and began to prepare eagerly to fill his fuel tank, indicating to me a conspicuous sign: "Vins, 20 centimes le litre." He seemed rather disappointed when I translated to him the inscription, which for everything else looked very much like the ordinary gasoline sign.

Joigny was another cheerful-looking little town, with some wooden Gothic houses, which we passed, driving very slowly. At Auxerre we stopped long enough to buy a new tire and some supplies, and this gave us an opportunity to take a look at this place, which seems to have possessed as many lives as a cat and still keeps on existing cheerfully, after it had been sacked and destroyed successively by the



“ . . . with the result that they upset the pail, got entirely drenched.”

Huns, the Saracens, the Huguenots, and bombarded by the Germans in 1870.

A few miles beyond Auxerre we found the route nationale suddenly blocked by an improvised fence. We were directed toward a very difficult side road, scarcely wide enough to let us pass, and which skirted the village of Vincelles. We did not know what to make of all this until we emerged again at the other end of the village. Beyond we saw the principal street decorated with flags and bunting

and filled with peasants dressed in their best clothes. On inquiry I found this was the "Fête of Saint Roch," the patron saint of the village. The authorities had found it the simplest plan to close up the main street, so that their games and sports might not be disturbed by passing vehicles. Just at that moment all eyes were turned toward a rather singular contest. From the windows of two opposing



" . . . we reached Avallon."

houses was stretched over the street a strong rope, in the middle of which was suspended a large pail, full of water and having a wooden ring on the lower end. Peasants driven in carts and holding a long pole were trying to enter the point of this stick through the ring, with the result that they upset the pail, got entirely drenched by the spilling water and drew forth the roaring hilarity of the assembled villagers.

About sixty kilometers farther, among vineyards and green fields, we reached Avallon, and concluded that this town would be a good place to stop. We had not done much mileage for the day, but our trip



Fifteenth century house in Avallon.

had been very interesting. One of the reasons for our choice was that the Hotel du Chapeau Rouge was marked in the guide book of the Touring Club as possessing the "chambres hygiéniques," or "reform" sleeping rooms, to which the active Touring



Club is trying to convert French hotel-keepers. It was indeed a great satisfaction, after our former experience, to be able to sleep in these neat yet simple rooms. They had white enameled walls, properly varnished woodwork, metallic bedsteads and wooden floors without stuffy carpets.

The bath and sanitary arrangements were simple but sufficient. It is to be hoped that the Touring Club may succeed in extending its educational campaign to all parts of France. It occurred to me that, like many other European country hotels, this one might be considerably improved by doing something to prevent the very objectionable smell of nearby stables reaching the guests.

Late in the afternoon three more automobiles arrived. The last machine shot down into the garage with a roar. It was a high-powered touring car, of well-known European make, and driven by one of the best known professional French chauffeurs. The owners had just purchased the car and were American—two elderly people, husband and wife, and their son.

About an hour afterward I had occasion to go to the garage to get a book that was left in our car. I heard somebody talking excitedly as if quarreling. To my astonishment I discovered that it was the French chauffeur cursing his car and calling it a variety of hard names, while he was readjusting his carburetor and pressure pump. However, he did not go so far as that other French chauffeur, on a former occasion, who, in his uncontrollable anger, started vigorously kicking the front tires of his machine.

The following morning we went off leisurely and, as we were about to enter into a rather picturesque region, saw no reason for hurrying.

With Àvallon begins the district of the Morvand—moderate-sized mountains covered with pastures and woods, and very little known by foreign tourists. The rural inhabitants of the Morvand are said to be descendants of those Huns who were left behind after the invasion and retreat of Attila. Some of the Morvandiaux, with their square, beardless faces, flat noses and narrow eyes, seem to bear out the correctness of this statement.

At the grocer's store of a small hamlet we stopped, surrounded by the usual group of lookers-on. While we were busily engaged with filling our gasoline tank, suddenly we were startled by an approaching noise. There on the road came the touring car of the American party we had met at the hotel in Àvallon, fairly flying through space, with the muffler cut-out wide open to insure better speed, thus causing a continuous thunder. The begoggled mask-and-veil covered occupants, looking like a helpless lot, whisked through the air.

This, indeed, was a way of touring different from ours. I wondered how automobiles under such conditions could have any charm at all. It occurred to me how much better off these people would be if they had only selected a fast express train, where with more comfort they would not be at the mercy of a speed-mad chauffeur or the deadly possibilities of a bursting tire. We preferred to go our peaceful, moderate way and better enjoy the country, which began to show a more and more southerly appear-

ance. At Saulieu we bought some luscious green-gages, fresh hazel nuts and melons of delicate fragrance. Together with some dainty biscuits this made the substance of a refreshing lunch, which, as usual, was eaten at a shady place along the road.

We were scarcely going again when we met a corpulent Roman Catholic priest, who, in the hot sun, was courageously pedaling his bicycle, much handicapped by his long black clerical robe. We



“ . . . who, in the hot sun, was courageously pedaling.”

drove through several unimportant villages and finally touched Autun, but without entering the town. The climbing road now took us through a green forest, so refreshingly cool that we could not resist the temptation to stop and lie down for a while under the moss-covered beech trees.

This was the last shady spot for many a mile afterward. As soon as we emerged from the woods we entered a region of treeless hills, the grass upon

which was dried up by the fierce rays of the sun. This was the neighborhood of Le Creusot and Monceau-les-Mines, names which brought to my memory newspaper accounts of bloody riots of strikers, fighting police and army. I noticed the same cheerless look of villages and inhabitants as I had before seen in similar mining districts of England and America.

On account of the long drought water was so difficult to obtain that we could not find even enough to refill our leaky radiator. I was beginning to think of a fellow automobilist who, while in Normandy during a period of drought, filled his cooler with inexpensive cider. In this locality wine would have been cheapest, but before we had occasion to adopt this expedient we found a half dried-out, muddy river which supplied our wants.

We had to cross the railroad tracks several times. In France grade crossings are often under the care of uniformed women guards, who announce the coming of the train by means of a sort of tin fog-horn. They pursue an ultra-conservative policy, and close the gate ten or fifteen minutes before the train is due; in fact, some of them never open the gates except after long waiting.

We had acquired a very practical expedient of asking about the way without stopping. Our method consisted of leaning far enough out of the seat to fix the attention of some nearing passerby, and then, about twenty feet before passing him, yelling out clearly and distinctly the name of the next large town. By repeating the word two or three times he either approved by a nod and we went on, or he

shook his head and then we asked explanations. This method was quite successful with me, but did not work so well with Lewis, who, to the bewilderment of the inhabitants of the country, persisted in pronouncing French names in his own way. His repeated inquiries about "Mee'kun, Mee'kun," for Macon (Mah-Kong), were about as useless as his former exclamations Par'-ris (Pah-ree).

Near Mount St. Vincent we again came upon a pleasant landscape. That winding road among green wooded hills gave us the illusion of a well-kept park. On descending we came into a charming corner of the smiling Burgundy District. Some of the green hills had the size of mountains, and their sunny slopes were planted with broad stretches of grape vines. Here and there, on the summit of a hill, and surrounded by vineyards, was an old castle, evidently one of the many "châteaux" that give their names to the endless varieties of wine which are sent from Burgundy all over the world.

The most expensive grades of Burgundy wine are obtained a little more north, on the hills of the Côte d'Or. The excellent "Bourgogne Mousseux," or sparkling Burgundy, which has all the main characteristics of champagne and sometimes a richer "bouquet," is made from the lighter varieties of white or red Burgundy wines.

Cozily situated between the hills in front of us was the old town of Cluny. The modest little place would now hardly suggest the fact that in the Middle Ages it was known by the opulence of its convents and the extravagant prodigality of the Clunic monks. After the hot day's drive we felt a



sensation of pleasant coolness as we entered the narrow streets, walled in between tall houses and which remind us of similar towns in Italy.

We had yet to climb the ridge of the Maconnais Mountains; this had to be done somewhat more slowly, and by the time we again started the descent the sun was sending out its last rays. It had become quite dark when we finally arrived before the barred octroi gates of Macon. We made the usual statement and were allowed to pass. Dinner was already far advanced when we entered the dining-room of the Hotel de l'Europe. The hotel-keeper had given us very pleasant and spacious rooms overlooking the broad Saone River in front of us. Everything would have been perfect but for the fact that, as often happens in France, the hotel was totally devoid of bathrooms, and for substitute we were referred to a nearby bathing establishment.

The following morning, after a late breakfast, we were preparing to leave when I made the acquaintance of an American gentleman who was motoring with his son and his nephew. They came from Switzerland, and he told me of the petty annoyances to which they had been subjected there; stone throwing, arbitrary fines and display of bad-will toward automobilists appear to be quite common in that country.

I admired his well-equipped limousine, and noticed that his French chauffeur had been giving signs of impatience as if he wanted to get under way. The owner then confided to me that he was purposely delaying his man so as to make it impossible for him to reach Paris the same day. He told

me that ever since the beginning of his tour there had been, on this subject, a constant struggle between himself and his driver. The latter always wanted to break his own speed records and shoot from one large city to another, while his employer preferred to see the country, and for this purpose take as much time as he thought suitable.

This reminded me of other similar instances. I know of an automobile party in England who gave up their hired auto in disgust because they could not make their cockney chauffeur stop willingly at little villages of their own liking, which their gasoline lord designated sneeringly as "one-heyed places."

Another case, where an American family was touring in the mountainous part of France, terminated in the same way. They had hired a powerful car and had a smart chauffeur who wanted to live up to his reputation of race-winning exploits. As he did not understand any English, most of the conversation between the chauffeur and his employers had to be carried on by sign language and guesswork, and when he thus received short instructions to reach a certain place he carried them out according to his own fancy, rushing along at top speed, and with open muffler, flying through one village after another, taking chances right and left, shooting up the mountain roads or rushing like mad along abysmal ravines, until finally his terror-stricken passengers ceased the frightening sport by renouncing their contract.

A rather perplexing occurrence happened to an acquaintance of mine who likes automobiling very much, but is totally ignorant of anything pertaining

to machinery or the general construction of a motor car, and, therefore, like too many others, is absolutely dependent on his chauffeur. On one of his trips he was delayed a long time at a certain town. Repeated breakdowns, followed by repairs, involving much time, kept his car there for weeks in succession. Whenever he thought the car was ready something unforeseen caused further delay,



Saint-Rambert.

and the owner began to have a very dissatisfied opinion of his auto. One day he discovered that his chauffeur was much smitten with the charms of the chambermaid of the hotel and contrived to "queer" his machine to insure a longer stay.

It was past eleven o'clock when we drove out of Macon. The first town of importance we met was Bourg, where we did our usual shopping for the

family lunch, always a very interesting occupation, because it brought us each time in closer touch with the people of the country. While afterward we were taking our meal, seated along the road beyond Pont d'Ain, an automobile rushed along and, raising a suffocating cloud of dust, made us understand why motor cars are considered such a nuisance by the man who is outside of them.

As far as Amberieu the road was very flat and



Thirsty motorists.

almost straight, but from there on the landscape changed suddenly, and we entered the Jura Mountains by the valley of the Alberine. This little river rushes foaming down the gorge and furnishes motive power for the several little towns along its course. Saint-Rambert and Tenay have thus become of some industrial importance, especially in silk weaving.

This was no longer a route nationale; yet the road, although narrow, was splendidly engineered. Now it was leading us along an almost perpendicular

wall of giant rocks of limestone, while farther on the gorge became still more abrupt and made us cross a bridge over the little river. From now on our road parted company with the little Alberine and went toward another valley. We were ascending a new incline when suddenly our view included the glittering snowy peaks of the far-away Mont Blanc. Its well-defined profile emerged beyond the sinuous lines of the range in front of us. Distant mountains, the great altitude of which rendered them as visible as if near by, surrounded us everywhere. We stopped a few minutes to better admire what, to my belief, was the most imposing landscape our eye had met ever since we started our motor tour through Europe.

Another little river, flowing in a direction opposite to the one we had just left, guided us through Virieux-le-Grand, while the winding road changed almost every few miles, now and then undulating over a landscape that reminded us very much of the hilly pastures of Switzerland, then again becoming almost dead level. Here it was the refreshing sight of a slender but graceful waterfall, tumbling down the steep rocks, or further on some old ruined castle, which added to the ineffable charm of the beautiful landscape.

Skirting the base of Mont Colombier we followed a swamp and, arriving at Culoz, diverged suddenly to the right and passed over a long bridge which brought us over the wide but shallow Rhone, with its many sandy islands.

At this point the bed of the river has made a wide and flat valley, lined with green meadows and



flanked on both sides by distant mountains; this makes a very sudden change in the general appearance of the country.

We were entering here the Département de la Sa-



" . . . found ourselves suddenly in a wild gorge."

voie. Soon we came near Ruffieux, which we left to the right to follow the very level road parallel to the Rhone, which leads to nearby Geneva. But instead of continuing straight on toward the latter city we turned to the right and found ourselves suddenly

in a wild gorge, with the roaring waters of the impetuous Fier deep below us. A touch of loveliness was given to all this by the abundance of bright green vegetation. The white sinuous road, skillfully carved in the precipitous rock, tunneled in places, followed the dashing streamlet in this rocky defile. Slower we drove on, and many a time we



“ . . . many a time we halted. . . . ”

halted to enjoy more completely this splendid corner of admirable nature.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Rumilly. From here on the roads became quite inferior, and the increasing ascent changed suddenly into a few sharp and short zigzags until we reached the top of the hill. Just at that moment the last rays of the setting sun burst forth in many colors and seemed to have transformed the whole landscape

into an enchanting region. The highest peaks were glowing with incandescent ridges, and lower down their phosphorescent red dissolved into the dark purple blue of the mountain range, while the mass of the Alps came out in marvelous contrast with the radiant golden sky. Under this sudden flood of color the surrounding woods and meadows had acquired the most vivid hues, and this unusual light effect imparted a bewitching aspect to everything.

This marked the glorious ending of a remarkable day, and soon the heavy shades of night were creeping over this feast of light. By the time we commenced the descent toward Annecy evening had advanced until the increasing obscurity made the crooked road almost indistinct to our searching eyes.

At a sudden downward grade the inky darkness was broken by a row of brilliant lights, which marked the entrance street to Annecy. A few minutes later our motor car, whitened with dust, drove into the garden of the Hotel d'Angleterre, a well-equipped hostelry. The next day, in cheerful mood, after a restful night and a refreshing bath, we undertook an orientation stroll through Annecy. We liked the place so well that we decided to make this our headquarters until the beginning of September, when we intended to start for Italy.

We were quite close to Geneva, and had planned to visit Switzerland, and from that country to enter Italy, but at the hotel we found other automobilists who bitterly complained of their bad treatment in the land of William Tell. Their tales of woe impressed us so much that we finally decided not to enter that country at all.

Our car had not been overhauled before we left the States, but had been kept in almost uninterrupted hard service. Since we had been touring Europe it had never been idle long enough to receive a good cleaning or tuning up. One of the rear wheels had been running loose ever since the winter before, and the cone needed an extra washer to permit it to be tightened. These little matters had been postponed over and over again, and here was an excellent chance for Lewis to attend to all these details.

We spent the following days in sweet indolence, sometimes strolling through the broad, shaded arcades which give this picturesque town such an Italian air; at other times we walked along the azure lake, with its white swans and its mountainous background of rugged peaks.

This former little capital of Savoy has none of the mundane attractions of the average summer resort. Its visitors are mostly people of quieter taste and lovers of nature.

Everything in and around the town looked blissfully serene and easygoing, and I know of no retreat more lovely and restful.

These quiet days gave me a chance to renew my long-interrupted correspondence with friends at home. One of my friends, who resides on the Hudson, has become a strong enemy of automobiles, probably on account of his great love for horses. He believes motor cars to be most unreliable and very objectionable contrivances—an invention inspired by Satan to the greater injury of mankind in general and to the personal worry of the automobilist himself. Many a time have I tried to cure my friend



" . . . the white sinuous road . . . tunneled in places. . . "



Annecy.



of his erroneous belief, and not so many months ago succeeded as far as inducing him to take a trip in my auto to our club in New York. When inviting him it did not even occur to me that we might have the slightest delay or trouble, as I was accustomed to see my car run with the regularity of a train. But just that day, as luck goes, many things went wrong. We punctured two tires, lost a petcock and had many other causes of delay which never had occurred before. It was late in the night when I finally succeeded in bringing home my friend, who took leave of me with a twinkle in his eye and an "I told you so before." Since then he has made matters worse by never sparing an opportunity to picturesquely narrate to all my friends his tribulations in my motor car.

Many a time while we were speeding through various countries, comfortably self-confident in our excellent machine, had I thus been thinking of my skeptical friend. We had run more than 2,500 miles over all kinds of roads without any stoppages, except some due to punctured tires. How was that for a performance, as compared to that memorable run to the club and back?

A handy illustrated postal card, with self-satisfied remarks like the above, was mailed to my friend on the Hudson. Just when I handed it to Lewis he announced that the bearing of the wheel had been tightened and that the machine was now ready for service. The next day we were to use the car.

On trial I noticed that it ran very stiff, but I attributed this to the brakes being too tight. As our road was to take us into the heart of the mountains,



" . . . the azure lake, with its white swans and its mountainous background."



"Boat excursions made us acquainted with the hidden charms of the lake."

with many lonely stretches, where in case of a breakdown repairs would be difficult, I desired to previously give the car a hard test. With this object in view I threw in the clutch rather suddenly, with the result that I heard a snapping noise, and on examination I found that the rear axle had collapsed. The wheel had sagged down, and the whole break made such a hopeless appearance that for a time I wondered whether we would be able to resume our trip at all, and if, like many a stranded motorist, we would have to resort to the railroad for shipping our crippled car. A closer examination of the rear axle and bearings showed me the cause of our trouble. The defective bearings of the loose wheel had worn down in a groove. As long as the wheel was loose this did not matter much, and we might have continued for many thousand miles farther without serious inconvenience, but after Lewis had succeeded in tightening the bearings the balls were caught in the groove by the weight of the car and thus locked the wheel. When the clutch was thrown in something had to give way, and the violent action of the motor wrenched off the axle sleeve, thereby causing everything to collapse. I was reassured on finding that, beyond this, no damage was done to the gears or the moving parts of the machinery, and I foresaw that a blacksmith's repair would soon put everything in good condition. But the car could not be moved as it was. The detachable boards of the flooring were taken out, and with the assistance of some bystanders we obtained two blocks of wood, which were put crosswise over the frame. On to these we tied, by means of a stout rope, the two loose ends

of the axle. By the use of wooden wedges we succeeded in tightening these ropes until the axles resumed their horizontal position. A horse was now obtained, and we succeeded in pulling the car over the bumpy pavement to the nearest garage. There the rear axle was taken out and, under my own direction, a skillful local machinist, in his little shop, made a steel forging which was securely bolted to the broken parts, so that when everything was finished the car was as strong as before.

When the mishap occurred I was not at all sure how long we would be delayed by repairs, but we were by no means in a hurry to leave charming Annecy. In fact, the children seemed glad at the prospect of staying there a few days longer. In the meantime I had discovered, just outside the town, on the shore of the lake, the Hotel Beau Rivage, in an ideal spot, among quiet and beautiful surroundings, where we went to stay. Afterward, when I found that the repairs on the car would be quickly finished, we had become so accustomed to our new retreat that we had decided to stay some time longer.

Our newly discovered hotel also had no bathroom, but this only objection did not matter much now, as the lake was near by. And what a delight it was, in the stillness of the morning, to take a swim through that placid sheet of water, as transparent as crystal and as blue as lapis lazuli! It shone like a magic mirror, in which the mountain scenery of its inspiring shore was reflected.

The children seemed to fully enjoy their new opportunities, and every available hour of the day they

spent along the lake, except when they had school lessons with their mother.

Boat excursions made us acquainted with the hidden charms of the lake further up. There was lovely Menthon, where Saint Bernard was born, also the former residence and last resting place of Taine. Close by on a sloping hill, like a picture of sunny Italy, lies Talloires, the birthplace of the celebrated chemist Berthellot. The whole shore of the lake is



"Our numerous bundles of baggage were reloaded on the car. . . ."

a fairy vision of green and yellow, dotted with little white houses; beyond rise the Tournette, the Semnoz and other mountains, that seem to stand like the giant guardians of this sweet abode of peace and loveliness.

The days had fled away since we came to Annecy, and it became time to continue our voyage.

One fine morning our numerous bundles of baggage were reloaded on the car and we began our trip



toward Italy. Two routes had been under consideration—the first, over Albertville, Montiers, Bourg St. Maurice, le Petit Saint-Bernard and Aosta; the second, over Aix-les-Bains, Chambery, Modane, Lans-le-Bourg, Mont Cenis, Suza and Turin. After some hesitation the latter was selected as being more direct, in combination with our subsequent itinerary in Italy.

After we left Annecy we entered upon an undulating road that brought us over Alby and Albens, into a wide and open valley, surrounded by receding mountains. Below us lay the plain in which was situated Aix-les-Bains, and to the right was the blue water of le Lac-du-Bourget. Further in the distance a succession of fantastically shaped mountains produced a very diversified background.

Aix-les-Bains, with its many hotels and well-provisioned shops, gave us the impression of a very modernized, fashionable bathing resort, something very different from the plainer but more restful surroundings to which we had become accustomed in Annecy.

A shady and pretty road, skirting the beautiful lake, brought us into the streets of Chambery. This old town seems to have retained some of the dignity which it possessed when it was the capital of Savoy.

While doing our lunch-supply shopping we had a hasty glimpse of some old buildings. We also saw a large monumental column, supported by four life-size bronze elephants. This was a monument in honor of some French general who became rich in the service of an Indian prince and made liberal donations to the city of Chambery.

We left the town by following the tramway lines and passed the shady gardens of hotels and villas at a smaller spa called Challes-les-Eaux. The road skirted a rocky mountain, and at Montmelian entered a wide and level plain, through which ran,



"We had a hasty glimpse of some old buildings."

in a straight line, the swift and shallow Isère. This wide stream looks more like a succession of rapids, and the milky appearance of its waters bears witness as to its origin from the glaciers in the mountains further up.



" . . . fantastically shaped mountains. . . ."



Chambéry.

Notwithstanding the immediate neighborhood of this abundant supply of water, the surrounding meadows appeared scorched and dried out, on account of long absence of rain.

Although we were nearing the principal mountain region of Europe, our road was perfectly straight and level. Were it not for the high peaks in the distance this plain would be almost similar to what one would expect in the flat northern part of France or Germany.

At Chamousset we crossed the Isère, over a long, narrow bridge, and entered upon a direct road, lined on both sides with tall poplar trees. Parallel with this, in a straight channel and very much like a Dutch canal, ran the Arc, a tributary of the Isère. In a well-behaved manner this little mountain stream here ends a preceding career of turbulence. By and by the road became more closely crowded into a narrowing gorge, and we reached Aiguebelle, of squalid aspect, like many villages of the Haute Savoie.

The recurring appearance of bunches of sumac trees, such as we had not seen since we left the States, gave the vegetation a touch of familiar acquaintance. The valley widened again, and just there, on a little rock along the road, we found a delightful spot to spread the napkins for our lunch. After an hour's rest we started again. The road was almost level, so that we could steadily use the high gear.

The mountains which enclosed the valley became higher and higher, and the foaming little Arc changed now into an impetuous torrent, that found

its sinuous course between the rocks and boulders, which tried to check its mad rush downward.

Further up, and in picturesque loneliness, stood an old timeworn chapel, supported on a rocky promontory, against which the roaring rapids dashed into spray. Every few miles we encountered some odd-looking village, while the intervening stretches were totally uninhabited. St. Jean-de-Maurienne and St. Michel were thus passed. The pristine simplicity of some of these villages has changed since the recent erection of large power plants. The mountain streams, which for thousands of years had run wild and free, are now neatly harnessed into the service of mankind. Immense steel pipes carried the current into modern water wheels, called turbines, the latter, coupled to large dynamos, generating electricity. This source of energy for power, light and chemical processes has attracted several industrial enterprises to this formerly quiet region.

A short distance further along the road we beheld an impressive example of the devastating power of mountain streams. Only a few weeks earlier a landslide had been caused by a heavy rainfall. Everywhere we saw evidence of the havoc which had been wrought by the uncontrolled torrent. Gangs of workmen were still busily engaged in removing débris and rebuilding the road. Near Fourneaux matters appeared to have been at their worst, and for quite a period the train service through Mont Cenis tunnel had been entirely interrupted.

Modane is the town where the railroad emerges from the famous tunnel. It is the first French sta-



tion for passengers coming from Italy. If we had felt inclined to stop here overnight we certainly would have lost all desire to do so at the sight of the dirty, noisy little place, filled with loitering soldiers, and very different from what we had imagined it to be. From here on the road began to ascend more



"We saw an impressive example of the devastating power of mountain streams."

rapidly, and gave us a wide view over the range of Alpine mountains. Deep below us, like a glistening snake in the green valley, ran the same little river. Here and there, shelved on high rocky recesses, lay half-hidden fortifications, everywhere surrounded by bleak and grim-looking mountains. We traversed the town of Ternignon, naked and



" . . . a delightful spot to spread the napkins for our lunch."



" . . . in picturesque loneliness stood an old chapel."

squalid, but crowded with well-fed soldiers. It was as if I heard the ring of Longfellow's words:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and  
courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,

There were no need for arsenal and forts."

I fear that it will take many years yet before all nations will come to their senses and learn to arrange their differences by arbitration, as civilized individuals do, without resorting to brutal force.

We were now at a sudden bend in the road before two zigzag ascents, which followed one above another. After reaching the highest point, a gentle slope brought us again alongside the gushing and foaming little Arc, which we followed for a few miles, until at last we entered Lans-le-Bourg.

The little town lies snugly in the very bottom of the valley. Irregularly built white houses, with broad overhanging roofs of rough and heavy stone slabs, stand huddled together around the pointed tower of a little church.

Cut off from all railroad connections, and relying solely on the diligence or mail coach for communication with the outside world, Lans-le-Bourg has kept the aspect and customs of the towns of the Haute Savoie as they were before the advent of the locomotive. Strange to say, the squalor of the place does not appear repulsive, but seems in harmony with its rustic simplicity and unsophisticated good naturedness. It is quite different in this respect from Modane and Termignon. The sight of the snow-clad mountains above the sombre pine forests, and,



Termignon.



Street in Termignon.

lower down, the bright green pastures, made us greet with enthusiasm this spot, where we were to stop before entering Italy.

Any misgivings we had about hotel accommodation were soon dispelled when we were received by the courteous host of the Hotel Valloire. He showed us simple but clean rooms, lighted by the electric current generated from the little Arc, which swept roaring below our windows. Six feet of chambermaid, clothed in the demure and old-fashioned looking dress of the women of the Haute Savoie, added much local color to our new surroundings.

The hotel was a kind of microcosmos for this lonely region. All the town notabilities seemed to gather there. The customs officials and the army officers, after playing their "partie de boules" in the garden across the street, joined the other local celebrities in their political debates or furnished their quota of fish and hunting stories. At little tables, outside in the street, sat two grumbling, dissatisfied automobilists, who had outdistanced us in the afternoon, and who were now compelled to wait until the next day before their customs duties could be refunded, the officials having been notified too late to provide themselves with the necessary cash.

An agreeable young Englishman, who was apparently the star boarder at the hotel, and who seemed very well acquainted with the country, told us of the many possible interesting excursions in the woods and over the mountains. It would have taken us months to carry out his many suggestions, but we intended to try a few of them and spend a day longer in our newly discovered mountaineering





Lans-le-Bourg.



"The squalor of the place does not appear repulsive."

centre. The same Englishman showed me how to obviate the lack of a bathroom in the hotel by walking down to the washing shed and taking a short dip in the roomy wooden tank, through which was flowing continuously an abundant stream of clear and pure but ice-cold mountain water.

Alpenstocks were purchased and the larger part of a day was devoted to mountain climbing, a sport in which the children eagerly joined. Lewis came back from a nearby glacier with an armful of snowballs, which he carried in his bundled coat until a hidden customs officer stopped him on the lonely mountain trail, taking him for a smuggler, and was very much amused after he discovered the real nature of the contents of that suspicious-looking bundle.

## ITALY.

THE next morning, while we were taking our breakfast of café au lait and rolls at the little tables in the street, Lewis was loading up our valises and making preparations for our trip across the Mont Cenis Pass. The custom house was almost opposite the hotel, and the French "receveur de douane" had been notified of our intended departure. When we drove up to his office I presented the two remaining vouchers of my French triptyque, and he put his signature on both, certifying that my car had left France. One sheet he kept for himself, the other was returned to me. The latter I mailed, by registered letter, to the Touring Club de France, advising them where to send me a check for the money I had deposited with them. These simple formalities took but a few minutes, and about nine o'clock we began our ascent. The English gentleman whose acquaintance I had made at Lans-le-Bourg accepted my invitation to accompany us for a few miles.

At the beginning the road had such a gentle grade that we could run on the direct drive or high gear. Shortly after we arrived at a sudden curve, the first of six superposed zigzags, each somewhat less than a mile long. The road was easily wide enough to allow three cars to pass each other, the curves were ample and the dangerous portions were provided with wooden balustrades. The surface was perfect



"The road had such a gentle grade that we could run on the direct drive."



"We stopped to enjoy the superb view."



"On the right side of the road we noticed a small blue lake."



"A long, square, badly kept stone building called the Ospizio."



and the grade probably did not exceed eight per cent. I have never joined the numerous worshipers of Napoleon, but I could not but admire this splendid roadway, which his skillful engineers had constructed here, so as to allow him to send his heavy artillery into Italy. The talented rascal, in the pre-occupation of his insatiable ambition and murderous vanity, could hardly have dreamed that, scarcely one century later, this magnificent highway was to be used by peaceful motor tourists from across the ocean.

After ascending for a few miles through wooded stretches we emerged above the timber line, and vegetation became rather scarce. Barren rocks interspersed with shrubs and bunches of turf, then higher up a more scanty growth of grass, were the meagre touches of green which offset the general bleakness of these surroundings. We stopped to enjoy the superb view over the lofty mountains, with their glittering coat of snow, and Lans-le-Bourg, Termignon and other "toy" villages, deep below us in the sloping valley. A very narrow white zigzag line, broken by curves here and there, showed us the road over which we had traveled. At some points it was intersected by the more irregular contortions of another line; this was the little river which had been our steady companion as far as our last stopping place.

At this altitude the rarefied air, aided by a blowing wind, made us feel rather chilly. I had been informed that sometimes the air current here is so strong as to become rather dangerous for the unprotected traveler. Except during the warmer

months of the year matters are made worse by the heavy snowfall. For this reason twenty-three small stone houses have been built at intervals on the most exposed parts of the road. These shelters are sometimes occupied by one or two soldiers, who act as outposts near the boundary line of Italy, and also try to prevent smuggling over the mountain passes.

After about ten kilometers of steady climbing we found that we had reached the summit of the pass, which marks also the boundary between France and Italy. We were now on a sort of plateau, situated about 6,800 feet above the ocean. On the right side of the road we noticed a small blue lake, and before us we saw some scattered small stone houses, most of them being shelters.

I was just about to take a photograph when an Italian gendarme turned up and made a sign to stop. He addressed me in Italian, but as none of us understood that language I tried French with good success. He asked me whether I had other cameras with me, and after I answered him that I had two in all he told me to hand them over, as it was forbidden to take photographs in this region. Before yielding to his request I inquired what he intended to do with the cameras, and after receiving his assurance that he only purposed to seal them while we were in the forbidden zone, I handed him the instruments. He tied them up and secured the knots with sealing wax, to which he applied a government seal. He told me not to remove the seal before reaching Susa, otherwise we would be liable to arrest and imprisonment. All these precautions, he said, were strictly enforced by the army authorities, so as to

prevent spying into the surrounding fortifications. The whole transaction was carried out in very polite but businesslike form. Still I felt considerably disappointed at being thus forbidden to take photographs at a most interesting point of our trip.

If I had not been with my little family, and, therefore, unable to run the risk of getting them, too, into trouble with the police, I certainly should have tried to take some photographs of the imposing mountain scenery we traversed that day.

After we were through with these formalities we were very much astonished to find a clean-looking hotel, where we decided to stop and take luncheon. The latter was excellent and well served, and gave us an opportunity to make the acquaintance of exquisite "Moscato Spumante," an Italian sparkling wine, rather sweet and somewhat like champagne, but considerably less expensive and almost non-alcoholic.

We had been kept waiting an unreasonably long time for our bill, until I made a motion as if we were about to leave without paying, when the proprietor came to beg me, with profuse politeness, to wait a few seconds longer, as he wanted to photograph his hotel, and it would be so nice to have an automobile in front of it. I was astonished to find that although we had been forbidden to take snap shots they allowed him the use of a photographic apparatus. He told me that the rules were more strictly enforced with foreigners, especially if they enter from France. This gave me some hope of buying some photographs of Mont Cenis Pass; but although I could find views of almost any place in Italy, I could not



"On Mont Cenis."



"At La Gran Croce the descent became quite steep."

obtain in any store the prints I desired. It was merely by pure chance that, many weeks later, I succeeded in getting possession of some photos, made by someone who had circumvented the watchful eyes of the Italian Government, and which I publish here.

We were ready now to begin the descent; the road was gently sloping at first and led us through a high walled enclosure, which surrounded a long, square, badly kept stone building, called the Ospizio, and which seemed to be a combination of church and barracks. At La Gran Croce the descent became quite steep, and the road narrower and much worse on account of loose stones. The "tourniquets," as they call here the zigzags or hairpin turns, were much sharper than those on the French slope. As we had a long descent before us I preferred not to wear out the brakes, and, by throwing in the second speed and switching off the spark, I was able to use the compression of the engine as an effective braking device. We thus descended at a moderate and regular pace. A sublime landscape stretched out before us; more than ever I regretted that I could not use my camera. The view was even more imposing than on the French side. The vegetation, too, was quite different on account of the southern exposure, which maintained here a much milder temperature. What first had seemed like a yawning chasm now became a fertile valley, enclosed on both sides by enormous mountains, extending as far as the eye could reach.

From some of the high points to the left we heard the noise of cannon shots reverberating in thundering echoes along the rocky heights. White puffs of



smoke enabled us to locate one of the numerous forts which lie distributed here and there. Some artillerymen were probably doing shooting practice.

About six kilometers farther, at a place called Bard, we were stopped again, this time by the custom-house officers. I left the car in charge of Lewis and



"The zigzags were much sharper than on the French slope."

entered the office to attend to the formalities. The uniformed official was about to examine our baggage. I did not relish the idea of having to go through a general examination of our bundles and boxes, as this would involve tedious unpacking and reloading. I especially did not like the prospect of

paying duty on some newly purchased French tires which we carried on the roof of the car.

He soon saw that I could not speak Italian, although I had tried my friendliest "buono giorno" on him. While I handed my triptyque he asked in quick succession :

"Inglese? Franchese? Tedesco?"

To which I answered "Americano," and at the same time unfolded my American passport, with its glaring red seal. At once his wondering eyes acquired a friendly twinkle, and while I tried a few sentences, half French, half Spanish, he became very much interested in my car, and in our little party, especially so after I had been able to make him understand that we had come all the way from New York, and intended to return there by way of Naples.

He and his assistants seemed to be suddenly animated with the best of feeling toward us all. They told us there were some more dangerous tourniquets lower down; our baggage was left untouched, my triptyque was promptly signed, even my mere statement was accepted as to the amount of gasoline I carried, and for which I had to pay thirteen lire of duty. With a friendly "Addio! Buono viaggio!" from the little group of uniformed officials we went on our way, while I felt almost sorry that I had not displayed my awe-inspiring passport to the "carabinieri" who had so sternly sealed my cameras.

The landscape now presented a decidedly Italian aspect. Right and left we noticed little villages formed of small clusters of stone houses, grouped around a church with an unmistakable Italian

steeple, while at the bottom of the valley ran the Cenischia River, which emerged from the very mountains through which we had been passing.

Near Molaretto and Giaglone the road again became difficult, and the hairpin turns were even sharper than at La Gran Croce.

A few miles farther we were reminded by the inscription "Dazio Comunale" that Italy, too, had an antiquated octroi system, and that this was the entrance of the town of Susa. With a "Niente!" we waved away the octroi collector and passed into the streets of Susa, a dusty, shabby-looking place of little importance, where some barefooted street urchins welcomed us into Italy by a volley of small stones, which barely missed us. The way the little rascals attended to their job made me suppose that they had been trained by previous practice. As soon as I stopped the car they all took to their heels; but we found it safer to drive slowly whenever we met any idle boys. At the same time we intently watched their hands, and repeatedly saw them meekly drop the small stones intended for us. After this unpleasant occurrence we had no further molestation while in Italy.

We were now on a rather dusty highway, much inferior to the good French roads we had left that morning. Our route ran almost straight and level as far as Turin, fifty kilometers distant.

This was a wide, fertile plain, with now and then a small town. As we neared Turin the road traffic increased considerably, and I was much astonished at the nonchalance of the careless cart drivers and teamsters. Some of them were half dozing and



"Turin, like Milan, represents the modern spirit of New Italy."

others entirely asleep, while nearly all were lying down in their carts, happy and confident under open umbrellas to protect themselves against the blazing sun. The situation was more complicated by the fact that none of the drivers seemed to adhere to any rules of the road. After reaching the trolley car lines I saw a sign, "*Tenere la sinistra*," but I learned afterward that keeping to the left was intended only for the city of Turin, while in the open country keeping to the right was supposed to be the rule, although each city or town in Italy had its own code and regulations in this regard.

Following the *Strada di Rivoli* we penetrated the town by the *Via Garibaldi*; how delightfully cool it was after that hot drive in the unprotected country! I now understand the logic of the narrow but well-paved Italian streets, with their two rows of tall houses, which provide, in that way, a cool shelter against the hot sun.

Here we were now at the fine-looking *Piazza del Castello*, where the *Grand Hotel d'Angleterre* is situated. Large and cool rooms were assigned to us, and we felt again surrounded by all the luxurious comfort of modern hotel life. We concluded to stay here at least two days, instead of one night, as had been our original intention.

Turin, like Milan, represents the more modern spirit of New Italy. The well-built city, with her straight parallel streets and substantial houses, gives an impression of finished settledness, so much lacking in almost all American cities. The principal thoroughfares are lined on both sides with shady arcades, providing agreeable walking space protected against



sun and rain, where the well-supplied stores display their wares. I saw none of that noisy crowd of hack drivers, peddlers or beggars that makes southern cities in Italy so disagreeable.

Everything looked businesslike and well kept. The people in the streets appeared serious, polite and neatly dressed. As a strong contrast to France, the sprightly soldiers, in trim and tidy uniforms, and their well-groomed officers made a very favorable impression, which was repeated in all other parts of Italy where we happened to meet representatives of the army or navy.

Two days were soon spent in sightseeing and visiting places of interest. On the 6th of September we were on our way to Genoa. We had enough gasoline left to make half the distance. As in France, this liquid is always less expensive outside the cities, where no *dazio* or *octroi* has to be paid. "Benzina," as they call it here, is ordinarily retailed by pharmacists and druggists. After three consecutive attempts to obtain it at such stores, I found that their whole stock would have filled our tank only about one-tenth full. We finally succeeded in discovering a bicycle store where a sufficient supply was kept on hand, and this acquainted us with the primitive way this material is handled in Italy. The "benzina" was poured from a large glass carboy, similar to those in which acids are shipped. The whole operation is clumsy and difficult. Straw and fragments of the plaster-sealed stopper are liable to get into the tank if no straining devices are used.

"Benzina" is no longer sold by the litre, but by

the kilo, which is the metric unit for weight. One kilo of benzina is equal to about 1.400 litre, and in order to determine the quantity sold the carboy is weighed before and after the sale.

In different places in Italy I was charged from 90 centesimi to 1.10 lire per kilo, which would bring the price from 47 to 60 cents per American gallon!

The roads outside Turin were bumpy and dusty; not bad enough, however, to prevent us from making fair speed. Later on the surface became more dusty, until we concluded that during all our trip in Europe we had encountered nothing of the kind. Until now the front glass served tolerably well as a protector, and we found some consolation in the thought that we were not bothered by the pool of mud which this road would make after heavy rains.

Passing Trofarello, Poirino, through a level plain of uninteresting aspect, we entered the old gate towers of Asti, a mediæval-looking town, the name of which sounded familiar to us, because it is there that the famous Asti Spumante, a very light, sparkling wine, is made. The extensive vineyards of the adjoining country furnish abundant material for this local industry. We had hoped that the dust nuisance would decrease here, but after passing Alessandria we found that the worst was yet to come:

From now on traveling became almost a torture. The wheels of our car sank deep into the light, floury powder and threw up behind us a smoky streak, like the tail of a comet. Although by this time we had closed all windows and apertures in the car, a fine, impalpable nuisance entered every-

where, just as if it were smoke, and on the front seat it had gathered in a layer a quarter of an inch deep. It accumulated on our clothing, our hands and everywhere. I looked at Lewis, who was driving then, and his face was so covered as to make him unrecognizable.

Some passing peasant women, seeing us arrive, hastily threw towels over their heads. They shook their fists at us, and their angry but eloquent gestures indicated the thick cloud trailing behind us. I was fully aware that to those good people we must have appeared as an unjustifiable nuisance, yet little did they know that we were half suffocating ourselves and that our violent coughing and dust-sore lungs made up our share of the trouble.

Anxiously looking for relief, we had tried to drive at top speed, but this made conditions worse. Finally, by driving very cautiously, matters improved somewhat, and we found that slow speed was our only hope of succor, although on a hot road, without a single shady tree, this was in itself very uncomfortable.

Under all these trying conditions our engine behaved well. Notwithstanding the fact that every piece of machinery was heavily covered with dust, the steady purr of the motor did not weaken for a second. I think that if our car had been driven by chains instead of a bevel gear the former would have clogged up with dust. As it was, we found that even our levers did not work freely, and we had to stop twice to scratch the dust away from between their fulcrum bearings, which had become stiff. We had been looking eagerly for a cooling

glass of water, but everything and every place showed the same parchedness. At last we arrived at a village where there was a drinking fountain, and where we stopped to wash our dust-coated faces. My wife and children, inside the carriage, had been protected against the worst of the dust, but everywhere on the outside the car looked as if it just had



“ . . . where we stopped to wash our dust-coated faces.”

been dug out of the ground. Our baggage was covered with a layer of fine, whitish powder more than an inch thick.

For the very first time since we began our European tour we thought automobiling a very disagreeable sport; but the fact that we all felt tired and hungry may have influenced our depressed mood. Fortunately matters had improved considerably, for

we finally located a shady corner far enough removed from the road to escape the dust raised by passing mule teams, which did, on a smaller scale, what we had been so much guilty of doing in the past weary miles.

Our meal this time appeared quite different from the so many pleasant picnic lunches we had enjoyed before. Yet fresh almonds, ripe figs and



"We entered upon an ascending grade."

biscuits were eagerly devoured, and as soon as our raving hunger was satisfied good humor returned to us all.

When I first saw our dust-covered automobile standing lonely on the hot road, and the towering load of baggage, which gave it such a businesslike appearance, I asked myself how many more miles of such wretched roads we were to encounter in Italy.



Fortunately this was and remained the worst experience of our trip; although sometimes the other roads became dusty, never did they attain the hopeless condition of which we had been the victims that day. We were not in a hurry to break up our little camp, and preferred to lie down on the grass and rest; however, on account of the advancing afternoon it was time to go ahead if we desired to be in Genoa before dark.

After passing Serravalle there was no further dust, and at Arquata the road became excellent. We encountered here a mountainous landscape, and the green wood-covered slopes were a very refreshing sight after the dusty monotony of the former part of the road.

Just after passing Isola we entered upon an ascending grade. Some time before I had noticed an irregular noise in the transmission, but I supposed this was merely due to the dust-choked bearings that required oiling.

We were not very far from Genoa, and as I desired to avoid any further delays, which might prevent us from arriving there before dark, I concluded to postpone examination of the machinery.

At first the car took the grade very nicely on the direct drive, but afterward I was compelled to throw in the second speed. While shifting the lever I heard a sharp and unwelcome noise as if something had snapped. I stopped the car quickly, and after examination we found that the driving pinion of the bevel gear transmission was broken.

Fortunately, we had an extra gear in the tool box, and, if need be, could replace the broken part on the

road. But this might take some time, and the day was pretty well advanced. I ascertained that the next railroad station was but a little over half a mile from where we stood. Under the circumstances I advised my wife and children to walk ahead and be prepared to take the train to Genoa or any other nearby place in case we met further delay. They had left but a few minutes when I saw a landaulet starting up the mountain road. It was the first automobile we had met since leaving Turin. It occurred to me that this was a good chance to be quickly hauled to the nearest blacksmith shop, where it would have been easier to make our little repair. The occupants of this motor car were, besides the chauffeur, a gentleman and his little daughter. I made a sign to stop, and, after exchanging cards, explained my predicament. The owner, a prominent Genoese lawyer, offered very courteously to tow us to the next town, called Ronco. I accepted his kind offer very eagerly, and soon we were at Ronco, where I found a note from my wife, telling me there was a hotel at the next station, Bussala, where she would await me. She added that, upon inquiry, she had found that there were a garage and *mécanicien* at Ronco, and that she had sent the latter to us. At this very moment a new and well-kept motor car drove up, and after making sure about my name the chauffeur tied a rope to my car and proceeded to tow us through the streets of Ronco. He stopped before a prosperous-looking house, and put us inside a small but well-kept garage, in which there was no other car but an American Oldsmobile runabout.

Everything looked so tidy and so different from the usual disorderly repair shop that I felt rather astonished. After awhile the young proprietor of the garage came to see me, accompanied by three of his friends. They all appeared to be cultured people of refined manners. One of them spoke French and the other English. I began to wonder whether this young man, similar to some wealthy American motorists of my acquaintance, had started a repair shop as a business venture. I was still more startled when these nice young men invited me to take supper with them, and announced that afterwards they would drive me in their own car to Bussala, where my wife was expecting me.

As I preferred to take a bite in a hurry while supervising the replacement of the broken gear, I declined their invitation, and sat down in a little restaurant near by. But it was getting dark now, and even if we hurried it would take at least one hour to finish the job. It would not be advisable for us to travel at night over the unknown mountain road to Genoa. So I thankfully accepted the offer to drive to Bussala, and left Lewis behind at Ronco, with instructions to have the car ready for the next morning. My newly made acquaintances accompanied me on the nocturnal drive. The night was pitch dark, but I knew we were going at a rapid pace over a winding mountain road of which I could distinguish nothing except when the glaring search-lights happened to flash upon some object before us. It did not take long to reach the hotel, and, after a further exchange of courtesies my very polite companions left me, and I concluded that these

gentlemen garage keepers were very nice fellows, indeed.

The little hotel where we were to stay over night was much crowded with summer visitors from Genoa, and it was with some difficulty that I obtained accommodations for our little family. With the station near by, and the horrid locomotives and their shrill whistles just below our open windows, sleep was almost impossible. It was quite a change, indeed, from our excellent hotel in Turin, but we were prepared to lead the "simple life" whenever circumstances should demand it, so we took our new experience with cheerful stoicism.

The next morning I returned to Ronco to see how matters stood with my car. I found the *mécanicien* covered with oil and grease, while his helper was scrupulously dusting the carriage. A pile of dust lay heaped up on the floor of the garage. My own chauffeur seemed to take matters rather easily by superintending the operations. Only by this time it dawned upon me that what I had taken for a public repair shop was simply a private garage, and that unwittingly I had caused a large amount of trouble to a hospitable and courteous host. A direct question to the *mécanicien* confirmed my belief. I hastened to pay a call to the house of my kind host to thank him, and after a pleasant hour thus spent took my car to Bussala, where my little family came aboard. From there we continued our interrupted trip to Genoa. An excellent road, winding gradually upward through wooded mountains, brought us to the highest point near Giovi. From there on it began to descend rather suddenly in short tourni-



"It was quite a change indeed from our excellent hotel in Turin."



"An excellent road winding gradually upward."



quets. With the power shut off and the engine under compression we coasted slowly down the hills. From Pontedecimo on we were no longer surrounded by pretty landscapes, but had to drive through badly paved and closely inhabited sections. For about ten miles there was an almost uninterrupted succession of unpleasant suburbs and trolley car lines. I began to think this was never to end, when at San Pier d'Arena we beheld the



"The docks of the busiest seaport of Italy."

encouraging sight of the blue Mediterranean. There, also, was the famous lighthouse of Genoa, which we were approaching over muddy streets and in line with a never-ending and slow-moving procession of every kind of wagons and other vehicles. We finally entered the city gate, where we became entangled among a lot of clumsy drivers until we had passed the usual formalities of the Ufficio del Dazio.

Proceeding farther, we were now along the docks of the busiest seaport of Italy. Before us lay the graceful city, showing its fine buildings in terrace-like distribution. Beyond were the rugged peaks of the Ligurian Alps, while the broad sheet of blue water was lined by the sinuous shore line of the ever-beautiful Riviera di Levante. We were indeed in a new climate, for there, near to us, was a square



"From there we drove to the nearby hotel."

with large healthy-looking palm trees, as well as many other plants which can only thrive under mild southern skies. I knew that a lot of mail was awaiting us in Genoa, at the office of the Hamburg-American Line, where we went to obtain same. From there we drove to the nearby Grand Hotel, where the porter, in all his gold-laced glory, in a uniform like an admiral, directed his brass-buttoned underlings while they made an assault on our lug-

gage-bedecked car. All the bundles, cases, valises and trunks followed as trophies in the procession, which was wound up by a valet bearing the bird cage of the children and the bunch of alpenstocks.

When we went to find our bedrooms we were led into something like a throne chamber, with a dome-like affair for a ceiling. The clean mosaic floor gave a refreshing impression of coolness after a hot day; abundance of electric lights and exquisite bathrooms and other luxuries made us forget all about our hotel experience of the day before.

This indeed is one of the great charms of motor touring. Every day brings new conditions, new experiences. Some little unpleasantness is cheerfully accepted with the thought that better is soon to follow, and whatever is agreeable is doubly so if it happens after encountering some disappointments; no two days seem alike, and this rapid succession of varied impressions contributes, more than anything else, to the sensation that this kind of traveling is indeed real travel.

We had been in Genoa six years before, and were, therefore, pretty well acquainted with the city. For this reason our time was spent in leisurely walking about the town. The next morning we got ready without undue haste and drove off about ten o'clock, while the whole rank and file of the Grand Hotel was drawn up at attention, and all the shining brass buttons bowed us a ceremonious goodby.

In the Via Venti Settembre I could not resist the temptation to stop the car to take a hasty snap shot at one of the extraordinary Genoese policemen. My specimen was a fine-looking six-footer, who, with his

silk hat, long black robe and straight ebony cane, presented very much the appearance of an athletic reverend.

Following this well-paved street, we drove out by the Porta Pila and entered upon a winding, macadam road, which might have been very dusty but for the fact that it had just been sprinkled. Our



“ . . . one of the extraordinary Genoese policemen.”

route was narrow and went up and down, following the shore line of the Mediterranean. Very narrow streets, through populous villages, made cautious driving an imperious necessity. But we little desired to go fast. Our intended day's trip was to be but fifty-four kilometers, and were we not entering upon this enchanting part of Italy, the Riviera di Levante? Therefore, no haste to-day, so that we

might longer enjoy the beautiful landscape awaiting us.

Near Quinto we stopped long enough to read a simple memorial proclaiming the fact that Garibaldi started from there with his little band of enthusiastic followers on his expedition for the unification of Italy.

At Nervi, with its gay villas and stately palm trees, the country began to show still more the fes-



“ . . . following the shore-line. . . ”

tive climate. Date palms of aristocratic bearing, next to fig trees and century plants, seemed to bask in the generous sunshine, while the red tiles of the flat-roofed houses brought out into stronger contrast the color of the sky. Whitewashed pergolas, covered with giant grape vines, alternated with the delicate red of blossoming oleanders, and a fitting background was provided by the blue Mediter-



anean, whose little waves advanced, tiptoeing towards the rocky shores.

• Decidedly this was not the place to rush along; so, gently we kept moving, often coasting silently whenever we were on the down grade. Thus we arrived at pretty Recco. The main street was decorated with garlands and little lamps, a preparation for the evening illumination in honor of the feast



“ . . the country began to show still more the festive element. . . .”

of the Holy Madonna. All the church bells were ringing, and the little place looked trim and festive. We halted a while to purchase some of the most attractive-looking figs I ever saw; then driving carefully through the narrow but well-paved passage found ourselves leaving the town by a steep upward road. I very well remembered this same hill, on which six years before I had been pushing my bicycle. With the burning sun shining above our heads, I felt grateful that this time Mr. John D.'s gasoline was doing the work.

This reminded me also that upon this former occasion we had been outrageously overcharged at an innocent-looking inn at Ruta, where, in company with my wife, we had taken dinner. The spot on the top of the hill is an ideal situation for a hotel, and I was not astonished to learn now that a very extensive residence hostelry was in course of construction, called the Porto Fino Kulm. I was not surprised either when the puffing of our approach-



"The main street was decorated with garlands."

ing car brought out the same English-speaking landlady of former acquaintance, who from her unsophisticated-looking inn tried to ensnare us by the same obsequious salutations and inviting smiles, but "*experientia docet*," and to her evident disappointment we did not stop even for the view, which I knew we could better enjoy a little farther away.

The altitude here was less than a thousand feet, yet the grandiose panorama embraces the shores of



“ . . . the grandiose panorama embraces the shore of the Mediterranean.”

the Mediterranean as far as the horizon reaches. Big-peaked mountains in the distance, sloping down into green hills, and dotted everywhere with little white villages overlooking the blue sea.

The road was ever following the sinuous slope, high enough to allow an unimpaired view, yet so near as to see the blue and transparent water splash into white foam on the rocks below.

We kept on descending steadily toward charm-



“ . . . this lovely, restful place.”

ing Rapallo, on a flat stretch of land close to the sea. Its good-looking modern hotels reminded us that it was lunch time, although we had been feasting all the morning on grapes and figs, picked from the bountiful trees along the road. A glass of Moscato and a cup of coffee were about all that we cared for. This gave us a good pretext for sitting down among the guests of one of the hotels at one of the numerous tables along the sidewalks of the shady street.

Had we not known that there was even a better place farther up we would certainly have decided to stop for a few days at this lovely, restful place.



" . . . the shady street."



"Every few hundred yards we found one or another reason for stopping."

Many of the pretty localities we had met that morning had suggested the same idea. The children expressed their wish more bluntly by saying that



it was a pity that the motor did not break down somewhere, and thus compel us to stay longer. Yet we rested here with the pleasant expectation that more such agreeable corners were yet to come, and after an hour or so we continued our enchanting journey.

We started with a stiff climb along the slopes of a mountainous shore, now along precipices, then



“ . . . now along precipices, then following a ravine.”

following a ravine, and all the time amidst a continuous succession of olive trees, blooming oleanders, fruit-laden grape vines and fig trees. Every few hundred yards we found one or another reason for stopping. It was either to take a photograph, or again to pick some ripe figs or grapes, which abounded everywhere, or to try the cool water which came gushing from some fountain in the rock.

Now going down, then up again, then entering a tunnel bored through the projecting rocks, the landscape changed in kaleidoscopic variety. Just now we seemed to be away inland, enclosed in receding mountains, with a solitary valley below, but immediately afterwards the view changed, and after



“ . . . then entering a tunnel bored through the projecting rock.”

a sharp descent we were again in sight of the sheet of water.

A steep down grade carried us to Zoagli, but as soon as we had left the charming little town we were climbing another hill, until finally a long glide downward brought us to a low, flat stretch of coast land on which is situated Chiavari. I saw a large road sign, “Spezia,” with an arrow pointed toward a side street, and before I realized it found that this was a clever little dodge by which the inhabitants prevented these dreadful automobiles from passing

through the town on their way south. So we saw nothing of the place, except a rapid glimpse of a pretty avenue of large-sized oleander trees in full bloom. We then came upon a flat stretch of dusty road quite close to the water. We passed Lavagna with its pile of roofing slate, and a few kilometers further, Sestri di Levante, the object of our day's trip, came in sight.

This picturesquely situated fishing village is not much known by the average tourist. I had discovered it some years ago, and on the strength of my former experience had selected it for a few days' sojourn. The friendly manager of the excellent Hotel Jensch gave us the best rooms facing the bay. The pretty palm garden which surrounds the hotel and the lovely view from our comfortable balcony added to the enjoyment of our quiet surroundings.

I had especially chosen this place because I knew the hotel had an excellent private beach, sandy and gently sloping. There, in unusually clean water of pleasant temperature, most of our days were spent.

The water of the Mediterranean holds in solution about forty-one per cent. of salt, a considerably higher proportion than is contained in the ocean. Hence swimming is much easier, because the concentrated brine keeps the body floating without any special effort. Years ago I had offered a standing reward of \$2 for each of my children who should be able to swim at least ten yards without stopping. Thus far the prize had never been earned, but the little rascals soon discovered that the increased density of the water made things easy for



" . . . a low, flat stretch of road on which is situated Chiavari."



" . . . we were again in sight of the azure sheet of water."

them, and from the first day they were able to claim the premium. We became so accustomed to this agreeable spot that any of us would gladly have stayed there for weeks more, but our trip could not last forever, and after five enjoyable days we decided to continue our tour.

On the day of leaving I was rather startled to see that in the garage of the hotel our trusty motor car had as an only companion a large black hearse, very elaborately trimmed with four immense bunches of black feathers. Quite a suggestive contrast indeed! This was rendered more impressive by the fact that the sky had become obscured with inky clouds, across which flashed at intervals sinuous streaks of lightning, while the thunder rolled ominously. It had been raining and storming all night, and although our limousine would protect us against the wet it was rather disappointing to think that bad weather might spoil for us the enjoyment of the day's itinerary, which was to take us into the heart of picturesque mountain scenery.

If our car had been an open one it would certainly have been reckless to venture out in such threatening weather, but, nicely sheltered as we were, we decided to risk it. Our road ran first through level country, parallel with the railroad; then it began to climb, and we noticed that the surface was so excellent that, although it had been raining all night, there was no sign of slipperiness.

We were winding our way upward over rocky hills scantily covered with pines, oaks and other small trees. The sky again presented a threatening appearance, and lightning cleaved the black clouds





“ . . . a few kilometers further, Sestri di Levante.”



“ . . . on the strength of my former experience had selected it  
for a few days' sojourn.”

from mountain to mountain. Heavy rain drops were falling, and we were resigned to bad weather. But luck favored us; after a while the rain stopped and the sombre cloud curtain seemed to tear apart. Through the widening aperture of the darkened sky a beam of hazy sunlight managed to shoot out and illuminate the whole landscape with a strange flood of light. The contrast between the blue-black clouds in the sky and the sea below, with the vivid



“ . . . we went downward again between fig trees and grape vines.”

green of the wooded hills, gave to the whole a startling aspect, enhanced by the utter loneliness of the locality. Prrr—prrr—prrr—went our steady motor, while we kept on climbing higher and higher over Mount Bracco.

The view of the sea was shut off now, but we beheld, instead, the whole range of the Appenines, and shortly after we caught sight of the Apuan Alps, the great storekeepers of the finest white

marble of the world. On a level portion of the road we came upon some dilapidated-looking houses, of which one or two called themselves "Osteria." Further on we went down again between rows of fig trees and grape vines. We passed Mattarana and Carrodano, two small villages with gray little houses huddled together, as if to find closer company in this out-of-the-way region.

Barefooted children ran after us, offering grapes, for which we gave them a few soldi. Again the road went down sharply; we crossed a little river, and then started a short climb through woods, and after passing a chapel another descent commenced. Pogliasca, then Borghetto, came next, after which the road took a turn to the right and skirted the sandy bed of the half-filled and shallow Magra River, with here and there a pool of water with a color like indigo. Following the contortions of this bluish stream for about ten kilometers on an almost level stretch we struck again a gradual ascent. Afterward this changed to a succession of strong undulations.

We passed Ricco, another assemblage of ramshackle houses, took another short climb, and here, at a point called La Foce, were suddenly stirred into admiration by the beautiful sight of the Gulf of Spezia. Below us white parallel lines made by the streets of the town stretched out before the spacious bay. Several grim-looking men-of-war, with their sharp and well-defined outlines, stood out in strong contrast with the blue water. Antique Porto Venere and the island of Palmaria in the distance on the right, and the rocky promontory of the Apuan Alps

on the left, formed a trusty and picturesque shelter for this fine harbor.

But our full attention was now required for the steep descent which, zigzag-wise, took us along some forts or barracks into the town. A short halt for refreshments at some pastry store was all the time we intended to spend in Spezia. We knew the place from a former visit, and greeted its trim palm-planted streets as old acquaintances. When we reached the city limits the good pavement gave place to wet and soft muddy roads, and in a few minutes our car was entirely covered with splashings. For this reason we were rather pleased to find that we were entering upon a change of the road, where it began to ascend rather abruptly along a hilly slope. I was compelled to throw in the lower gear, and to my terror heard the same ominous snap of the machinery which had stalled us at Ronco.

I dropped the sprag to keep the car from rolling backward on the sharp incline, and after examination we were forced to the conclusion that our new pinion was gone again. Fortunately, I still had a spare one in reserve, and there was a trolley car just below the hill, which enabled my wife and children to return to town, while Lewis and myself tried to mend matters.

Putting in a new pinion can be done much easier in a garage than on the road, and as we were at such a short distance from a repair shop I thought it preferable to try to get our car back to Spezia. The main trouble was to bring the auto down the hill. It was standing on a steep incline, with an



"Several grim-looking men of war . . ."



". . . and greeted its trim palm-planted streets as old acquaintances."



abrupt embankment on one side and a deep gutter on the other; to make matters worse the road was so narrow that we could not turn. While we were adjusting the brakes, which were rather too loose to keep the car from sliding backward, we were discovered by a group of street boys. As soon as they saw our stalled car they rushed toward us with a whoop of delight and called the attention of some other little fellows near by. Before we knew it we were surrounded by about fifty unwashed, raggy, barefooted and shrieking street urchins, ranging in age from six to twelve years. Every one of them seemed to take immense pleasure and excitement at the sight of our predicament. They all talked at the same time their voluble Italian in shrill staccato voices, and the din and noise of their rattle made our own conversation impossible. All wanted to touch the car, the tires or the wheels. I thought they were a real nuisance until I got the inspiration to put their waste energy to good use by putting them all against the car to prevent back-sliding in case the brakes proved inadequate. I mounted to the driver's seat, and steering the wheel craned my neck backward, so as to see the road below, while Lewis directed the crowd of diminutive helpers by impressive yelling and by lifting his arms up and down, according to whether they should let go or hold on. After a while this newly invented language seemed to work very effectively. The scene reminded me very much of the story of Gulliver while these Lilliputian Italians were trying to hold back this heavily loaded motor car.

We succeeded in getting the carriage down to

the level road, where it could be turned without danger; at that moment a powerful shout of satisfaction came from all of these little Italian throats. But I soon realized that the worst was yet to come, when I began to distribute pennies among these youngsters. The whole lot suddenly turned into a fighting, shrieking, hair-pulling mass, and I was really afraid that some of the impetuous combatants might become seriously hurt, so I put the money back in my pocket and tried to let them come one by one, isolating the paid ones from the others. But the tricky little fellows were too quick for us. Some got in several times in succession and nimbly appropriated what was intended for others who were left behind and who got angry. Among the lot was a little girl whose mother seemed to take a very interested hand in the matter. I made up my mind that this virago knew better than I how to handle this little mob, so I gave fifty centesimi to her daughter and handed a handful of coppers to her with the direction to distribute the coins among the unsatisfied lot. From that moment on she became the butt of the onslaught, but acquitted herself of her task by administering some well-directed slaps to the most aggressive ones, giving a few coins to the meeker boys, and putting the remainder of the money in her own pocket, while she reached for a stick with which she drove the howling mob away.

In the meantime I had found a laborer who spoke some French, and with whom I arranged to obtain two mules. The mules were hitched to the front axle, and I had the fun of photographing Lewis

at the wheel while our procession entered into Spezia. I know that some of my friends in America would have had no end of merriment if they had seen us, but, strange to say, none of the Italians who met us either grinned or smiled at our seeming discomfiture.

At the garage we found that the cause of our break was exactly as I had surmised. The same pinion had split again. Before leaving New York



" . . . the mules were hitched to the front axle."

I had changed the regular pinion, as originally used with the car, for a smaller one. This was intended to make doubly sure that our heavily loaded limousine would climb any mountains we might encounter on our long tour. It was proved now that this smaller pinion was too weak for the strain of the engine, and so my very precautions had inured to our disadvantage.

Luckily I had kept the former size gear, and this

could be put on again without hesitation, since our experience over any kind of road with an overloaded car had removed all doubts as to the possibility of taking easily any grade we might meet on our tour. We left the car at the garage and the larger pinion was promptly inserted, the whole job costing only a few dollars.

The day was then far gone, and I knew that the



" . . . after lunch we left . . . "

Croce di Malta was a very comfortable hotel, well situated near the bay, and we could not do much better than to stop there until the next day and take life easy in the meantime. The following day, after lunch, we left the Croce di Malta, and a few minutes afterward passed near the spot of our former mishap. The man of the mules was there and gave us a friendly nod of recognition. The same street boys were there, and I guess that their smiles were

probably fostered by the hope of seeing us stopped again; but the big pinion drove the car smoother than ever, and we shot up the hill without difficulty. Then the road took a very sudden turn to the right and changed into zigzags. Just at this difficult point we were confronted with a balky mule team arriving from the opposite way and on the wrong side of the road, but I was able to clear the rather complicated situation, and from now on our



“ . . . heavy carts carrying huge cubes of the valuable stone.”

route began to descend toward a broad plain enclosed by the Apuan Mountains.

As soon as we struck the level stretch we were able to run at favorable speed. The atmosphere was bright and sunny, and right before us in the distance we could see very distinctly the mountains which furnish the world-famed Carrara marble. Some of the rock sides had been blasted away, and in their immaculate whiteness they looked as if covered with snow.



That this was the white marble country was made evident by the profuse display of this material nearly everywhere. Road posts, windows, even door sills of the commonest houses, were made of white marble, and the same stone was used for capping the walls of any enclosures or fences. We also met many heavy carts carrying huge cubes of the valuable stone. Some of these vehicles were drawn



“ . . . grows abundantly in all marshy places to a very tall size.”

by teams of fine white oxen numbering twelve animals.

The whole section looked like a prosperous agricultural country. That we were in a wine district was shown by the abundance and fine quality of the grape vines, as well as by the numerous ox carts loaded with large casks of wine or carrying a heap- ing bunch of “fiascos.” These bottles, of character- istic shape, in which Italian wine is kept, are packed

into a simple yet effective protection of basket-woven reed leaves. The plant which furnishes these leaves grows abundantly in all marshy places and to a very tall size.

All this carting and driving makes the roads very rutty, especially near Massa and Pisa. The teamsters do not seem to be accustomed to automobiles and become easily excited, even if their horses, mules or oxen do not. When they thus lose their heads they are apt to do the most foolish things. Some of them simply whip their poor horses, but others try to push the animal aside by twisting the cart from behind, instead of using the reins. More than once we were amused by the sight of some short man, red with excitement, spluttering and cursing, while pushing his back against the sides of a slow and burly horse that did not know what it all meant. Similar experiences we had all over Italy, especially in the south. After a while we knew how to humor these simple but excitable country people by driving very slowly until the imaginary danger was past.

At Massa we entered into a statuary factory. Here was one of those numerous workshops for which Italy has been famous ever since the art was introduced by the Greeks long before the Christian era. In this "laboratorio" the white blocks of Carrara marble are turned into statuary of any description, from the antique gods of mythology to the most approved modern saints.

The large room had a very busy appearance, with its numerous workmen or artists chiseling, cutting and polishing right and left.

After this short visit we were soon on our way again, but a few miles farther we stopped once more to enter the courtyard of a farm and ask permission to pick some of the alluring fruit with which the numerous grape vines were so abundantly laden. Before this we had disregarded these formalities, thinking the matter a mere trifle, but we were told that there is a very severe law in Italy which allows farmers to shoot anyone who attempts to appropriate fruit along the road.

As in every other instance, we were cheerfully helped to what we desired, and a few coppers distributed among the children of the farm made everybody beam with grateful satisfaction.

We had expected a very monotonous route, and found on the contrary a much varied landscape, with mountains almost always in sight.

Past Viareggio we entered upon a stretch of excellent road, which led us in a straight line through an extensive pine forest. Healthy-looking trees of considerable size, with fanlike tops, made an unusual and unexpected picture. Just here we noticed in the distance an approaching cloud of dust and shortly afterward passed the first motor car we had met since we left Sestri.

We had driven but a few miles farther when in the glitter of the setting sun we noticed the unmistakable white forms of the Campanile and the leaning Tower of Pisa. Not very long afterward we entered the town, passing along the Battistero, and a short distance farther on we all got out of the car to take a look at that odd piece of architecture, the leaning tower.

My wife and I had visited Pisa before, and this town, too, appeared to us like an acquaintance of former days. Before we knew it some peddlers had persuaded us to stock ourselves with a liberal supply of miniature leaning towers of marble. The little trinkets were stowed away in the motor car in company with all the formerly acquired curios. We saw many inviting shops displaying marble statuary. For some reason or other I have the feeling that marble statuary and marble cutting harmonize well with the very placidity of this town. After the varying impressions of this day's trip Pisa looked so settled, so quiet and restful as to repeatedly suggest to my imagination a city neatly chiseled out of one gigantic block of marble.

We drove to the Hotel de Londres on the Lungarno, where we were the only guests, tourists being rather scarce at that season. From our rooms we looked down on the broad river, neatly encased in its gray stone walls, separated by a wide paved street from the varied succession of façades of the two rows of houses, and at intervals an arched stone bridge connected the two shores.

The next morning found us ready for our trip to Rome. I knew we had a long stretch before us, and that the country through which we were to travel is scantily inhabited and offers few places to obtain proper hotel accommodation. Furthermore, this district is notoriously malarious, and although there is a considerable difference of opinion as to the comparative danger of Italian malaria and the American illness of the same name, I thought it wiser not to expose my wife and children to unsuitable



“ . . . we entered the town, passing along the Battistero.”



“ . . . an arched stone bridge connected the two shores.”



shelter for the night. I had been unable to obtain precise information as to hotels in Grosseto or Corneto; under the circumstances we had to reach either Civita Vecchia or Rome the same day. Unfortunately the weather threatened showers, but we supposed that as on previous occasions we might succeed in outrunning the rainy zone.

About ten in the morning we left the city limits, and after buying provisions and gasoline were soon hurrying along the wide, level road. By this time the weather had become decidedly chilly, and we noticed that during the night the mountain peaks had acquired a white coat of snow. Although we were entering southern Italy I found that my summer clothing was an entirely insufficient protection against the cold. It started to rain, and a cold wind drove the wet against the driving seat and compelled us to lower the storm curtains.

Our little party was snugly sheltered inside the limousine and did not mind the weather. This made me think again how, in an open car, a rain storm of the kind would have spoiled the whole day's trip. The country through which we were traveling was hilly and sandy. The sloping hills were sparsely covered with grass. This, with the rain and chill, brought to my mind our similar experience in the Scotch moors, and I could hardly realize that we were in southern Italy and that at the beginning of September.

The slippery road had made us skid a few times, and this urged us to cautious driving, especially in places where we were running along a steep embankment. About noontime the weather began

to clear up, the sun began to shine, and it became so warm that we were forced to open all the windows of the carriage.

We had passed Cecina and were traveling in the Maremme country—a weird succession of forest and swamp, sparsely cultivated here and there and infested by malaria during the summertime. This district extends for about 100 miles along the coast, and is very scantily inhabited. Although history tells us so, it is difficult to imagine that during the Etruscan period this now lonely region was fertile and inhabited to the point of possessing important towns like Populonia, Vetulonia, Russellae and Cosa. Some of the remains of these ancient settlements still exist. In fact, the very road on which our Michelins were rolling was the famous ancient Via Aurelia. I was prepared to find a country entirely devoid of scenic interest, and, therefore, was quite astonished to now behold an almost continuous succession of picturesque landscapes. We were never far away from the sea, and once in a while caught a glimpse of the blue water, while on both sides of the horizon before us we saw the curved crests of distant mountains. On our right we now observed a mountainous island, which the map indicated to be Elba, the involuntary abode of Napoleon for about one year. Occasionally we passed a lonely white or grayish-looking farmhouse with no sign of life in or near it. Almost every one of these buildings showed prominently on the gables the glaringly emblazoned armorial ensign of some member of the nobility who was the land owner. This was ordinarily supplemented by a large black-let-

tered inscription telling to whom the property belonged. These features seemed to be the only well-cared for details of the whole place. It is a sad comment on the inequity of insufficient taxation of land values that just this malaria country might, with a proper system of drainage and cultivation, be changed into one of the most productive agricultural sections of God's earth. But this district is almost entirely in the hands of a few aristocratic landholders, who have been able to keep it idle since times immemorial, and may hold it almost indefinitely unless the tax on unimproved lands be increased. The proprietors are either too ignorant or too unenterprising for devising means that would make their lands more profitable. Neither are they willing to sell or rent it at reasonable rates. In the meantime the malaria scourge is perpetuating itself, while Italian peasants, for lack of better opportunity, try to wring from nature some of her products of the soil by toilsome cultivation of small patches of land on the almost barren rocks of the Riviera or the Gulf of Salerno. Is it any wonder, then, that under such conditions the younger generation of Italian peasants find it more profitable to emigrate and offer their labor in foreign countries? Under better economic conditions this same labor might find good employment at home and contribute toward general prosperity.

At about 1 P. M. we reached Grosseto, the first town of any importance since we had left Pisa. This is the capital of Maremme, and boasts of 6,000 inhabitants. The place did not make a bad impression, and it appears that we might have been able

to stay there over night if circumstances had demanded it.

The arrival of a motor car, and a foreign one at that, attracted considerable attention in the little town. When we stopped at the drug store to get some gasoline the whole place before the shop was soon filled with curious onlookers. The druggist also kept a pastry department and a baker's counter, so we found our lunch there at the same time.



" . . . attracted considerable attention."

To the delight of our children he possessed some kind of a soda-water fountain from which he re-tailed excellent raspberry juice. I was rather amused by the sight of a glaring sign advertising "Vermouth Americano."

By the time we left the drug store we found trouble in pushing our way through the dense

crowd which surrounded our carriage while Lewis was emptying a huge glass carboy of "benzina."

I was rather startled to see that the streets of this out-of-the-way place were provided with arc lamps of the latest pattern. While I had become accustomed to the sight of electric appliances in all Italian places which possessed abundant water power, I certainly would not have expected to find this luxury here, in a flat country, rather distant from the mountains, and where coal must be imported from England at a very high cost.

When we left the town we took a boy aboard to show us the way through the crooked streets. He seemed to enjoy the ride as much as the few soldi he got for his service.

Just as we were getting again into the open country we met another boy leading a fine black horse. As soon as he saw our car approaching he became so excited as to pull the horse wildly toward him, with the result that the animal was frightened beyond control and started rearing and jumping in all directions. As usual in such occurrences we stopped. When the horse seemed to quiet down we prepared to start again, but the animal resumed the antics of a would-be flying machine. The boy clung tenaciously to his horse, but shrieked and howled while he was being dragged along. At this critical moment Lewis, who is an excellent hand at horses, jumped to the rescue and succeeded in quieting the black Pegasus, while patting him on the back. He motioned to me to advance while he held the trembling horse, but scarcely was the car moving again when Black Beauty compelled Lewis to execute a



lively dance, and he was pulled along just as easily as had been the Italian boy. In the meantime his expression seemed to convey the thought that on an occurrence like this one it is quite a different thing to look at a frightened horse from inside a motor car than to look at the machine with the frantic animal tied to one's self. We tried to fasten the horse to a telegraph pole, but as soon as the Italian boy understood our intentions he set up such a



“ . . . livestock raising seems to be almost the only kind of enterprise.”

terrific wail that we stopped short in our attempt. Finally, by stopping the motor long enough and giving time to the bewildered animal to quiet down, Lewis succeeded, to the relief of everybody, in leading the horse quickly past the machine. Similar incidents had occurred more than once before, but we always succeeded in terminating them without damage to anybody, by using a little diplomacy and patience.

In this fever-stricken country livestock raising

seems to be almost the only kind of enterprise that is attempted. Herds of magnificent big white cattle, with large horns, were met now and then. Most of the time they were grazing in pastures, separated only from the road by clumsy hedges made of thistles and thorns, held together by barbed wire. Quite often we were stopped by bunches of stray oxen, steers or bulls which had managed to get out of the inefficient enclosure. The humming of our advancing car made little impression on them be-



“ . . . a stupid look of astonishment.”

yond producing a stupid look of astonishment. Sometimes they took to easy running, only to stop again a little farther and renew this process over and over again. At other times they refused to move at all and remained placidly in the road, compelling us to crowd them aside while we drove slowly and made all possible noise.

These animals seem to be left entirely to their own care during the warm season. I was told that as soon as the summer begins the cattle herders

retreat to the mountains to escape the dreaded malaria. We passed several abandoned houses, of which the windows and all openings were covered with rusty-looking wire netting, as an attempted protection against malaria-breeding mosquito-bites. Once in a while we saw some kind of shelter made of a little straw hut perched on poles ten or twelve feet above the ground, and the aperture of which was closed by mosquito netting. These were the retreats devised for such cattlemen or herders as might be compelled to sleep in this unhealthful country.

The cadaveric look of one or two men with whom I talked reminded me of the story of the New Yorker who kept bragging that he could determine, at sight, the home State of any American who was introduced to him, at which a sportive companion induced him into a bet. The New Yorker was confronted with several people. To the first one he said:

"Why, man, you are a Kentuckian."

"Right you are," came the answer.

"And you, you are a Californian."

"Well done again."

And he continued, successfully, to designate their respective States, until, with a broad smile on his face, he addressed the last man.

"You, my friend, are the easiest case of the lot. *You* are from New Jersey."

"Now we've got you," was the rejoinder. "I can prove to you that I was born in New York and have always resided in that State, but I have been ill in the hospital for the last six weeks."

Our road ran suddenly down to a yellowish, muddy-looking river, at the other shore of which was a flat-bottomed boat, intended as a ferry. After some delay and repeated yelling the lazy boatman showed up and pulled the boat across along a stretched rope. After some hesitation we managed to get our car aboard this float and were pulled to the other shore. Two lire and seventy-five centesimi were exacted for this service.

The two men looked like dreary, weary malaria-suffering individuals, and by their very taciturnity they contrasted very much with the average talkative Italians.

Somewhat further we arrived at another river, but this one was blue and salty. On the opposite side stood an old fortress, the crenelated parapets of which gave a repressive look to the surroundings. We were ferried across, but this time five lire were asked.

I only hoped that we should not meet any more rivers without bridges, because if this rate of ferryage was increasing in the same proportion I would hardly possess any Italian money by the time we should reach Rome.

I knew that formerly it was quite customary for the lonely traveler to be held up by the bandits who infested these desolate roads, and I was inclined to think that the newer generation had adopted ferry tolls as a less risky way of obtaining booty.

All these stoppages had made us lose much time, and as the days had become quite short it was out of the question to reach Rome before night. Furthermore, we desired not to forego the pleasure

of entering the classic city in full daylight. So we concluded to stop over night at Civita Vecchia, which we were told possessed one or two good hotels.

Our road was fair but rather undulating, compelling us to make now and then some sharp ascents, followed by corresponding declines. We passed Albarese, Montalto di Castri and, about twenty kilometers farther, skirted a sort of hilly promontory, on which we saw a walled town with numerous towers of very antique appearance. This was Corneto or Corneto Tarquinia, the latter name suggesting the fact that the Corneto of the Middle Ages had been built on the site of the old Etruscan Tarquinii. I know that this picturesque little place had unusual attraction from an archæological standpoint, and that many interesting finds of antique objects had been made in the ancient Etruscan necropolis. Much would I have liked to spend a few hours there, but the sun was setting, and we had still twenty kilometers to run before we should reach Civita Vecchia. This suppressed visit to Corneto, together with many others, had to be postponed until some future tour in Italy.

We were hurrying now as much as we could. The country seemed more and more deserted, and the road was winding through a landscape which, in the falling darkness, took on an increasingly weird appearance. One instant we were on the top of a hill, the next in some valley hidden by crouching trees, and only a few moments later we were again close to the rocky seacoast.

The whole district reminded me involuntarily of



stories of brigandage, as I had read in my younger years, and of which the scene was enacted in this same stretch of country, so well adapted for such nefarious purposes. It was not worth while to light the acetylene searchlights for such a short time, but we turned on our electric lamps. Suddenly the road took a sharp turn to the right, with a rapid incline toward the sea, and it looked entirely as if we were going to plunge into the dark Mediterranean. There was no town, nor even a single light in sight; nothing but the inky darkness. We reduced our speed somewhat, wondering whether we had again lost our way, when all at once we perceived a flash of light, followed by others at regular intervals; this brought us to the conclusion that it was the lighthouse of Civita Vecchia.

We now passed under a dark brick archway that seemed to line the seashore, and which I afterward learned was an aqueduct. Then climbing the road toward our left, we were able to distinguish, in the general obscurity, the shadows of a barracks or fortress. An officer of the Dazio halted us and after we told him we had nothing to declare showed us the way toward a very narrow street between tall houses. This sort of alley was swarming with people and we had to advance as slowly as possible to allow the crowd to retreat inside the doorways and shops that lined both sides of the thoroughfare. As usual, this gave a chance to the street boys to follow us in a bunch and to try to hang on any projecting parts of our car. We arrived at a little "piazza" where a military band was playing; but a policeman came hurriedly

toward us, and as far as I could make out by his excited talk and gesticulations, it was forbidden to drive in that part of the town as long as the concert lasted. An old man who spoke French offered his services as an interpreter. I inquired for the Albergo Italia, and after we took him aboard he guided us up and down several streets, until we finally came out on a kind of boulevard along the seashore planted with trees on both sides. There was our hotel, and the landlord received us with pleasant greeting and gave us two spacious rooms fronting the sea.

We had a well-prepared and nicely served supper, and after that went to bed, thankful that at the end of a hard day's run we obtained such accommodation where we had least expected to find it.

The next morning we were in no great hurry to get away, and while Lewis was filling our gasoline tank at the pharmacy we took a rapid look around the little seaport. I had read that the harbor was constructed by Trajan as the nearest haven to Rome. However, the shipping trade of the place seems to be of very little activity. With a scanty population of 12,000 inhabitants, its well-stocked garrison seems to give preponderant importance to the soldier element. This impression is strengthened by the presence of a fort and a peculiar-looking citadel built by Michael Angelo.

The country which we traversed that morning was similar to the one through which we went the previous night, but was provided with an excellent road. The land was uncultivated and sparsely settled, with only two or three small agglomera-

tions of houses. As upon the day before, we sometimes met a solitary cattleman on horseback. With his lasso, spurred boots and leather pouch, he made us think that an American cowboy might have a similar appearance if he had purchased his outfit and store clothes in Italy.

Now and then a marble road sign read: "Via Aurelia." The route was hilly in places but of excellent surface. We were in no hurry at all, and gave the children a chance to get out, and followed them while they were chasing green lizards, which abounded everywhere. But the nimble little animals were too quick for their pursuers, who thus were unable to further enrich their menagerie.

The monotony of the road in this uncultivated country was accentuated sometimes by the sight of a lonely cemetery, surrounded with a patchy, square white wall, above which protruded the dark green tops of a straight row of cypress trees. Through the gratings of the rusty iron gate we could look inside on the neglected graves, planted with an alternation of white marble and rusty iron crosses, the whole place of desolation being overrun with dried-out weeds.

Really, it was hard to imagine that we were so near Rome. Thus far we had tried in vain to catch a first glimpse of the ancient city, but finally, upon reaching a hilly summit of the road, we saw in the hazy distance the unmistakable outline of the dome of St. Peter's. We again lost sight of it as soon as the road bent downward. The surrounding, rolling land shut out any further view, and we went on for many miles further before we reached an



" . . . we found ourselves passing a huge colonnade."



" . . . a part of our very home transported into the midst of these foreign countries."

agglomeration of houses, at the end of which we were stopped by an officer of the Dazio. On inquiry as to how far we were from Rome he startled me by saying that we were now in Rome, and that this was the entrance to the Porta Cavallegieri. We had hardly realized this fact before we found ourselves passing a huge colonnade and were on the Piazza di San Pietro, gazing at St. Peter's Church. There, right in front of us, stood the Obelisk and the two fountains and the ellipse of colonnades. There, also, was the famous dome, and every detail of the classic structure, which formerly had been made familiar to us by photographs, was easily recognized. We all dismounted. Here we were thus in Rome! That new impression was made so much the more powerful by the very presence of our trusty limousine, which could not fail to remind us of our distant home on the other side of the ocean. More than ever it appeared to me as if this car, with all its bundles, trunks and other knick-knacks, was a part of our very home transported into the midst of these foreign countries. Never more than at that very instant did I realize what new possibilities had been introduced into the world by the advent of the automobile. Here we were, after thousands of miles of travel through many lands, in a city which, since my boyhood days, had enlivened my imagination, and yet the presence of our little family and some of our household had made me feel during the whole trip, as well as now, as if we had carried something of our own home along.

And what glorious weather! It looked decidedly



as if the very best of it had been reserved for this day so as to make our entrance into the Eternal City so much the more enjoyable. We started again, driving slowly along the yellow Tiber. That old tower in front of the first bridge was the Castle of San Angelo; a short distance farther we were somewhat puzzled at the sight of a succession of very new and modern buildings, among which was the Palazzo di Justizia. But as soon as we had



“ . . . stopped for a while before the Obelisk of the Piazza.”

crossed the Tiber, by the Ponte Margherita, we were again confronted by monuments of the past. We stopped for a while before the Obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo, and while we were admiring the antique fountain I saw Lewis filling his canvas pail with water for his radiator.

I asked the way of two “carabinieri,” and a boy, whom we had picked up as a guide, accompanied us up hill, along the Villa Borghese, to the Pincio, where we finally arrived at the Eden Hotel. I was

glad that a friend of mine had recommended the place to me. This was indeed a healthy and pleasant situation, wherefrom we could reach rapidly any part of the city. We found our quarters excellent in every respect. I can now hardly think of the place without being reminded of some exquisite light sweet wine, called Est-Est. Montefiascone, the fiascos of which added nectar to the excellent table d'hôte. The only drawback was that the hotel had



"I asked the way of two carabinieri."

no place to store automobiles and that our car had to be sent to a well-equipped garage several blocks away, where they charged us three lire daily, a small sum, though, if compared to what is asked in the States, yet it was the highest price I had been obliged to pay since touring in Europe.

The same day we took a walk through the city to get acquainted with the general layout. The remainder of the week was spent in visiting museums



" . . . driving slowly along the yellow Tiber."



" . . . it looks somewhat like an anachronism. . ."

and other places of interest. Under the guidance of a courier we made some automobile excursions in and around the city to such places as had preponderant connection with old Roman history.

At first it looks somewhat like an anachronism to see one's motor car standing near the Colosseum or the Forum Romanum, or to drive along the Appian Way, and yet one soon gets used to this and finds it perfectly natural. I was pleased to observe with what a keen interest my children went to see these old witnesses of the past splendor of ancient Rome. Their intelligent and eager questions made me believe that for them at least the study of Roman history will be more captivating and more useful than it was for me, at the time when my teachers tried to push into my youthful brain a lot of dry facts, the reality of which I had not the slightest tangible evidence of; for this reason ancient history failed entirely to interest me until I had reached the riper age of manhood.

The proverb says: "The nearer Rome the worse Catholics." Whether this is really the case I am not certain. Ill-assorted groups of countrified French pilgrims, male and female, whom I met everywhere, led by their village priests, seemed to flock around every church. Their presence certainly did not help to add dignity to some of the gaudily decorated chambers of the Vatican, where these visitors seemed to feast on the sight of those paintings of suffering, blood and gore representing the lives of the holy martyrs. I observed one woman detaching some plaster from a wall on which was painted the Child Christ, and she put the



" . . . went to see old witnesses of the past splendor of Rome."



" . . . or to drive along the Appian Way . . . ,"



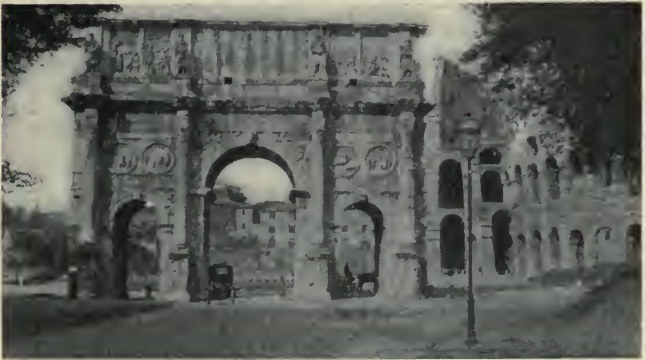
fragments in her mouth, while with the other hand she was crossing herself. I saw the same pilgrims apply their lips to the kiss-worn toes at the foot of Saint Peter's bronze statue in the church. These are the customers on whom live the numerous shops where blessed paper images of saints and miraculous brass medals are sold in exchange for the coin of the believers. Their undeveloped reason evidently fails to make them see that there is no difference in their kind of worship and the ancient pagan's idolatry, to which they refer with undisguised scorn. Neither can I forget that cynical and flippant monk who acted as our guide in the Catacombs—a place full of the remembrance of the heroic struggles and Spartanlike devotion of those simple and honest early Christians. I fail to perceive much difference between the beguiling priests of antique religions and these modern monks, who, among divers miraculous trinkets, retail brandy cordials manufactured by their holy order.

Is there, then, a law which decides that for all religions, in all times and in all lands, pure, higher thoughts, too elevated for the base multitude, will, in sordid and trivial brains, be interpreted in accordance with the limitations of the latter, and changed until they become more adapted to lower developed souls, even to the point where the initial sublime conception becomes well-nigh unrecognizable?

These and similar reflections forced themselves upon me again and again during that week while we stayed in Rome. In that extraordinary city one cannot help being confronted at every minute with



Appian Way and tomb of Cæcilia Metella.



"Confronted at every minute with a never-ceasing comparison of the past and present."

a never-ceasing comparison of the past and the present.

Just on account of the very intensity of emotions thus evoked, in Rome less than any other place, sightseeing should not be overdone. Even if the body can stand it the mind becomes congested after being fed thus, day after day, on a concentrated extract of the history of the most stirring times of our own race. The most sensible thing to do is either to make the stay in Rome a short one, with the intention of returning later on, or to alternate study and sightseeing with some days of absolute rest at the hotel. In Rome more than elsewhere I have seen worn-out and tired faces of traveling Americans who wanted to "do" Rome in a few days and not miss anything.

I really wonder how some persons can stand such strain at all, if their whole mental feelings are brought into play. Fortunately for most of them, their aim and interest in what they see is not very intense and does not reach beyond the mere passive gratification of the bare desire of seeing with their eyes and not with their soul; for such people there is not much danger of exhaustion outside of some physical fatigue.

On the 19th of September we left Rome by the Porta San Lorenzo instead of taking the direct road to Naples by the Porta Maggiore. My idea in doing this was to combine a visit to Tivoli with our trip toward Naples.

As soon as we were outside the city limits the road became rather bumpy and rutty on account of the heavy traffic. To make matters worse, it was

dusty, too; but after our experience near Alessandria we did not mind a little dust as long as we could breathe. We were now in the Campagna Romana, made famous in history through song and rhyme. In reality it is an extended plain, poorly cultivated and showing the Alban Mountains and the Sabine Hills in the distance, while still further away the chain of the Apennines is visible.

At a place called Bagni Acque Albule we all became aware of a fetid smell, as if "fresh laid" eggs from the time of Julius Cæsar were to be encountered. But we soon found that all the mischief was due to an innocent-looking, swift-running little stream, which drove a sawmill near by and which gushed under a bridge across the street. This was mineral water, charged by nature with sulphuretted hydrogen, and which feeds the sulphur baths of Acque Albule. The amount of sulphur gas is such that the otherwise clear blue water, under the oxidizing action of the air, deposits on all objects with which it comes in contact a grayish-white coat of sulphur. Further up, near the bridge that crosses the Anio, we passed the well-preserved tomb of the Plautii, a round tower, very much similar to the tomb of Cæcilia Metella on the Appian Way.

A narrow side road to the right had the sign "Villa Adriana." This was one of the objects of interest we intended to visit that day. We reached there a few minutes afterward. I was not aware that these ruins were so extensive, and it took us more than two hours to make a rapid inspection of the remains of what at one time was one of the most pretentious and elaborate country villas in

existence. Here, indeed, Emperor Adrian, at the beginning of the second century, tried to reproduce and condense the principal marvels of landscape gardening and architectural display he had seen in his many expeditions and travels through foreign countries. After I had beheld these enormous ruins I was no longer astonished that this same Adrian should have ordered the construction of that famous "Adrian's Wall" of which I had seen traces near Carlisle, and which formerly extended from the Solway to the mouth of the Tyne, as an intended protection of the Roman provinces in England against the invasion of the Picts and Scots. A similar work, called the "Pfahlgraben," was carried out in Germany, to establish a line of defense against the attacks of the barbarians.

While walking through the ruins I noticed that in several places soldiers of the first French republic had scribbled their names in red chalk on the ceiling. Since that time new excavations had reduced the level of the soil, thus causing these ceilings to become inaccessible to the newer generations of visitors, and accounting for the fact that the century-old inscriptions appear as clear and distinct as if they were made yesterday.

I was rather interested in some prettily designed mosaic floors. Some portions were so well preserved that they looked every bit as if they had been made but lately by some New York member of the tile setters' union.

This remark came so much more naturally because the design, the coloring and the general





Roman wine cart.



“ . . . at one time was one of the most pretentious and elaborate country villas.”

appearance are astonishingly similar to the prevailing style of work now so much in vogue in some of the most modern American fireproof buildings.

Thus far our day's program had been progressing very nicely, and we were driving further toward Tivoli, when, upon changing gears at a steep hill, our enthusiasm was frozen in our hearts by the same sharp, snapping noise that had announced a crippled car before. We were prepared for the worst, but were glad to find that this time matters were not so bad. One tooth of the pinion and two teeth of the master gear had snapped. A more thorough examination proved to us that this trouble, as upon previous occasions, had been caused simply by a detail which had been much overlooked; if this irregularity had been located sooner we might have been saved much annoyance. A worn-out pin had slid out of the shaft, allowing one of the ball bearings to recede, thereby giving it undue play, so that the pinion shaft, under an extraordinary strain, lifted the teeth out of mesh, with the result that something had to give way or break. In the first instance the unusually small pinion snapped in two, while in the latter case the regular and stronger pinion had stood the strain, but one tooth broke off. All this was bad enough, but I concluded that we had a good chance to use the gear as it was for several hundred miles, and this would allow us to postpone repairs until we were back in New York. Lewis tightened the bearing as well as he could, and we attempted to ascend the steep, winding road. As long as we kept in the same gear matters went well enough, but whenever we had to slide the lever

we heard a violent noise, which seemed to crush the remaining teeth as well as our hopes. We wondered with distrust whether the transmission would hold together until we were at the end of our climb. By degrees we became accustomed to the situation to the extent that we again began to pay attention to the scenery around us. We were now among fine, vigorous olive trees, of which the smallest seemed at least several centuries old. Now and then, through a clearing between the vegetation, we obtained a magnificent view over the Campagna Romana, with the city of Rome in the dim distance.

We reached Tivoli without further trouble and wound our way through the crooked, narrow streets. Nowhere, except in Naples, were we bothered so much by beggars, guides and postal card vendors. We stopped at a very quaint-looking, easy-going little hotel, of which the terrace ended abruptly over a gorge. The latter was covered with abundant vegetation, kept green by the steady spray of the impetuous Anio, which here dashes through and over the rocks in many waterfalls, boring grottoes right and left. The picturesqueness of the ensemble is much enhanced by the ruins of the Sibyl Temple, of which the circular Corinthian colonnade graces the opposite bluff.

This unusual scenery has made this place famous since early historical times and has attracted poets, philosophers and emperors of antiquity. It is still considered one of the most interesting places in the neighborhood of Rome.

Our little hotel was neatly kept and lighted by electricity, and it certainly offered us better shelter

than we expected to, find on entering. Quite a commotion occurred among our little party soon after our arrival when the children found out that



"The picturesqueness of the ensemble was enhanced by the ruins of the Sibyl Temple."

one of their Bengalee birds had again escaped. Half an hour afterward we saw the little creature hidden on an orange tree, and the usual chase followed. The bird was almost captured, when it flew into the

branches of an oleander, and from there into the rainbow-covered chasm, whence it disappeared among the grottoes surrounding the waterfalls. That was the last we saw of our little traveling companion; his little mate was brought safely to the United States, after my children had provided it with another fellow-bird of the same kind.

In and around Tivoli there were enough places of interest to keep us very busy sightseeing for a day, while Lewis made a careful examination of the disabled transmission. A temporary repair might probably have been made inside of a few hours, but the car could be run as it was.

This was our last stretch to Naples, and the service we expected from the car ended at the latter city. The trip before us, however meant about 150 miles, with little or no chance of finding decent hotels between the beginning and the end of the journey. Besides, the country through which we were to travel is a hotbed for malaria. If the transmission became worse it might mean stoppage at some unforeseen place until a repair could be made. Quite naturally I concluded that it would be safer for my wife and children to go by train, while I intended to take chances and, accompanied by Lewis, get to Naples by motor car or "bust."

The main baggage and some marble statuary purchased in Rome were left to the automobile, while some hand satchels were sent to the train. Our little party thus separated, and I started off the next morning with Lewis, prepared for the worst. Down we drove by the same road as the day before, but instead of returning to Rome we took a short cut



over a side road toward the left, which, although narrower than the main route, had a considerably better surface.

After passing a village called Passerano we should have taken the direct road to Valmontone. But, as had occurred before, in a country of which we did not speak the language and where road signs were few and far between, we lost our way and, to our disgust, realized it only after we had started to climb a hairpin road toward Zagorola. Climbing was exactly what we tried to avoid, because any undue strain might mean trouble. As soon as our ascent began the gear started its fearful r-r-r-rk—r-r-r-rk, and I expected every moment to feel it give out entirely. Yet we managed to climb into this old village, nestled on top of a steep hill.

Judging from the commotion we caused I do not think that the villagers had often seen automobiles. The whole population flocked together to see us pass, and I was wondering what an object of further curiosity we would be if by chance our gear gave out and we should thus be hung up right then and there. Just when I was making these reflections a big rat ran out before us through a group of frightened women and children; then the animal recrossed the street and jumped into a doorway, underneath a robust woman, who with a whoop jumped high in the air. These rapidly succeeding happenings somewhat diverted the attention of the populace and left us a clear passage until we reached the exit gate. To my great relief the pinion had stood the strain, and as the road went downward we now could coast gently, until a few

kilometers further we joined the main road to Naples.

Immediately after we passed Valmontone. Matters looked very hopeful, although we had still 210 kilometers before us; from here on we would never be far from the railroad. In case of a breakdown it would be possible to reach some place where repairs could be made, and if the worst occurred we



At the fountain.

would do what so many motorists had done before us—ship the car by rail. The latter possibility I disliked very much, as I eagerly desired to finish our long motor tour without such a disappointing expedient.

With restored confidence I could now take my exclusive attention from the road, which was excellent and of easy grade, and I felt again inclined to admire the very interesting landscape. We were in

a flat and wide valley, enclosed on both sides by a range of mountains. Our route was so straight that we could see a long distance ahead. There were very few houses, and the villages were situated mostly on the slopes of the mountain range, where it was healthier to live than in the valley.

In the distance before us we could see a detached mountain, on top of which was situated a town, in what I at first called "a picturesque position." Rather soon afterward I changed my opinion on this subject, and I did not so much like the location of the place after I found out on the map that this was Ferentino, and that our route compelled us to pass through it over the mountain. In fact, I felt like doing some pretty hard criticising of the unjustifiable selfishness of the Ferentinoese—I suppose that's the name of these people—who compel motor cars with tender transmissions to visit them in their roosting haunts. But we were "in for it" and could not very well return. On a level road our gear had given us no further unrest, and but for a very slight unusual noise we hardly noticed any difference at all, and the car was running nicely. But as soon as we started climbing over the zigzag road the same nerve-racking noise began. As usual, we were soon discovered by some stray street boys, who, seeing our approach from the lower windings of the road, dashed ahead by a short cut and lost no time in notifying the other boys in town, who soon assembled like a band of yelling redskins. In accordance with our principles of prudence we were forced to go slowly. This gave a chance to the little ragamuffins to hang on fenders, steps and rear

trunks, and thus, to their visible delight, steal an eagerly coveted ride. I found that it was best to let Lewis off, and while I drove slowly on he brandished one of our alpenstocks and kept the boys at a respectful distance. However, the main trouble was to shake off these mischievous little rascals when leaving the town. If I threw in the high gear too suddenly I surely would have murder on my conscience; but we adopted a little trick which had never failed before and repeatedly rendered us service the same day.

Whenever we were ready to dash ahead Lewis would come aboard and lean out of the car as much as possible by standing on the step while holding the railing with one hand. He would then swing the other arm, holding an Italian penny visibly between his fingers. After thus drawing the attention of the little band of eager youngsters he would wait for me to say "Go!" and throw the coin far behind us. The ragged crowd would immediately dart for the coveted coin, and while they were tumbling helter-skelter in a fighting heap I would throw in the high gear and make off at full speed.

Ten kilometers farther, at Frosinone, we had to pass through the same ordeal; climb to a thousand feet of altitude, traverse the town, and shoot down again. But our gear held good, and I now felt no further hesitation. Matters were going well, indeed; our engine, which had never been taken apart nor repaired during the two years it had been running, seemed to go better than ever, and we were making excellent time. I avoided using the foot brake while coasting down hills to prevent too much

strain on the sick pinion, and had to rely to a certain extent on the hub brake.

At a certain place, where the rapidly descending road was empty and entirely free from obstructions, we came down at a rather swift pace, when suddenly, at the most unforeseen spot, a huge black pig jumped from out a hedge and ran in front of us. I had the feeling that the next instant pig and car would see their finish. Instinctively I threw in both brakes with a terrific r-r-r-t-t-t. I thought I heard the last of that pinion, but managed to stop a few inches before striking the pig, a real "road hog" this time, which, grunting, swung aside and disappeared into the same hole of the hedge which had sent out so much terror. I felt the ridiculousness of our position—a mere ill-behaved black pig bringing our otherwise successful trip to an untimely and disgraceful end.

I had stopped the engine and examined the car, and felt almost sure that something had given way. But after Lewis started the motor and I threw in the clutch very carefully the car began to move slowly, as if nothing unusual had happened. In fact, it seemed to run smoother than before. Immensely relieved, we continued our way, very mindful of any other black pigs or similar ill-mannered animals.

The peasants we met were a picturesque lot, most of them wearing the characteristic Italian country costume. For the men a conical felt hat, a dark blue jacket and short black breeches; as footwear, a broad sole of buffalo hide to protect the feet, the latter being first wrapped in a strip of linen, which





Animals along the road.



Road hogs.

was wound all over feet and calves, while crossed buffalo straps, extending from the soles, kept the material tightly around the legs. Sometimes the latter were partially covered by a black knitted affair resembling the upper part of a golf stocking.

The women had similar footwear and short skirts. The black corset, laced in front, worn outside, was low enough to show the upper part of a white linen chemise underneath. A bright-colored handkerchief or foulard was sometimes worn around the otherwise bare neck, while their plaited, black and glossy hair was arranged under a neatly folded, square sheet of white linen or a light woolen blanket. Big golden or coral earrings and a similar brooch usually completed this striking costume.

Most women carried a pitcher, a basket or some other object on their heads without touching it with their hands, and their very erect posture added considerably to their graceful appearance. All this impressed me so much the more because this was the only part of Italy, barring some painter models in Rome, where I found the people wearing anything resembling the old national dress of the country.

In all the other sections we visited poor and rich alike wore clothes of entirely modern style, which varied from rags and tatters to the best of cut and material, according to the owner's financial resources.

If I had not been hurried for time I might have spent a day in this region, photographing all the picturesque sights which presented themselves. Now it was a girl with a large stone pitcher on her head,

talking to another girl lifting water from an old-fashioned well—a tableau worthy of the canvas of a painter. Then again it was a group of fifty or more women, young and old, of all ages, in pretty national dress, sitting in the yard of a farm around a pile of corn, while they were husking the ripe ears.

Often we met those funny Italian carts called “*corricolo*,” which were once the exclusive means of popular travel, and are still used extensively for moving about in country districts.

They consist of the two-wheeled cart reduced to its simplest expression: two high wheels and an axle, on which rest a flat table and two front shafts, one of which furnishes sitting accommodation for the driver. The outside passengers sit all around the edges of the table board, their legs dangling along the cart, while their feet almost touch the road. In their midst lie ordinarily one or more passengers in half-sleeping postures. This happy-go-lucky, overloaded vehicle is drawn by a diminutive mule or a limping horse, sometimes helped by a smaller animal, hopping along wearily outside the shaft, while the driver marks the intervals during which he is not sleeping by continuously plying the whip on the sad-looking quadrupeds. Some of the more pretentious vehicles of the kind have cross-benches for sitting, or are painted and ornamented in bright blue and red colors, and the harness of the animals is surmounted with a very useless and cumbersome ornament of nickel-plated brass that looks very much like the handle of a large-sized mandolin.

I desired to photograph one of these carts filled with peasant women, which was driven by a man with a broad-brimmed slouch hat. Stopping our machine, I jumped toward them with my camera in hand and tried to make them understand as well as I could that I desired them to stop. To my utter



“ . . . and tried to make them understand that I desired them to stop.”

surprise the driver yelled out in English, with a decidedly familiar sounding twang in his nose:

“All right, gov’nor! Better give the girls some pennies, too!”

I asked this unexpected sample of Italian driver-ship how and where he had learned to speak English. He told me he was born in Canada, had lived in upper New York State until he was fifteen years old, and had now lived in Italy for seventeen years, where he was running an emigrant agency in a small village.

We had scarcely started again when another incident occurred. A woman was walking in the middle of the roadway, driving before her a little black pig, guiding it now and then by touching it with a twig. As soon as she saw our approaching car she became so excited that she started furiously beating the animal, which immediately dashed away, while she ran after it, yelling and shrieking furiously. She finally got hold of it by the hind leg and with the other hand grabbed its liberal-sized ear, and the duo, squealing and yelling in discordant notes, jumped into a nearby ditch. The woman got more angry with us than with her pig when she found out that all her excitement had been unnecessary, as we came on driving very slowly, so as to give her more than ample opportunity to take care of her noisy live stock. It was now well-nigh time to eat something, so I selected a quiet stretch of the road where we could lunch in rest on the provisions we had taken along from Tivoli. However, we did not delay long, and were soon running again at top speed over the fine road. We passed through Ceprano and skirted around the base of a mountainous slope, on the side of which hung above us the little town of Arce.

About thirty kilometers farther we came in sight of a bald mountain, and on the top stood the monastery of Monte Cassino, founded in the sixth century. Below lay the ancient town of Cassino, leaning against an abrupt rock, surmounted by a gray-walled castle. Had my time not been so closely measured I would have taken at least a few hours to get better acquainted with this quiet and attract-



ive little town. But on we must, so we followed our road through the narrow street, which at one corner shrunk to such a tight passage as to leave us scarcely room to drive through.

About sixty kilometers farther we arrived before the ramparts of the city of Capua. There, also, a day might have been profitably spent in visiting the ruins of the old amphitheatre, the former size of which about equaled that of the Colosseum of Rome. Capua has a very old and stormy history, and archæologists have found many beautiful works of art in this neighborhood. The main road took us in and out the ramparts of the town by a short cut. From here on the country became very flat.

For the first time we caught a distant glimpse of Vesuvius, easily recognized by its peculiar shape, surmounted by a light tuft of smoke. At this point the road had attained unusual width, but to very short advantage, because we soon reached places that were in very bad repair. Driving seemed to be carried on here with utter disregard of the rules of the road. The number of trucks, carts, wagons and other vehicles going and coming pell-mell increased all the time. In some pools along the adjacent fields farmers were retting hemp, thus producing a characteristic and unpleasant odor over the whole neighborhood.

Carts loaded topheavy with huge bunches of hemp stalks took up much of the road, especially since the available width of the latter was still much restricted by dumps of rough-crushed stone, which had been distributed without method or order under the pretext of repairing the surface, and with the

evident hope that sooner or later they would be crushed down to proper size by passing vehicles.

I found out—many days too late, however—that there is a better and more interesting road from Capua to Naples over Caserta and Maddaloni. But as we were not aware of this at the proper time we had to plow our way through deep ruts and thick mud, alternating with sunken-in cobblestones. We joined in the general confusion of the motley crowd



“ ‘Non sona Cristiani.’ ”

of corricolos and vehicles of many descriptions, all overloaded to the extreme and pulled along by some lean horses that were kept in a limping trot under the inhumane whipping of their swarthy drivers. “Non sona Cristiani,” says the Neapolitan, in well-meaning excuse of his inhumane treatment of ill animals. In rapid succession we passed Teverola, Aversa, Melito, Secondigliano and Capo de China, all noisy and thickly populated suburbs, with rows

of badly kept houses along dirty streets, crowded with loafing men, women and children. All this at its best was not a very inviting entrance into Naples.

Driving traffic became more and more congested by the time we entered the gates of the city, and the relentless beating of the poor exhausted horses became shocking. In the seeming absence of any rules of the road everybody did as he pleased, while trolley cars had to be dodged right or left, according to the impossible condition of the slippery road or the whim of the savage-looking cart drivers.

The most unexpected sight in this pandemonium was a man with an elegant gilt-buttoned white uniform and an officer's cap, on which I read something like "Società per la Protezione di Animali."

The handsomely dressed officer seemed very much satisfied with himself and quite occupied with stroking his pointed mustache, but he was utterly oblivious to any of the abuses all around him.

"Vedi Napoli e poi moiri!" (See Naples and then die!) is the old saying of the Neapolitans, who in other instances also show some of the bombastic boastfulness in which their Greek ancestors were so classically successful.

I thought that if I were to drop dead at the sight of Naples it would only be on account of the utter disenchantment produced by this way of making the acquaintance of this city. In the meantime I felt as if I had to keep very much alive in this nerve-racking turmoil.

Following the slippery pavement, we entered what seemed to me an endless straight street, with tall, dirty houses, and I began to wonder whether

in all Naples there was really a single decent habitation. But shortly after I was startled to see, when following another street, pretty stores and gentlemanly looking people on the sidewalks. I certainly did not expect to find here a city spread out over so large a surface, and it took us several miles before we reached the edge of a beautiful bay at the other end of the town. There along the Via Partenope I found a row of quietly situated hotels. In front



“ . . . in the direction of the eastern shore was Mount Vesuvius.”

- was the Mediterranean, with the isles of Capri and Ischia looming up in the distance, while in the direction of the eastern shore was Mount Vesuvius with its cloudy cap of smoke.

At the hotel I learned that we were ahead of the train from Rome, and that my family could not be expected to arrive for another hour. This gave us time to send the car to a nearby garage, where I became initiated in the Neapolitan way of doing business by bargaining as to cost. The manager in-

tended to charge me three lire per day, but as soon as I told him that I would look for other quarters he immediately reduced his charges one-third.

I had a similar little transaction with the manager of the Hôtel Royale des Etrangers, and I certainly would never have resorted to this, to me, repulsive bargaining if my friends had not forewarned me



Transferring by rowboat.

that in Naples it was a custom to try to overcharge anybody and everybody, always with the expectation of obtaining less than what is asked.

I must say, however, that otherwise I found the hotel excellent, and that the charges upon which we finally agreed were certainly moderate for the good treatment we received.

It was almost time for supper when the hotel



omnibus brought my wife and children from the railroad station. They were somewhat astonished to find me waiting for them, and started a long tale of woe as to how inconvenient, clumsy and dirty a train feels after one becomes accustomed to traveling by motor limousine, and how much more tired they felt after a trip in railroad cars, where they were shut up for many hours, not to speak of the getting in and out at stations and the importunate coachmen and porters everywhere. I was also made acquainted with a very amusing incident—how the station agent wanted to charge a first-class ticket for the Bengalee finch of the children, and only desisted from counting that miniature bird as a first-class passenger after they smuggled it aboard wrapped in brown paper.

The next morning I was informed at the Hamburg-American Line that they had not received any news about the English merchant steamer that was now overdue several days, and which was to bring the packing box for my car. This was quite a disappointment, because it prevented boxing the automobile. But there was nothing to do but wait and hope.

In the meantime we went sightseeing, and so happened to take a drive in a horse carriage to Posilipo and Pozzuoli. But what a difference now! The garrulous driver, like all his Neapolitan brethren, did not stop talking during the whole excursion, notwithstanding our repeated entreaties to give us some rest.

He timed his principal eruptions of polyglottic discourse so as to gush them down upon us when-

ever we had some beautiful landscape to admire. By and by we had to make up our mind that we could not possibly stop him unless I tried physical violence, so we had to submit to his babble. We found that to have the sight of the horses and driver as the principal view before us had now become unpleasant to us. Even the clatter of the hoofs now seemed a disturbing noise, but this was nothing to the feeling of pity we had for the poor horses whenever they had to do hard pulling up hill, which prompted us frequently to get out and walk alongside the carriage. What is even stranger, we got quite uneasy lest the carriage should collide with others, or with the trolley cars, and whenever it was running fast down hill it seemed to be beyond control. We came home from our drive with a tired feeling. If I relate such minor incidents it is merely to show how when one becomes accustomed to automobiling the older ways of traveling lose most of their former charms.

It was now September 24, and we were to sail for New York on October 3. This left us about ten days for visiting the places of interest in the neighborhood. As soon as the box should arrive the car was to be packed without further delay, and, with Lewis in charge, everything was to be sent ahead by the first available steamer, so as to have it in New York before our arrival there. Under the circumstances I did not try to utilize our automobile for sightseeing, but preferred to keep it at the garage, ready for instant packing and shipping. Furthermore, our planned excursions included a visit of unknown duration to the island of Capri,

where motoring was out of the question. Thus it was deemed advisable to make the trip to Sorrento and Amalfi by clumsy "horsemobile" and return by train via Pompeii, while Lewis would stay in Naples and ship the car as soon as possible.

It was a fine morning when we boarded the little steamer for Capri. Someone had wisely warned us



"Along a steep and narrow winding road."

not to take along anything but a strict minimum of baggage, because transferring by rowboat and traveling by carriage becomes very complicated if anything but small parcels is carried; even then they must be few in number.

As soon as we were out of the bay we noticed that the little choppy waves increased in size; the wind was in the wrong direction, and we were informed that a visit to the Blue Grotto was impossible that day. In this northern breeze landing at the little wharf at Capri, by means of rowboats, was far from being easy work. As soon as we had landed we fled from the noisy peddlers of the lower part of the island; then we shook off the bidding and urging carriage drivers by engaging the one who made the least noise and had the best outfit. We told him to drive up to Anacapri. Along a steep and narrow winding road, hewn in the precipitous rock, we crept higher and higher, while a sublime panorama unfolded below us. By the time we had reached the Eden Hotel everything was so attractive and the view so exquisitely beautiful that instead of simply taking lunch at the hotel, as we at first intended, we concluded to stop at this ideal spot until the next afternoon. Our stay was made still more agreeable by the kind attentions bestowed upon us by the "cavaliere" landlord. He was a white-bearded gentleman, who after a long and successful hotel-keeping career in Rome had sold his interests there and had retired to this sort of villa-hotel, dividing his attention between his guests and his remarkable vineyards.

The next day we truly regretted to leave this place, especially because the continuous northerly winds rendered access to the Blue Grotto impossible and we had to forego this interesting visit. But our time was closely measured if we desired to utilize the few remaining days before sailing,



The landing.



The town of Capri.



to make our intended excursion along the Gulf of Salerno.

So we took the afternoon boat to Sorrento. When we arrived there our steamer was surrounded by little rowboats, of which the rowers were repeatedly calling out the names of the respective hotels they represented, while one of them, in every boat, displayed a wooden board with the hotel's name painted on it in large letters. We selected the Tramontano Hotel, part of which appears to have been at one time the poet Tasso's home. We were again well pleased with our quarters.

The beautiful situation of Sorrento, which attracts many visitors, is not the only source of income to the inhabitants. In almost every street there are several shops where inlaid olive wood work is manufactured, and this local industry keeps many people busily engaged. These wooden articles can be purchased here at remarkably low prices, and buying is made more pleasant because, unlike as in Naples, bargaining or bidding down is not absolutely necessary.

As an offset to this condition of affairs the public coachmen seem to be, if anything, worse than in Naples. I could not walk in the streets without being immediately followed by two or three carriages, the drivers standing upright, while waving their hands wildly to emphasize their clamorous urgings; each of them wanted to induce me to undertake some particular excursion of his own fancy.

I selected a man with a pair of better horses and a carriage less shaky and more roomy than the



"Our steamer was surrounded by little rowboats."



View from Anacapri.

others. After we had agreed on the price I made the hotel porter translate to the driver the following rules:

Art. 1. The coachman would receive his so-called "macaroni" only provided he abstained from whip-



Sorrento.

ping his horses and from talking to us unless we asked him questions.

Art. 2. If he broke this simple rule he would forfeit his right to "macaroni."

Art. 3. If he faithfully carried out Article 1 I would increase his "macaroni" to a substantial tip.

He readily accepted my conditions, little knowing to what an exceptional test of self-control all this was going to put him. Indeed, we were scarcely

gone half an hour when, after we had stopped to admire the beautiful view from the heights, the driver started using his horsewhip and at the same time began to propose a bargain drive for the next day. My son took away his whip, and I, putting my finger on my lips, exclaimed: "No macaroni! No macaroni!" This brought him instantly back to the spirit of our contract, but the effort seemed decidedly too much for him, for, looking sullenly



" . . . the beautiful view from the heights."

at his horse, he kept mumbling to the animal whenever the inside pressure of his volubility became too strong.

Our perfect road was suspended above the blue sea and followed the sinuosities of an abrupt slope along a rocky mountain. At some places we noticed 'caves of whimsical shape, lodged at odd corners in the barren cliff. In some of them the slow but continued action of dripping water, after

thousands of years, had produced stalactites, some of which were as large as the size of a man.

On account of greater bareness the landscape looked more stern than that of the Riviera di Le-



“. . . overlooking the landscape below.”

vante, but otherwise it was in many respects very similar. In the distance we came across the little town of Positano, which seemed to hang on the sloping shore. The whitewashed houses were spread out in terraces toward the sea, and the flat, dome-



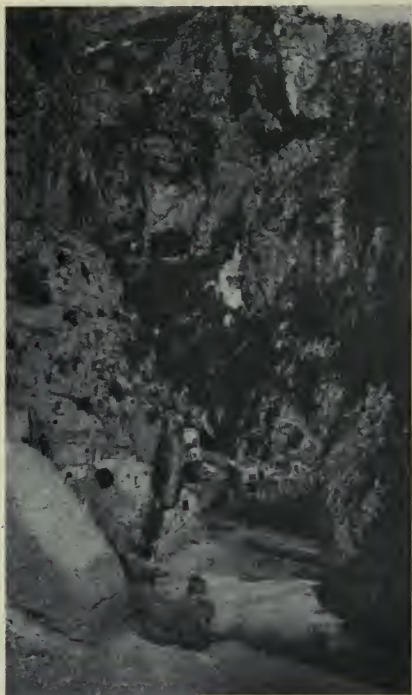


"Our perfect road was suspended above the blue sea."



"The whitewashed houses were spread out in terraces."

shaped roofs introduced to us a new style of architecture, decidedly Eastern in appearance, suggesting the former influence of the Saracens in the development of this part of the Mediterranean.



"At the bottom of the precipice the sea forms an inlet."

We stopped long enough at a little hotel called "Margherita" to partake of a simple yet pleasant lunch. As a dessert to our meal we went picking ripe grape bunches in the pergola overlooking the landscape below.

After passing Vettica, Maggiore and Praiano, we arrived at a bridge that spans a chasm between two abrupt cliffs. Way below, at the bottom of the precipice, the sea forms an inlet, and this snug



"This unusual hamlet is called Furore."

shelter had been utilized by some fishermen, who on this spot had built their little houses near the water's edge. There their boats were resting in safety on their keels on the little sandy beach which formed the bottom to this rocky indentation. This unusual

hamlet is called Furore, and as far as I could make out has only thirty-five inhabitants; many of the houses have become deserted, since most of their former occupants departed to seek their fortunes across the ocean.

Shortly afterward we beheld Amalfi, charmingly situated near a cozy harbor. In the bright sunshine, the town looked a vast amphitheatre, studded with little houses of glaring white, and fastened, some way or other, against the steep slope. The whole ensemble is interspersed with pergolas, bits of green vineyards and one or two churches of unusual design; but the striking appearance of the little town is heightened by the mountainous background and the curving shore line. I certainly believed that in all our trip through Europe we had seen nothing as pretty as this. I was reminded of Longfellow's description:

"This is an enchanting land!  
Round the headlands far away  
Sweeps the blue Salernan Bay  
With its sickle of white sand."

The old monastery, now doing service as a hotel, was our stopping place. This long white building sits perched two hundred feet high in the hollow of a rock which rises straight up from the sea. The waiting servants of the hotel took our bags and bundles and preceded us up the long, zigzag stairway. When I began to pay for our drive the head porter interfered and told me in English that the driver had asked him to propose that in case I was satisfied with his services he would like to stay with us and drive us the next day as well; he offered



"Shortly afterward we beheld Amalfi."



"Round the headlands far away  
Sweeps the blue Salernan Bay."



reasonable rates and at the same time made the pledge not to whip his horses nor to babble. I accepted his proposal and now followed our little party climbing the many steps. We all spurned the offer of the attendants to carry us up on a kind of sitting contrivance especially constructed for this purpose.

We were amply repaid for this little exertion as soon as we stepped upon the terrace. There was a long pergola of simple whitewashed columns, supporting a vine arbor of which the graceful inter-twinings formed a shady balcony, from which we could feast our eyes on an extraordinarily beautiful view.

The proprietor of the Cappuccini Hotel, an old gentleman with an imposing white flowing beard, greeted us most affably; before we had talked five minutes I drew from him the story that he, too, at one time had been a lay brother among the monks of this very monastery, but somehow, when at last he was about to take final vows, he had changed his mind, married, lived happily afterward and had many children and grandchildren. At some time his former religious order had some trouble with the Government, their building became for sale; he then purchased it, and ever since it has been used as a hotel.

Soon I was able to see that this man, although having an eye for business, had displayed excellent taste by keeping the old convent as much as possible in its former style, making only such minor changes as were indispensable. Our sleeping rooms were small, cleanly whitewashed monk cells, with



"This long white building sets perched two hundred feet high."



"... we could feast our eyes on an extraordinarily beautiful view."

bright little windows opening towards the same glorious view below.

The chapel, the dining-room and every part of the old convent have been carefully preserved as they existed when, instead of the joyful talk of the tourist, these halls resounded with the sombre prayer of the barefooted Capucines.

In the reading room, while I was looking at some autographs which Millais and other well-known people had left behind, I found one of the waiters of the hotel busily engaged in correcting the Italian proofs of a poem of Longfellow which he had translated. I was told that in the early spring this place is overrun with tourists to such an extent that it is then almost impossible to find accommodation, unless rooms have been engaged long beforehand. During that busy period most passing visitors have to be satisfied with a hurried meal and a hasty visit to the premises.

In September Amalfi, like all other places of Italy, is very little visited by foreigners, who imagine that it is too hot then—a very mistaken idea. I was told also that in winter and early spring the weather is often cold and very uncertain, even in the Gulf of Salerno, which has a much milder climate than other parts of Italy.

If we ever regretted that our time was too limited for a longer stay, it was certainly at Amalfi. A guide who spoke tolerably good English escorted us all through the little town, and we finished our walk with a visit to one of the numerous little paper mills along the small stream which runs through the narrow mill valley. Although I have



Women at Amalfi.



In Amalfi.

visited many paper mills, until that time I had never been able to see a plant where paper was made by the very primitive methods still in use here and which, I had supposed, had entirely disappeared because of the competition of better modern processes. Unusually cheap labor and inexpensive rags obtained from the immediate neighborhood and an incredibly rudimentary plant still allowed the modest and thrifty owners to clear a small profit on goods sold to the local trade, thereby



“ . . hung up to dry in skeins.”

saving all expenses of transportation or middlemen.

We also had a chance to see a small installation where macaroni was prepared. France and Italy had rendered us somewhat accustomed to other people's elastic conceptions of cleanliness. I expected that after this visit no one of our party would ever again eat Italian macaroni. The approaches to the place, a dark, shabby hallway, were very uninviting indeed. But as soon as we entered the room where the material was manufactured I was pleasantly surprised to see that, although the place was very bare, everything look well-kept and clean.



Four barefooted men, naked to the waist and wearing nothing but a short pair of rolled-up trousers, were sitting in a row upon the end of a long, flexible, horizontal, wooden pole, which could swing on both sides in quarter-circle fashion. This formed a sort of lever, attached, on the opposite end, to a fixed pivot, while the fulcrum was represented by a hammer-like piece of bronze, intended to knead the warm dough contained in a large mortar-shaped stone. The dough itself is made from a special kind of wheat, very rich in nutritious gluten. This wheat flour is mixed with some hot water, so as to make a hard paste. The men on the pole kept the latter jerking up and down by a dancing motion of the body, while at the same time they made the lever advance by pressing the floor with the points of their feet. The poor fellows had to stick to these dancing gymnastics all day long.

In another part of the room was the macaroni press, a rather simple contrivance, where the dough, kneaded as described above, was placed in a metallic cylinder provided with a perforated bottom. The cylinder was kept hot by means of a little oil lamp. A long pole lever, swung by two or three men, turned a large screw which pressed the paste through numerous perforations of the cylinder's bottom plate into as many little ropes of macaroni, while another man kept cooling it rapidly by agitating a hand fan. Whenever the little ropes were long enough the bunch was cut off and hung up to dry, in skeins, on horizontal wooden sticks.

The whole manufacture is extremely simple and provides the population with a very nutritious and

palatable food. Macaroni has the immense advantage over meat that it is very much cheaper and that in dry condition it can be kept forever without deterioration. No wonder then that this popular food should have acquired a national importance. In one of the grocery shops I saw an inferior grade of macaroni retailed at the unusually low price of seven centesimi per kilo, or about three-fifths of a cent per pound. I knew that, just as in the paper mill, a small tip was expected from me for the workmen. Never in my life have I seen a dollar, in the shape of five lire, or in any other form, produce such a delightful look of intense gratitude. The faces of these simple men beamed forth an expression as if some unusual happiness had befallen them; and yet I figured out that, by the time they would have divided this tip among themselves, each one would scarcely receive the value of six cents.

The poverty of the whole population in this part of Italy is apparent everywhere. The active advertising methods of steamship companies, helped by the tangible evidence of prosperous returning emigrants, who have been successful in their own way, has induced an ever-increasing exodus towards North and South America, with the result of a steady depopulation of many towns. I was told that during late years the population of Amalfi, as well as that of other small coast towns, had dwindled down to below seventy per cent. of what it formerly was. A large number of the able-bodied and enterprising younger men sail for America, leaving behind them the old, the sickly, the women and the children; some of those who remain at home follow

later, after steady work has been secured by their predecessors and after some money has been saved up.

Quite a number of Italian emigrants return periodically to their former homes; they are able to save enough money to pay their passage both ways and spend the winter in their native land. There they astonish their poor relations and friends by the possession of a couple of hundred dollars; an enormous sum for them especially if counted in lire. They have been able to save this little capital by their Spartan-like frugality, at wages which the average spendthrift Irish or American workman would deem totally insufficient for his wants. I was quite astonished to detect that in Italian coast towns the younger set is more apt to be able to speak a few words of English than any other foreign language, although the Anglo-Saxon tongue is more difficult for them than either French or Spanish. It has often been wrongly stated by superficial writers and shallow observers that the Italian is lazy and indolent. This is an immense error. I know of no class of workmen in any other country who are more active, if proper opportunity and inducement is given to them to show their qualities. Their main shortcoming is that, like most European workmen, they lack initiative and are ever waiting for a leader to direct them. Any policeman in New York will tell you that a begging Italian is as scarce as a white crow and that Italians are seldom accused of stealing; their main offenses against the law arise from lack of self-control, passion, quarrels among themselves, jealousy, hatred,

or uncontrollable anger which sometimes leads them to brawls and crime.

In the States all of them, notwithstanding their very limited knowledge of English, manage to obtain steady employment and save money. Compare this same Italian, under the stimulating influence of proper opportunities, with the loafing, shiftless, individual of southern Italy blamed for his "dolce far niente." In their home country they are inactive, because there they live in conditions desperately depressing and have no chance to work. As to their women, I have seen them strenuously busy at any hard and unpleasant job. I have seen them start their day's work at five in the morning, in energetic activity, scrubbing and washing their laundry, while venting their happy cheerfulness by lusty singing. I have seen them in New York, as well as in Italy, carrying heavy burdens, at the same time taking care of their many children. I have seen them in their own country working as hod-carriers and climbing steep wooden ladders to help their husbands or brothers, who acted as bricklayers. I have found these women, old and young, always courageous and ever ready to show their happy temperament at the first cheerful word addressed to them. The only trouble with these people is that they lack enterprise in the right direction; furthermore they are not able to avail themselves of their natural opportunities of their own soil, much of which remains idle under incompetent ownership. In that country there seems to be an absence of captains of industry who can show the masses how to utilize their latent energies and

how to avail themselves of the natural resources of their native land. Yet I must say that during the last fifteen years Italy has made rapid strides in the development of new enterprises. The very bad financial condition of former years has considerably improved. The impulse given to industry by the electrical development of water power is beginning to counteract the lack of coal that always proved a great hindrance to the profitable running of large industrial plants. The Government might aid considerably by modifying certain laws which are decidedly not in accordance with a proper system of economics, and by relieving industry and enterprise from the main burden of taxation, while unimproved land is insufficiently taxed. The census of a few years ago has shown that, for a population of about 30,000,000 inhabitants, there are only 1,500 persons in all Italy whose possessions, per individual, amount to \$200,000 or more; this probably explains why many enterprises in Italy have been carried on with foreign money and foreign intervention.

I should not be astonished if, some day, Italy manages to again direct her powerful latent energies into a more modern channel and give the world a new example of awakened prosperity.

She might thus return to that advanced position among nations which many of the Italian states acquired a few centuries ago. At that time some of her brilliant sons had begun to rouse Christendom from the narcotic condition into which it had been drugged by a narrow-minded, bigoted and intolerant Church.



That commercialism may stimulate the higher development of mankind has been abundantly proved by the history of this very section of Italy. Was it not here, along the Gulf of Salerno, that a trading and seafaring people came into steady intercourse with neighboring nations that had been ostracised and anathematized by the Church of Rome? A closer acquaintance with these scorned pagans made the trading Christians realize that these people were men of the same flesh and blood as themselves. If the Mohammedans had shortcomings, they proved to be not any worse than their own. Even these hated Saracens compelled recognition from those who learned to know them personally and who had to acknowledge their higher development in art, science and handicraft. Nay, even the least intellectual of these Christian traders could not help envying or admiring the material prosperity of their transmarine neighbors; a prosperity which their religious views forbade them to ascribe to the God of Mahomet, and which they therefore were more willing to attribute to their superior knowledge. Little wonder, then, that they tried to emulate these pagans by copying their very methods. This people of traders of the Gulf of Salerno, even against their own will, became liberal and progressive. The time soon arrived when Mussulman or Jew, whose life was not safe in other parts of Europe excepting the Moorish Iberian Peninsula, could live and trade in perfect security in the coast towns around the Gulf of Salerno.

They went further; they asked these very pagans to teach them their science and instruct them in

their arts. Did they not found, in this manner, that famous Medical School of Salerno? At that time it was probably the only institution in Europe where science and the practice of medicine were taught otherwise than by prayers or miraculous relics. Yes, I may except some Moorish medical schools in Spain; I may except also some centres of learning in the south of France, where they had begun to



" . . . at the entrance of our model little hotel."

adopt the methods of their progressive dark-skinned neighbors whom they too had induced to settle in their country and become teachers in their universities. Why should history not repeat itself? Why should it be impossible, in this modern era, that these humble, yet enterprising emigrants, who leave for foreign shores, should, at some future time, influence the destiny of their native country, to whose memory they are tied by sentimental bonds

with an intensity that is one of their national characteristics?

Someone had advised me while we were in Amalfi not to omit a visit to nearby Ravello; so we concluded to take lunch at the latter place. Our driver, who had been patiently waiting for us, took



"At Ravello."

us over a steeply curving road, along wooded hills, partially terraced into vineyards and orange groves. A slow climb of about two hours brought us into Ravello, near a little "piazza," whence we walked towards the Hotel Bellevue, through a narrow and steep passageway.

Although very dilapidated in general appearance, the little town everywhere presented reminders of its former importance. Even at the entrance of our modest little hotel the gate was ornamented with two old marble columns taken from nearby ruins of some Saracenic castle of bygone days. We were

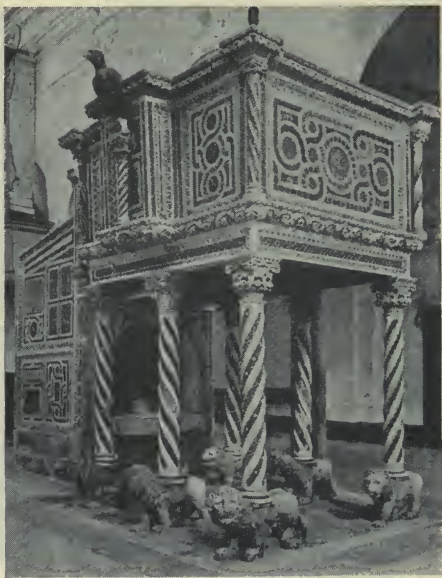


" . . . ruins of some Saracenic castle."

received by the landlady, a young and intelligent-looking woman, who excused herself, in fairly good English, for the upturned condition of her household. This was the season when visitors very seldom came, and she had to utilize it for making some much-needed alteration and improvements to the house. She added that the work ought to have

been finished long ago, but for the impossibility of finding the necessary workmen. Here, also, almost all able-bodied inhabitants had left for the States.

Soon we were sitting on a little terrace before a table covered with the finest spotless linen. The clean dining outfit, of a most approved modern Eng-



“ . . reminders of its former importance.”

lish pattern, was something which we never would have expected in this isolated corner of the world. But we were told that many visiting Americans and Britishers patronized the place in the spring, which is the busy season.

From where we sat eating our meal we could contemplate the whole eastern part of the Gulf of



Salerno, spread out before us like a magic landscape.

The adjacent garden, with its wealth of fruit-laden grape vines clustering around the heavy columns of a spacious pergola, was part of the old ruined castle. Near the crumbling parapets of a tower stood a little marble table. It had been improvised into domestic usefulness by posing a slab of white marble on four legs made of the twisted remnants of some antique Moorish columns; on closer examination I found a chiseled inscription on the table, which denoted its origin as the cover of an early Christian grave.

Everything around us was so harmoniously peaceful and the landscape so serene with the freshness of nature! Yet, wherever the eye wandered ruins evoked visions of a fugitive splendor, which had been in all its glory during ages long gone by, when human ambitions and human might tried to rule this enchanting corner of the world. Under such impressions I had lost all notions of time and I was awakened from my dreams of mediævalism by our matter-of-fact guide, who came to find me to announce that if we did not start soon our carriage could hardly reach Cava before dark.

But we still took time to have a look at the interesting process of wine making, in the arched caves of the dilapidated castle, where the hotel proprietor was supervising the work. We also paid a rapid visit to some other old buildings in the town, and when we came back to our carriage we found that the courteous hotel proprietor had provided us with a magnificent supply of assorted grapes.

It certainly was time now to drive on. Down we went the steep windings until we again arrived on the main road along the rocky seashore. The scenery was almost a repetition of that of the day before. In rapid succession we passed two small towns, Minori and Maiori.

Occasionally we saw some well-preserved specimens of the old forts or watch towers, situated at intervals on the water edge all along this coast.



“ . . . watch towers situated at intervals on the water edge.”

These defenses were intended to repulse the attacking enemy, as well as to serve as a safeguard against the bold corsairs who at one time infested these waters.

We drove through Vietri and very little farther before us lay Salerno in dignified repose, as if conscious of its former importance as a centre of learning and culture. Much would we have liked to become better acquainted with this ancient place, but even a visit to Paestum, with its Greek temple,



" . . . a safeguard against the bold corsairs."



" . . . we could contemplate the whole eastern part of the Gulf."

had to be omitted if we decided to see Pompeii and return in time for our steamer.

A rather dusty road brought us to Cava just before dark, and we stopped for the night at another good hostelry, the Hôtel de Londres. We might have dismissed our driver at Vietri and have taken the train from there to Pompeii, but this would have compelled us to sleep at the latter place, and from the general information I had obtained hotel accommodations there were of a questionable nature.

I was very well aware that from now on the landscape would be very monotonous and that the dusty road runs through thickly settled districts, with shabby villages and similar towns. We decided, however, that it might prove interesting to avail ourselves further of the carriage, so as to observe more closely the sociological aspect of the towns surrounding Vesuvius.

The next morning, when we thus drove away from Cava, we entered upon a broad and dusty highway, bordered by big poplar trees, the latter acting as supports for irregular and clustering grape vines. A flat and cultivated plain was enclosed, in the far distance, by a range of mountains on the right, while on the left the famous volcano stood clearly detached.

Now and then we traversed a small but populous town, like Pagani and Angri, with narrow and crowded streets without sidewalks, where the passers-by had to flatten themselves against the walls to allow our vehicle to pass. About noon we reached Pompeii, which presented a shabby and dusty appearance.



" . . a weird procession."



" . . had embedded the houses, crushing some, filling in the others."



The fine, sand-like ashes from the last eruption became more and more evident everywhere. We drove on to Boscotrecasse, so as to be near the scene of the devastation caused by the lava streams of last spring. On our way we met a funeral procession and its usual escort of white-capped and masked "penitentes," clad in white robes and carrying long,



" . . as if the whole region had been filled in by a layer of gas coke."

lighted wax candles—a weird procession for whoever sees it for the first time.

We had now reached a place where the street had been shut off by a hardened black stream of lava, the latter looking very much as if the whole region had been filled in by a thick layer of gas coke. This black lava has very much the appearance of big fragments of coke. Similar to the latter substance, lava is porous, yet heavy and sonorous, and it shows every evidence of a former half-molten condition.

In some places the black mass had embedded the houses, crushing some, filling in the others. The abandoned buildings, with their cracked walls, looked very much as if they had remained in that



" . . . the black lava stream had entirely filled a wide trench."

condition for many centuries, and yet all the damage above described had happened only a few months before our visit.

Some of the wrecked buildings were pompously

called "palazzo." Although made of stone, brick and mortar, they were of the same shabby and squalid pattern that prevails everywhere in this locality. I noticed some broken-off pine trees that had been carried by the advancing mass; some of them were charred, others were almost intact and green.

Elsewhere the black lava stream had entirely filled a wide trench, which had been the road of an elec-



Pompeii.

tric tram line. I was told that an approaching car had thus been shut off by the advancing molten mass, while the frightened motorman and passengers had to run to save their lives. Several men and children seem to have found in this catastrophe a new way of earning a livelihood, by acting as guides, or by selling souvenirs of the eruption; among the latter I noticed sulphur-coated lava, volcanic dust put up in glass bottles, molten coins

or other metallic objects which showed the influence of the hot volcanic mass. About that time some rain drops began to fall, and I observed that in many a place the surface of the lava gave off steam. By trying to remove the upper layer of loose pieces I became aware that the mass underneath was hot, indeed very hot in some places, where, by some further effort, I succeeded in prying out deeper-laying fragments, the temperature of which was such that I could not hold them in my hand without risk of burning my fingers. This gave me a powerful impression of stern reality. I was told that in several places the layer of lava was fifty feet deep. At that rate it will take a long time before the mass is entirely cooled down.

And yet the inhabitants seemed to concern themselves very little about all this. They had hastily used the liberal supply of volcanic ashes to dump them over the hardened lava stream and had thus contrived to make a new crossroad over the former highway, which had become obliterated and buried under the thick and hardened black mass. As if nothing had happened, on this dreary scene of desolation coachmen and drivers of all kinds were moving about, whipping their horses in the same old heartless way. I was watching one of the houses that had been half-embedded by lava and found several workmen busily engaged in restoring the cracked walls and otherwise adapting it again for occupation. Just like some of their neighbors, who had earlier completed their job, they wanted to live again in the same house, precisely as in the past, surrounded by the warning sight of black

lava everywhere and Mount Vesuvius near by smoking steadily. And yet these people did only what everyone in this world tries to do; *i. e.*, they clung tenaciously to their earthly possessions. In this instance they could not sell, and for them it meant either losing the bulk of their small property or trying to accommodate themselves to a hard and insecure lot. It is true that, although the last eruption had caused much material damage by destroying wide tracts of land and many buildings, there had been little or no loss of life. In this instance the army had done excellent work by forcibly driving out all the inhabitants from the threatened sections before the eruption imperilled their lives.

There had been an inclined railroad, which led to near walking distance of the crater, but all this was now destroyed; on this account approach to the summit was possible only by a long and weary tramp over endless stretches of volcanic mud.

A friend of mine, a scientist, who had been induced to make the ascension since the last eruption, warned me not to attempt it. He told me that the sight of the crater was very disappointing in proportion to the trying ordeal through which he had to pass.

We drove back to Pompeii, where we took lunch in a not too well-kept restaurant, although it was supposed to be the best the place afforded. During our meal we had to listen, as everywhere in or around Naples, to our daily quota of "Santa Luzzia" and other Neapolitan songs and mandolin accompaniments. Always the same, yet always pleasant to hear when the tawny performers intone their



stanzas and accentuate the long-drawn cadences by their appealing gestures, as if it were the very first time in their lives they were singing this sentimental song.

After lunch we engaged an English-speaking guide who took us through the ruins. Never shall I forget the thoughts evoked by this visit. While walking through those deserted streets, once the lively scene of the daily occupations of human beings like ourselves, who had preceded us by twenty centuries in the fulfillment of their destiny, I was emphatically reminded how short and insignificant are our earthly ambitions. These ruined houses, these shops, these palaces and temples, with everywhere a palpable reminder of the daily routine life of the departed inhabitants, clearly show that these people lived their little lives with about the same preoccupations, the same pleasures, the same sufferings and the same ambitions as we little ants of our own age. Their language may have been nearer to pure Latin, their dress, their laws and their customs somewhat unlike ours, but after all, was there really much difference between them and us as we exist to-day? The resemblance increases further if we compare the condition of these vanished people of dead Pompeii with that of the average inhabitant of Naples or the neighborhood, just as we find it in our present age. After so many centuries the ways of living, the aspirations in life of the modern Neapolitans seem to have varied as little as their vices.

The squalor of the poorer houses of Pompeii, in contrast with the artistic refinement of the palaces

of the wealthy patricians, or the insolent splendor displayed by the temples of worship for their heathen gods, finds a counterpart in our own days that can be seen by any thoughtful observer who wanders through modern Naples or surrounding towns.

If the average Neapolitan of today no longer offers sacrifices to Jupiter or Mercurius, under the ancient names, he has reared just as many costly edifices in which he hangs his ex-votos before miraculous statues and relics. In these modern temples, with new names, his unchanged superstitious nature now invokes the protection of a larger number of saints than there were gods in the mythology of antiquity.

The bestial pastimes of yore, and those feasts where man killed man or where slave was given to feed wild animals, have been abolished by better civic laws, and the latter have proved stronger instruments for repression of inhuman acts than the most fervid religious appeal to morals. But that cruelty is still rampant in the hearts of the ignorant masses is shown by the brutal behavior of teamsters or drivers towards animals, their fellow-creatures. Moreover, their churches, raised in the name of the One whose command was love, pity and peace, are ornamented with paintings in which blood, suffering, torture and carnage seem to be favorite subjects. Their very cruelty of sentiment makes them imagine a God whose ideas of revenge and punishment include the most fiendishly refined atrocities under the form of the tortures of hell.

During that drive through the populated quarters

of Torre-Annunziata, Torre-del-Greco and Portici I saw dense rows of houses for the poor. Dirty and ill-kept, they alternated with half-hidden entrances to luxurious abodes for the richer class, which allowed a glance into their inner elegance of statues, columns, porticos and fine gardens. Then, once in a while, a church or chapel with the doors ajar, showed a glimpse of lighted candles, silver, gold and statuary. All this looked to me very much indeed like a living Pompeii which modern trimmings had been unable to change much from its antique prototype. Electric lamps here and there, or some trolley cars, or the presence of a few locomotives, telephones or automobiles, do *not* constitute civilization—neither in Naples nor in any other part of the globe. The fact that some individuals may be able to chisel a fine piece of sculpture or use their artistic talent for making a remarkable painting, or contrive to create some sense-soothing music, or arrange elegantly some pretty sounding rhymes, may be an indication of æsthetic temperament and artistic skill, but it does not necessarily imply the possession of that impulse which should guide us into higher life toward a more exalted development of our race. If the strong feeling of duty and equity is absent, if the true discrimination between what is just and unjust is lacking, if the ardent desire for truth has not entered the soul, then indeed will mere artistic culture continue to be nothing more than an epicurean gratification of the senses. It will not succeed any better to elevate mankind than joy-inspiring dinners, nor than alcoholic beverages, which also, in their own way,

may serve to excite the imagination. True, such a one-sided art culture may have some advantage over mere material stimulants through the fact that, more epicurean in its refinement, it is less likely to cause physical injury to the body. One-sided culture of this kind is, I believe, the main cause which brought older civilizations to discomfiture; it may become the possible reason why our civilization in turn will fail should we continue to lose sight of these fundamental principles.

Even the intellectual pursuits of science, which, considerably more than the culture of fine arts, have contributed to the happiness, betterment and welfare of mankind, will *not* succeed in their divine mission, will *not* produce a better and higher race, unless in our search for knowledge we find initiation into more elevated humane conceptions and an inducement for leading a higher life. Let us hope, for the destiny of our race, that science may not be considered solely as a useful handmaid to provide for our daily material wants, but may strive to fulfill a higher mission and clear away the fog of ignorant conceit that clouds the sublime teachings of Truth. The religion of science is the worship of Truth, and the worship of Truth is the worship of God. Any deviation from this impulse will retard the advancement of mankind toward the goal of greatest good.

What I take the liberty to write here is *meant not alone* for the inhabitants of Naples, of Italy, or of Europe, but applies alike to all nations and races of the world, however intense may be their national pride, whatever degree of material prosperity they may have attained, or however numerous or costly

and splendid may be their temples of religious worship.

It was near evening when we again reached Naples. To my great disappointment I found that Lewis was still waiting for our long-delayed packing box. The very obliging manager of the freight department of the steamship line promised me that my uncrated car would be accepted on the steamer, if I was willing to forego all claims for possible damage. I was very glad to consent to this very accommodating offer and made preparations accordingly.

It had come to my knowledge that some American automobilists who had preceded me had been compelled to forfeit the money they had deposited at the custom house for the mere reason that they had been unable to complete the formalities before the ship left the docks. As the steamer arrives from Genoa and remains only a few hours in the port of Naples, I foresaw the possibility of meeting with the same disappointment. Therefore, I concluded to obtain some experience and, escorted by a custom-house broker, I went from one office to another, rehearsing the different formalities, so that my chauffeur might be properly instructed on the subject.

There was still one full day left before sailing, and, as the weather was beautiful and the sea exceptionally calm, I concluded to utilize this last chance of visiting the Blue Grotto, which had been inaccessible on our former trip to Capri. I made the excursion in company with my son. My wife and little daughter were obliged to utilize the day



for shopping on account of the non-arrival of our trunks from England.

While the little Capri steamer was at anchor we were again entertained by the lusty native swimmers who hover around any steamer that carries foreign tourists. Like a lot of human porpoises



"Never do they miss a coin."

they dive and fight and struggle whenever a piece of money is thrown into the water. Never do they miss a coin, even if several are thrown at the same time. Sometimes they remain under water so long as to make one believe that the coin is lost, only to appear on the surface a few moments later triumphantly showing the penny in their hands, then storing it with others in their mouth until bulging cheeks make it almost impossible for them

to articulate their words. And yet they keep on yelling and yelling: "Moussiou! Moussiou! . . . tro' mon' in t' wot' . . . Moussiou! monee . . . monee . . . monee . . ."

By the time the little steamer lifted anchor it was crowded with excursionists. Again some mandolin players and singers started their "Santa Luzzia." In the intervals during which they were not singing "Adio, bella Napoli," smooth-tongued peddlers, who spoke English as if they had learned it near Bleecker street, tried to persuade the passengers to purchase coral necklaces or woodwork at prices almost quadruple that for which they could be bought at Naples or Sorrento.

Arriving near Capri, instead of landing at the Piccolini Marina, as the last time, when the weather was so rough, the steamer took us directly to the Blue Grotto. There numerous little rowboats were already waiting for us. Each boat accommodated two passengers. We were rowed toward the entrance of the cave, which is almost entirely hidden by the water. This leaves only a narrow opening through which the boat has to be slid. We had to lie down flat while the boatman gave a vigorous pull with the oars, and by the time we sat up again we were inside the dark cave, surrounded by the brilliantly luminous water of a phosphorescent azure blue. Every ripple seemed to glow in vivid color and whenever the oars struck the surface they produced two luminous streaks. This remarkable optical effect is produced by the outside sunlight that, before it meets the eye, traverses this unusually clear and blue sea water. The boats traveled all

in a procession around the cave, which seemed to be about one hundred and fifty feet long and nearly as wide. In some parts the rocky vault attains a height of thirty feet. After we had become accustomed to the semi-obscurity we began to distinguish



“ . . . which dragged them with their bow tilted upward.”

every detail of the rocky cants and corners, which now showed a dim, pale greenish-blue color.

A boy, who seems to find here a way of making a living, stood on a rock ready to dive for any coins that might be thrown in the water; unlike the divers in the bay, he spurned anything but silver.

The whole scene would have been infinitely more imposing had the grotto not been crowded by the noisy visitors. The boatmen increased the general din by ever reminding the passengers of their expected tips and yelling, "Moussiou . . . mee-sther . . . macaroni." If I ever again go to Capri I shall certainly repeat this visit to the grotto, but I intend to go there when no one else is in sight, and if I cannot find a mute boatman I will take the precaution to gag him first.

The steamer brought us back to the Piccolino Marina, followed by a procession of rowboats, some of them attached to the stern by ropes which dragged them with their bows tilted upward over the foaming wake of the ship. We had time until four in the afternoon for taking lunch and strolling along the beach into the town of Capri.

When the steamer brought us back to Naples it was quite dark. The air was calm and Vesuvius sent its slender column of smoke almost perpendicularly towards the sky. Since the last fearful eruption the volcano had become so well-behaved as to emit very meagre puffs of smoke and it seemed as if the dread mountain was at last becoming extinct. That night, however, everybody noticed that the smoke assumed a light reddish glare as if it was reflecting the glow of some fire below. This light effect became more and more apparent and by the time we reached the hotel it had developed to such an extent that several people came out to observe the phenomenon. I began to feel glad that before leaving Naples we had at least an opportunity to see, even if in a minor degree, what a nocturnal

eruption looks like. The dinner bell had twice sounded in the hotel, but no one heeded it and all remained outside looking eagerly towards Vesuvius. Just then over the very top of the crater appeared a bright, glowing mass of molten lava and we expected to see it run down, when suddenly it affected a rounded shape and—there was the full moon, rising in all brilliancy exactly over the top of the volcano. Of course everybody had a hearty laugh.



“ . . an employee of the steamship line came rowing toward me . . . ”

The next day we patiently awaited the arrival of our steamer and in the meantime took the motor car, loaded with some antique Pompeian vases and other similar purchases, to the custom house. After more than an hour's trouble and hesitation, intermingled by an eruption of voluble Italian talk accompanied by unavoidable gesticulations, I finally succeeded in having my triptyque signed by the custom-house officers so that I could mail it to



Paris and reclaim my money deposited with the Touring Club de France.

In the meantime the steamer had arrived. All that was now needed was to run the car aboard the lighter and empty the gasoline tank. But just at that very moment an employee of the steamer line came rowing toward me to announce the unwelcome news that the captain of the ship could not possibly take my car aboard. He had not been advised of the matter in Genoa and his steamer was filled with merchandise and emigrants to such an extent that much other freight had to be left on the quay. After vainly trying to make him change his mind I became convinced that what I asked from him was practically impossible, so I had to resign myself to circumstances and leave the car behind with Lewis, with the hope that the next steamer would take them.

At the same instant I received the news that the overdue English steamer with my crate box had just arrived in port. But my real troubles only began when I tried to persuade the custom officials to re-accept my triptyque and let the car return to the garage. These fossilized bureaucrats, in whom all elasticity of intellect had long ago been destroyed by an everlasting routine, became quite excited and worked themselves up to anxious perspiration at the thought of how a car could exist in the country after officially it had left the country. I finally succeeded in making them understand that they had nothing to lose as long as I trusted them with my triptyque, of which they would only have to change the date when the car was ready for shipment.

Three days after we arrived in New York, Lewis, who had followed by a steamer of another line, joined us and told me that he had left the car properly packed on the lighter in Naples, to be shipped a few days later. My triptyque I sent to Paris and a few weeks later I received my check. But my troubles were not at an end. I read a cable that a strike had started in Naples and ships were unable to load or unload merchandise. My car was kept back that way for nearly six weeks. Finally I read another cable that the docks were afire. As I was insured against such occurrences, this excluded for me any possibility of material loss. Upon inquiry I learned that my car had been shipped a few hours before the fire had started. It finally arrived in New York, looking none the better for having been exposed so many weeks on that lighter in Naples to the damaging action of rain and sun. I furthermore had a bill presented to me for demurrage, aside of freight and other charges, for 150 lire, against which I protested. In justice to the Hamburg-American Line I must say that they refunded me this sum.

As to the customs formalities in New York, I was helped by a competent and hustling broker. Although everybody at the custom house was courteous, active and businesslike, the incredible amount of red tape I had to go through was fairly staggering. This experience was in humiliating contrast to the simple and easy formalities deemed sufficient in all European countries through which I passed with my car.

# PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTOR TOURING IN EUROPE.

## SELECTION OF A MOTOR CAR.

The choice of a motor car is influenced by so many conditions and circumstances that it would be presumptuous to try to establish hard and fast rules. Therefore I will merely attempt to condense such suggestions as I think I am able to offer, after my personal experience, which extends from the early times of the sport of automobiling until the present day. The fact that repeated vacation trips in Europe, previous to my 1906 tour, allowed me to observe other motorists and compare my own experience with that of my numerous acquaintances in several countries has helped me considerably to arrive at some general conclusions on the subject.

## STYLE OF BODY.

I have classed below, in their order of merit, what I believe to be the most desirable styles of bodies for long distance touring.

1. Full limousine. Large, one-piece front window; side windows and read window. All windows as large as possible and made so that they can be easily opened or closed. Construction such as will admit the carrying of sufficient baggage. No seats turned backward. Upholstery, dark-shaded leather; no cloth. Electric lights optional. Attachment for books, guides or maps; easily accessible. If possible, a locker for refreshments and one for towels and toilet articles. Hat net and collapsible table.

2. Landaulet, with any or all of the above specifications.

3. Semi-limousine. Other specifications as for No. 1.

4. Tonneau, with canopy top and movable front plate glass.

5. Tonneau, with collapsible hood and movable front plate glass.

6. Runabout, with collapsible hood.

As to wheel base, springs, suspension and similar matters, it is very difficult to generalize, because they depend very much on the individual characteristics of each car.

#### MOTIVE POWER.

Thus far electric automobiles have not proved suitable for long-sustained tours. Some steam cars have shown beyond doubt that even tours of long duration can be successfully undertaken with them; but the popular verdict has been overwhelmingly in favor of internal combustion or gasoline motors. The latter continue to outnumber very considerably the existing steam cars.

The main question is to decide whether a motor with two, four, six or even eight cylinders should be preferred. Cars with six and eight cylinders have been made lately, and run undoubtedly smoother, but are more expensive than those possessing a smaller number of cylinders.

It is objected to six-cylinder cars that they contain a large number of parts and that they require the attention of a careful driver. Whether this is really so time and more experience will show.

Four-cylinder cars have given good satisfaction,

and some manufacturers have been able to make excellent two and three cylinder cars. As to large one-cylinder cars, they are fast disappearing from the market. On the other hand, there exist several very successful light one-cylinder runabouts.

A much-mooted question is whether "jump spark" or "make and break spark" is to be preferred. I have no hesitation in stating that both systems of ignition are good, if properly carried out, and that I know of excellent motors very successfully using one or the other method.

Automobile constructors seem to have been rather backward in knowledge as to the electrical equipment of their machines, and on this account have often misapplied a system which, in proper hands, would never have failed to give satisfaction. However, it is more important that the electrical devices should be self-generating, so as to make them independent of batteries, always unreliable and capricious.

For this purpose the motor should be provided with a magneto, or better, a good dynamo; the latter in conjunction with a small storage battery to regulate the flow of electric current and to furnish current when the dynamo is not running.

In long tours, especially through unknown districts, batteries alone may cause more hesitation and delay than tires or any other part of the machinery.

#### SIZE OF MOTOR.

A car should be driven by a motor strong enough to pull it up any hill without any hesitation, even when loaded to excess.

Experience has proved that a good four-cylinder



motor rated at an "honest" 24 horse power and not geared too high for speed will enable one to accomplish this result with a good-sized touring car weighing, in running order and everything included, as much as 3,000 pounds. Even with seven passengers added to this dead weight there ought to be no trouble in going, on low gear, over any steep grades as found on some highways. Such a motor may still be able to run as fast as 25 to 28 miles on good level roads.

A motor car as described above must have cylinder dimensions of at least  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches bore and  $4\frac{3}{4}$  inches stroke. Heavier cars will require correspondingly higher powered motors.

Touring cars running at higher speeds than 25 to 30 miles an hour are unsafe. We have not yet reached the point where tires or roads are sufficiently perfect to allow us to exceed these limits without imminent danger to passengers as well as to other people on the highway.

Small light cars, carrying a light hood, may have a correspondingly smaller motor, and several makes of automobiles do irreproachable work at remarkable speed with engines not over 8, 12 or 16 horse power. A simple but safe rule for ascertaining the required motive power is to count one horse power for every 100 pounds of empty car.

#### BRAKES.

Excellent and powerful brakes, of easy inspection and simple adjustment, are more indispensable than a large-sized motor. The brakes must be such as to hold the car backward as well as forward on the strongest inclines.

Of these brakes there should be a double set, working independently, so that if one fails the other will do the work. The construction of the brakes must be of such a simple nature as to allow easy replacement of any worn-out parts.

The brakes should be supplemented by a "sprag" or any similar device which can hold the car from running backward, even if all the brakes are out of service. (See page 9.)

#### STEERING WHEEL.

This device must be so constructed as to preclude any possibility of failing. Some cars, foreign as well as American, have been built with a reckless disregard of this essential condition. In some cases the snapping of a small pin or the loss of a similar accessory part has put the whole steering contrivance out of operation. It is unnecessary to comment on the perils involved in such defective construction. Ample storage capacity for gasoline and lubricants, as well as roomy boxes for tools and spare parts, is very desirable. Everything pertaining to the machinery must be easily accessible for inspection or repairs.

#### TIRES.

I shall not try to recommend one make of tires in favor of another. Generally speaking, I might mention that lack of veracity has encouraged many tire manufacturers in unwarranted boastfulness and glaring misstatements. They have tried to hide their shortcomings by expensive and noisy advertisements, instead of giving more money and attention to the manufacture of their products.

Not very long ago many tire manufacturers tried

to save in cost by using "loaded" rubber compositions. Many are using better rubber now, but seem to be incompetent in the general construction of the tire. They either use inferior woven material or fail to utilize it properly. I have had some tires made with the best of materials which gave way at the rims long before the rubber began to show any wear, simply because the edges were faultily constructed. The older French tire manufacturers have acquired more experience in this new industry. This is perhaps the main reason why their products give better satisfaction.

On the other hand, the valves of French tires, as well as of other European makes, are needlessly complicated, and for this reason I have always removed them from their inner tubes and replaced them with simpler and more serviceable American stems.

The size of tires should be sufficiently liberal to correspond to the load of the car. Many variations from this rule have been permitted. The catalogues of tire manufacturers indicate the sizes that should be used for a given weight. Their tables should be consulted before purchasing a car, otherwise there will be no end of trouble from collapsing tires. It is a wonder how little tire trouble is encountered when the tires are sufficiently big, sufficiently new and when automobiles are not driven too fast. I went all through Italy with an overloaded car without the slightest puncture or other trouble from the tires, although the roads were sometimes rather bad.

A regrettable mistake has been made by most

constructors of modern cars in adopting for their front wheels tires somewhat narrower than for the rear ones. This construction may be excellent for racing cars, because it allows easier steering. It may also save a few dollars of the initial investment for tires. On the other hand, it compels the tourist to carry along two different sets of spare tires, but, what is worse, it excludes the possibility of using worn-out tires on the front wheels.

A rear tire showing considerable wear or one having undergone a serious repair should never again be used on the rear wheels unless with the expectation of collapsing tires at the most inopportune moment, as, for instance, when an extra passenger is taken in, or when going up grade, or when the car is running very fast and a bursting tire may mean death to the motorists.

With four wheels of the same diameter and the same rims an old rear tire which has become worthless for such use may still render service of an astonishingly long duration if transferred to the lighter loaded front wheels. Adopting the latter practice, it will be found at the end of the season that fewer tire troubles may be combined with considerable economy for renewals.

During the last two years a valuable innovation has been introduced by the construction of removable rims, which enables one to replace a defective tire in two or three minutes by a new tire carried along ready inflated on a full-sized rim. The rapid unscrewing of four bolts is all that is required to make the renewal. The system has shown eminently practical results in races of long duration. I



have seen it successfully used for touring purposes, and it seems likely that all modern automobilists will avail themselves of this great simplification as soon as the invention is better known.

#### ANTI-SKIDDING DEVICES.

Side slip or "skidding" is one of the most dangerous happenings for a motorist. Therefore, the rear tires should be provided with some device to prevent this. Tires armored with riveted leather covers are employed by many. I abandoned their use after I found that they did not wear well on sandy country roads, and that they may produce "skidding" in dry weather when striking the tracks of street railways or very smooth pavements. I prefer to use "Weed's chain grips," because they take almost no room and can be put on and off in little or no time, thus allowing them to be kept ready for emergencies and in the meantime using the tires unshod. I first expected to see these chain grips wear out the tires very rapidly. However, I found this not to be the case as long as the chains are kept in good condition and proper precautions are taken to remove any links that have become detached or have worn to sharp edges. On the other hand, I have been astonished to note that the cross chains wear out very rapidly, and I have found it necessary to carry a liberal provision of renewal links. But the latter can be replaced in a few minutes.

#### CHAUFFEURS.

Persons who have a mechanical turn of mind can quickly learn to understand everything about a motor car, however intricate the machine may appear, at first sight, to the uninitiated. Motoring



becomes incomparably more pleasant if one is able to drive one's own car. A good car will give little or no serious trouble outside of an occasional adjustment. If such little matters are not objected to a chauffeur is not indispensable for touring. In fact, his absence may sometimes simplify matters by giving more independence. All this may contribute to render a trip more pleasurable. As to filling in gasoline or oil, or cleaning the car or handling baggage, all these matters are readily attended to at any hotel or garage, where men are purposely kept for rendering these services and are very glad to find an opportunity for thus earning extra tips.

The only unpleasant feature of motoring without being accompanied by competent help is the disagreeable work involved in changing tires in case of punctures. For that purpose a man or groom can be taken along who is able to attend to this matter and make himself generally useful, even if he is not a competent chauffeur. Such a man may be picked up in any country and discharged whenever his services are no longer required, provided an understanding to that effect has been agreed upon.

It is rather difficult to find a chauffeur who speaks the several languages of the different countries included in a tour. If such a man is found he will often be at the same time a kind of a courier and then he becomes very useful.

In France the higher paid chauffeur is a "mécanicien," who is a thoroughly trained machinist, able to build a car himself if need be. Sometimes an excellent machinist is not so good as a driver. Furthermore, his skill is seldom of much use, be-

cause in case of a repair he can do little without a well-equipped machine shop.

The ordinary French chauffeur, who never neglects the opportunity to style himself "mécanicien," is a man who has acquired abundant practice in the driving of a car and knows how to help himself out of an average difficulty. If he be steady, sober and honest he will make an excellent driver, eager to please his employer and never minding some extra work, provided he gets a good meal and his bottle of light wine. To the latter everybody in France is accustomed to such a degree that to have to eat a meal without wine is almost considered a disgrace, even by a common laborer.

The English chauffeur, too, with his well-trained way of doing things, will make a favorable comparison with many an American chauffeur. In our country more than anywhere else are to be found a class of persons who call themselves chauffeurs and have fallen into their new occupation after having failed at everything else. Their self-satisfied attitude and ill-trained manners, which tend more to show their impudence and lack of breeding than their independence, do not make them desirable traveling companions. Of course, I am too well aware that among American chauffeurs are also to be found many level-headed and skillful men who compare favorably with those of any other nation.

With modern, reliable motor cars it is less a knowledge of machinery than a steady head, carefulness and experience in driving that are required from a chauffeur. Any person of average intelligence can quickly learn to make whatever small

adjustments may be necessary, and his main work will soon reduce itself to a mere routine occupation. Any serious repairs or alterations cannot be well performed without such machinery as is found only in machine shops, where, at the same time, a trained machinist is always available.

#### COACHMEN AS CHAUFFEURS.

My personal experience, as well as that of several of my friends, is that a good coachman whom you train yourself makes the best chauffeur. If you are not able to teach him, it is very easy to have him trained by a competent man, who will succeed in less than one or two weeks in bringing him to the point where he can drive the car under all ordinary conditions. A little more practice will soon give him self-assurance. At that stage he will have some great advantages over the slouchy, cigarette-smoking, devil-may-care, half-machinist-chauffeur who has been reared in a greasy machine shop. He will keep his machine cleaner and not neglect to wash his expensive car as carefully as the less costly horse vehicle. Neither will he dare to appear with soiled clothing, a black face or oily hands. Being used to the rules of the road, he will show some deference to the rights of other drivers. Furthermore, he will not imagine that he lowers himself by being polite to his employer. After the new chauffeur has reached this desirable stage in his development the automobile owner should inexorably insist upon cautious driving and never in any way encourage speeding. If you neglect these rules you will soon spoil your man and make of him a reckless, boastful scorcher, who will never feel satisfied if you do

not own the fastest car on earth, and who will become a menace to yourself, your family and your friends.

In Europe charges in hotels for board of chauffeurs are very moderate. They vary somewhat according to locality. During my tour in many places in France and Italy the price, including everything, even wine, did not exceed five or six francs per day. The highest charges were in Edinburgh, where eight shillings was exacted. Strange to say, it often occurred that in just the places where charges were highest drivers were treated in the most stinted way compared with most other hotels, where they were very well taken care of.

I was told by people who know that if the chauffeur pays his own board charges are apt to be much lower, and that is the reason why some chauffeurs prefer to make such arrangement as to salary, so that they pay their own hotel expenses.

An American friend of mine traveled all through France and Italy with a very competent French driver, who at the same time was an excellent machinist, and came from the very shop where his car was manufactured. His monthly wages were sixty dollars, everything included, leaving the chauffeur to pay his own hotel expenses.

I know of European friends who made even more favorable arrangements. On the other hand, the passing tourist, being unacquainted with local conditions, will, of course, be expected to pay more, especially if he engages a chauffeur in a large city, where higher wages prevail on account of a more expensive way of living.



## LANGUAGES.

An often repeated but very erroneous statement induces many American travelers to believe that all over Continental Europe it is possible to get along with English alone. It is stated that everywhere people are to be found who understand or speak this language in some fashion or another. This may be true in so far as some larger hotels in tourist centres are concerned. Unfortunately, it is not so in many smaller places. The motorist who traverses the most hidden and remote corners of one of these foreign countries and who does not speak the current language is often embarrassed to the point that he cannot make himself understood in the simplest matters. Therefore, I advise the carrying of a small dictionary. The Touring Club de France, in one of its little annuals, published a very useful vocabulary in many languages especially adapted for motorists and cyclists.

## RENTING MOTOR CARS.

In late years several agencies have been started here, as well as in Europe, whose purpose it is to hire out to the intending American tourist a fully equipped car, provide him with a chauffeur and arrange the whole trip beforehand. Charges are made at so much per day, per week or per month, and prices include everything from gasoline; tires and repairs to the wages and hotel expenses of the chauffeur.

In such cases the main object is to find reliable agents who do not send undesirable chauffeurs or cars of doubtful quality. Charges vary considerably, according to the locality, the duration of the



trip and the value of the machine. It has come to my knowledge that in some tourist centres of Europe the hotelkeepers and garage men begin by pocketing one-third of the price as commission for bringing the unwary American travelers in relation with the owner of some automobile who wants to make some extra money by loaning his car and chauffeur. I know of some American friends who, after discovering this dodge, were able to tour for a week through Switzerland in a magnificent car at the low rate of \$20 per day.

Near Etretat there was an automobile company that rented out good tonneaus, with room for four passengers besides the driver, for 100 francs per day, and only 80 francs if the car was taken for several days in succession. For larger and comfortable limousines the price would be higher, but all this depends on particular conditions.

A day's ride is ordinarily figured at 100 miles. At this rate hiring an automobile becomes considerably cheaper than touring in one's own car, if the latter has to be shipped and reshipped and if a chauffeur is taken along from America.

Nevertheless, for the motorist who knows his own car a hired car will no more bring him the same enjoyment than will a hired cab to the lover of horses who is accustomed to drive about in his own carriage.

#### REPAIRS AND SPARE PARTS.

For an extended tour abroad it will be advisable to carry along some spare parts, especially such as cannot be purchased there or cannot be readily made to order. Several automobile manufacturers

in the United States are willing to provide their customers with a set of extra parts and refund money for unused parts after the trip is over.

As to repairs in Europe, I found that the charges were incomparably smaller than in New York; in several cases I obtained parts, made entirely to order, at lower prices than I have to pay at home for the ready-made article. Besides, all along the well-traveled highways of Europe it is possible to find a competent man who can make good repairs.

As to tires, they can be found everywhere in Europe and considerably cheaper than in America. In France excellent Michelin covers  $34 \times 4\frac{3}{4}$  inches cost only \$43. Everywhere in Europe, even in England, tire dimensions are given exclusively in metric measures, for instance, 120x880 millimeters, instead of the above mentioned size.

#### AFFILIATIONS WITH EUROPEAN AUTOMOBILE OR TOURING CLUBS.

For anyone who undertakes a motor tour in Europe it will be found of considerable advantage to become a member of some active touring club or automobile club, provided he is not already a member of a similar organization at home affiliated with European clubs. In the latter case reciprocal exchange of courtesies is expected, and he may be able to avail himself of European club facilities by a simple letter of introduction. At the trifling expense of six francs per annum (\$1.20) an American tourist can become a member of the Touring Club de France. All that he has to do is to apply for membership to the central office of this club, which has splendid headquarters in Paris, 65 Avenue de la

Grande Armée. This touring club issues a monthly journal—in French—and sells to its members maps, guides and itineraries for all countries at reduced prices. A special committee furnishes all information and undertakes to provide “triftyques” for simplifying customs formalities in the principal countries of Europe. Furthermore, the club has made contracts with many hotels in France and some other European countries which insure uniform prices to their members and often allow a discount of 5 to 10 per cent. on the hotel bill. In some instances my bills were thus reduced fifty francs. The ever-increasing number of members is now over 100,000, and this club has acquired in France a national importance strengthened by its influence in other countries all over the world, where it endeavors to co-operate with other similar organizations. The directorate of the club includes some of the most distinguished names of the French nation.

There is also the Automobile Club de France, 6 Place de la Concorde, Paris, a very important and active association of motorists, to which admission is somewhat more difficult and which, therefore, does not number as many members as the more popular Touring Club de France.

The following is a list of clubs in the different countries, membership in which will be of value to the tourist in these countries:

Great Britain:

Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland,  
119 Piccadilly, London, W.

Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1  
Albemarle street, London, W.

## Belgium:

Automobile Club de Belgique, 5 Place Royale, Brussels.

## Holland:

Nederlandsche Automobile Club, 1 B Nassau Plein, The Hague.

## Switzerland:

Automobile Club de Suisse, Hotel Grand Metropole, Grand Quay, Geneva.

## Germany:

Kaiserlicher Automobil Club, 9, Leipzigerplatz 16, Berlin W.

## Austria:

Osterreichischer Automobil Club, 10 Kärnthner-ring, Vienna.

## Hungary:

Magyar Automobile Club, 22 Esterhazy Uctza, Budapest IV.

## Italy:

Touring Club Italiano, Via Monte Napoleoni 14, Milan.

Club Automobilisti Italiano, Via Plana, Turin.

## GUIDES, MAPS, ETC.

The Touring Club de France sell, for the trifling sum of about thirty cents each, four little volumes containing itineraries, routes, hotels, police regulations, customs laws, an automobile vocabulary in six languages and much other useful information. They also sell itineraries, printed on small separate sheets, briefly describing any tourist route. These little sheets are invaluable and cost but one cent apiece. Excellent maps of France on a scale of 400,000:1 and cut up in sections are published by



this same club. They also furnish maps of other European countries.

The different automobile clubs of France or Great Britain render the same service to their members. Similar guides and maps can be bought in any country. They can be obtained through the principal book stores in large cities like London, Edinburgh, Paris, Berlin or Leipzig, but it is best to apply to such stores as make a specialty of maps and guide books. For Great Britain I should mention the excellent maps of Gall & Inglis; also Bartholomew's reduced survey maps, Gall & Inglis (25 Paternoster square, London). The latter publishers have rendered a great service by printing a contour road book of England and Scotland, in which they give a condensed description of each road, together with elevation plans. These neat little volumes allow one to obtain rapidly information as to inclines and other details of the road, which cannot be found on maps.

A similar set of three volumes is issued by the Italian Touring Club under the title of "Guida Itineraria del Touring Club Italiano, Strade di Grande Comunicazione del Italia." It is a pity that this otherwise very useful Italian publication does not give, like the British contour books, a condensed description of objects of interest along the route.

For Germany I used, a few years ago, special contour maps published by Mittelbach (10 Czermaksgarten, Leipzig, Germany), under the name of "Deutsche Strassenprofilkarte für Radfahrer." These maps were conceived in a somewhat different way, which made them eminently practical.



Carefully executed maps especially arranged for cyclists and motorists are for sale in all European countries. I refer to the special booksellers, who can obtain them, or to the touring or automobile clubs, who will readily supply further information on this subject. Michelin and other tire manufacturers issue very useful guide books which are obtainable everywhere free of charge from their agents.

During my repeated travels in Europe I have found Baedeker's excellent guide books an invaluable source of information; in fact, I consider these little volumes indispensable for supplementary advice which cannot be found in maps or road books. I especially appreciated the accurate and unbiased way in which these well-known handbooks for travelers are written.

#### SELECTING AN ITINERARY OR PLANNING A TOUR.

Each tourist has his own preferences of certain countries, for certain cities, or for certain ways of traveling, and it would be unwise to presume that any advice on the subject could be offered which would meet with the approval of everybody.

I know of more than one person who, after devoting his life almost exclusively to the art of making money, suddenly discovers on the day when he undertakes a vacation trip that he has forgotten the art of enjoying life. Such people may try to copy the methods of happiness of their less wealthy acquaintances and conclude that they themselves find very little satisfaction in it. In fact, these unfortunate beings may have reached the point where

no real enjoyment exists for them anywhere aside from their money-making occupations. As soon as they leave business dreadful ennui stares them in the face. If such people travel the first sensation of novelty is soon marred by rapidly succeeding causes for dissatisfaction. They find that they seldom meet the special conditions of living which are in accordance with the habits they have contracted in their one-sided routine life. Most of the time they try to cajole themselves into the belief that they are enjoying themselves, while in reality they are merely spending money right and left in increasing amounts without great satisfaction, or they keep rushing from one country to another in vain search of happiness. I have known such people who from the mere fact of being in a certain city were overcome by ennui, which caused them to move to another place where their implacable tormentor, ennui, followed them as fast as train or automobile could carry them. Such people will ordinarily finish by finding that two or three large capitals in Europe, with very elaborately appointed hotels, agree best with their perverted psychological condition, and they will welcome the day of deliverance which brings them back home to the occupations of an automatic and half-dizzy routine life.

Some ladies accustomed to an empty and superficial life of ostentation and pleasure, not tempered by serious responsibilities, may reach this same mental unfitness for enjoying anything which does not closely approach their narrow conceptions of living. They, too, will soon seek in travel little else but a succession of large cities and large hotels

where they can find an opportunity of exhibiting their bewildering supply of stunning dresses.

I am afraid that for such tourists my suggestions will be very much out of place. There are, however, many other travelers who, like myself, have simpler habits and look upon touring not only as an agreeable pastime, but especially as a great intellectual enjoyment. To the latter class of tourists I dare try to give some general advice.

In the first place I would tell them not to crowd too many miles into their tour, especially if their time is limited. If they do they will soon acquire that hunted feeling which will put them at par with the belated commuter who makes his train connections watch in hand.

It is better to select an interesting itinerary than a long one, and if you are in a lovely district stop there for a few days and learn to better enjoy the country while getting acquainted with it. Try to cultivate that sentiment of repose which is so sadly lacking in our overcrowded, strenuous life in American cities. Some people travel around with the desire "to take it all in," resembling a hungry man gorging himself to suffocation before an abundant meal. Therefore, be very judicious in the selection of your trip.

#### ATTRACTIVE TOURING DISTRICTS.

England and Scotland alone are by themselves interesting enough to fill a tour of one or two months, and will prove especially enjoyable to such travelers as are totally unacquainted with foreign languages. If other countries are visited such

itineraries should be preferred as include attractive scenery ordinarily not so accessible by railroad.

I may mention, for instance, for France:

Brittany and the coast of Normandy, the French Alps, the Jura, Savoy and Dauphine, the Vosges and Alsace, the Rhone district, the Loire district, the Pyrenées, the French Riviera.

Italy abounds with similar places and naming them would be mentioning almost every district of Italy. The Italian Riviera and the Gulf of Salerno should be especially mentioned. Even Sicily affords charming automobile trips.

Switzerland is sufficiently known for its imposing picturesqueness, and the fact that good roads are to be found almost everywhere would make it a paradise for the motorist but for the unpleasant hostility which has been displayed by the inhabitants of some sections in this country.

The Rhine country, the Black Forest and Bavaria are generally accepted as the most picturesque parts of Germany.

Austria offers Tyrol, which is very similar to Switzerland, although not so extensively visited. Also many less known but intensely interesting districts toward the Adriatic, where the country begins to savor somewhat of neighboring Eastern lands.

The south of Spain would be extremely interesting were better accommodation obtainable and were roads not in such a miserable condition.

Algiers, Tunis and Egypt have lately become favorite touring resorts, especially for French motorists, who report satisfactory conditions as to hotels and excellent roads.



## BEST SEASON FOR TOURS.

The season in which the tour is undertaken has naturally a great bearing on the selection of the route. In winter, early spring or late fall the south of France, the Italian coast or Sicily may be visited, but even then one is not sure of avoiding occasional chilly or wet weather, although snow or frost is of but rare occurrence. Algiers, Tunis and Egypt offer a more sure, steady and mild climate during the cold months of the year.

All other northern countries are very uninviting during the cold season. There, when it is not rainy and wet, the roads are covered with snow or ice.

The best time to visit the United Kingdom is in spring or midsummer. During that time the weather is ordinarily very agreeable and not too much marred by an overabundance of rain.

Midsummer is also the best time for Switzerland and the other high mountain resorts of Europe.

The main objection to the month of August is that during that time all summer resorts are very much overcrowded, especially along the seashore, and, therefore, it is advisable to keep more inland, where it is often cooler and certainly always more comfortable.

An automobile, as long as it keeps in motion, will make the hottest day cool and enjoyable.

It is a capital mistake to believe that hot summer months are not suitable for automobiling along the Riviera or in Italy. Quite on the contrary, a hot day is never more unbearable than in London, Paris or Berlin, where houses and hotels are not constructed in view of abnormally hot weather, and



where the customs and usages of northern people sometimes make summer heat a very trying ordeal.

In southern countries, like Italy, everything is arranged to assure comfort in hot weather, and it is seldom that a good hotel does not possess cool and spacious rooms. At that season southern hotels are never overcrowded and offer the best accommodation. In winter or early spring many southern hotels are decidedly uncomfortable, because they have no proper facilities for heating the rooms.

I ought to mention that in summer several marshy parts of Italy are notoriously malarious. It is advisable not to travel through them early in the morning or at night and to avoid mosquito bites. For the latter purpose all good hotels in Italy provide their beds with mosquito netting. Italian malaria, similar to the American illness of the same name, yields to quinine treatment.

The months of September and October are exceedingly well adapted for touring in the south of France or Italy. Northern and middle France, northern Belgium, Holland and northern Germany offer, as a whole, a rather monotonous and flat landscape, but the tourist may desire to visit these countries on account of other objects of interest.

#### SUITABLE STARTING POINTS.

Several seaports may be selected from which to start an automobile trip. In the United Kingdom a tour may be commenced from London, Southampton, Liverpool or Glasgow.

For France and middle Europe or any trips southward, Havre is certainly the best port. The car may

also be shipped directly to Marseilles, whence a trip along the Mediterranean can be started.

For northern Europe the principal ports are Hamburg or Bremen, Amsterdam or Rotterdam and Antwerp.

A tour in Great Britain may be arranged according to the itinerary described by me, and may be completed by side trips through Cornwall, Wales, the lake district, the north of Scotland and Ireland, with excellent roads almost everywhere.

In order to reach France from England the routes Dover-Calais, Folkestone-Boulogne and Newhaven-Dieppe may be used; but the most practical route is Southampton-Havre. Cars may be shipped also from Liverpool to Marseilles.

Italy has only two available ports for automobiles from the States, Genoa and Naples, but the latter place is not as convenient as Genoa, because steamers stop there only a few hours, and this makes loading and unloading a rather uncertain matter unless special arrangements are made with the steamship companies.

From Havre almost all tours on the Continent may be commenced. From there any part of France can be conveniently reached. In the same way good roads lead from Havre to southern Germany, Switzerland, Tyrol, Austria, Spain and Italy. In accordance with these general indications special itineraries can be planned, and in order to facilitate matters advice can be asked of any of the touring clubs in Europe, but the information contained in the annuals issued by these associations will give ample opportunity to make a judicious selection.

## BAGGAGE.

While touring do not overload yourself with more baggage than is strictly necessary. Too much of it is hard on the tires and may cramp even the roomiest carriage. On the other hand, be liberal with your provision of linen. Laundry work is slow and of uncertain quality in many places, especially during the busy season; and unreliable deliveries will often cause irksome delays. Therefore, always have linen enough on hand so as to be able to choose such places where you feel sure that the laundry will not upset your plans of leaving at a specified time.

On a tour baggage is ever exposed to dust and rain, and, therefore, should be properly protected by means of dust- and waterproof coverings; the latter, when properly strapped, will at the same time avoid unpleasant losses and prevent bundles from falling off unnoticed while traveling at a good speed.

## HOTELS AND GARAGES.

Only in large cities or important summer or winter resorts is it possible to find European hotels which can compare in size and general organization with the best establishments of the United States. Most hostelries in Europe are much smaller. On the other hand, more attention is given to the traveler and the service is considerably better than in the majority of American hotels.

In England or Scotland I have never heard of even the simplest country inn which did not possess at least one bath-room. In France one still

meets with hotels which, otherwise good, do not seem to consider the bathtub indispensable. In all the Italian hotels I frequented I found sufficient accommodation for bathing, and I have been rather astonished to find that the average tourist hotel in Italy is generally cleaner and gives better service than many French hotels that cater to the same class of travelers.

In most Continental hotels breakfast is of the simplest kind, consisting simply of coffee and rolls, while the two other meals are very substantial. To obtain anything except boiled eggs is rather difficult, and may become a pretext for considerably increased charges. This is simply due to the fact that the cook is not supposed to be at work before eleven in the morning.

#### HOTEL CHARGES.

In Great Britain, on the contrary, breakfast is very substantial, well served and well prepared. Often it is the only tasteful meal of the day. Except in Great Britain, soap is never provided in European hotels, and the traveler is expected to bring his own supply of this necessary article.

In Scotland, hotels are somewhat more expensive than in England. In England, prices are apt to be higher than in Germany, France or Italy.

As a rule charges of European hotels are lower than in corresponding American hotels, even after including liberal tips. The only exception to this may be found in a few hotels, in large cities, which are almost exclusively patronized by Americans; also in gambling resorts, like Monte Carlo.

## ICE AND DRINKING WATER.

In some localities on the Continent, for instance, Holland, Belgium and the northern part of France, drinking water is decidedly bad, and is obtained from defectively constructed wells. In hilly or mountainous regions water is ordinarily of excellent quality and can be relied upon.

For those who have any hesitation on this subject, I would advise inquiry as to the source of the water supply. If it comes from a shallow well it is advisable to reject it. Water from a spring is ordinarily more reliable. If it is provided by the city, and if the locality is a hilly one, it is ordinarily safe to use it.

I might mention that England was the first country to give proper attention to the systematic purification of the public water supply. The water of Paris is considered to be rather defective in many respects.

In some parts of Europe the water contains a considerable amount of lime salts, which give it a special taste. This "hardness," if not exaggerated, is not objectionable. Most European hygienists believe that water should contain some lime salts. I know some authorities who claim that the unusually soft water that we drink in some of the Eastern States is responsible for much of the dyspepsia which is prevalent among us.

The odor, taste and color of drinking water are very often valuable indications as to whether or not it should be rejected. Odor and taste are completely masked after chilling water by the introduction of a lump of ice. This is one more reason



why ice should be used sparingly. In Europe ice is almost always of doubtful quality. It is ordinarily collected in questionable localities, from stagnant pools or sluggish rivers. Artificial ice manufacturing is not yet carried on with the degree of perfection it has attained in the States; ordinarily any available kind of water is used, while distilled or otherwise purified water is seldom resorted to for ice manufacturing. In Savoie, Switzerland, Italy and Tyrol ice is often obtained from the nearby glaciers, and is then of excellent quality.

#### UNCOOKED VEGETABLES.

I have very good reasons for warning all travelers in Europe against eating uncooked vegetables, excepting fruit or tomatoes. Few Americans are aware of the fact that in most European countries table vegetables are manured by means of frequently renewed applications of that kind of fertilizer which exists abundantly in localities where elementary sanitary contrivances are almost totally unknown. The farmers have been using this disgusting method of manuring since remote ages, and people of their countries have been accustomed to it since childhood. This is, I believe, the only reason why no one seems to object to this repulsive practice. I make it a rule while traveling in Europe to refrain from touching any raw salad or celery, however well washed it may be. Ordinary stable manure, as used in the States, is bad enough, but I draw the line against this European way of fertilizing. If I did not protest from a hygienic standpoint, I should do so for æsthetic considerations. I ought to mention that in France and Italy many

restaurants know how to prepare excellent stewed salad or celery, or other similar cooked vegetables.

#### TIPS.

Almost all of the better country hotels, as well as those situated in towns visited by tourists, are nowadays provided with garages. Some make a small charge, while at others you are merely expected to give a tip to the man who is in charge of the garage. This tip varies from fifty centimes to one shilling a day, according to whether you use the garage only one day or several days in succession. If any special services have been rendered the tip is supposed to be correspondingly higher. In larger cities hotels with garages are rarer, and, therefore, the cars are sent to garages that make it a regular business. The charges here vary from one to three shillings a day, and tips are expected if special help has been given.

As to the general matter of tips, I have found that when paying large bills about ten per cent. of the total amount distributed among porter, boots, chambermaid and waiter is usually considered amply sufficient. For smaller bills this amount often reaches fifteen per cent., while in restaurants or cafés the smallest purchase means a minimum tip of ten centimes, or one penny in England, and often twice as much.

In England and Scotland some hotels still continue to make a separate charge for light and attendance, although they expect you to tip the waiters just the same. More modern hotels have stopped this silly and antiquated custom. Not so long ago most Continental hotels made supplementary charges

for light, under the heading "Bougie." I am glad to state that the absurd practice is disappearing, and in more modern hotels the room charges include everything except the bath.

#### MONEY AND PASSPORTS.

When on a motor tour it is more than ever necessary to be well provided with money, but carrying large sums may be inconvenient, if not dangerous. A circular letter of credit is the most practical way to feel financially at ease. The only objection to a letter of credit is that only once in a while is a town met with a bank where money can be drawn. I have always found it very convenient to carry, besides my letter of credit, some American Express checks in denominations of \$10 and \$20, which are readily accepted in almost all hotels or stores patronized by American tourists. The fact that the rate of exchange for all kinds of money is printed on each slip has made these useful checks a sort of international money system. One time when I happened to be in the Republic of Colombia, in South America, during one of the numerous revolutions, I readily obtained 1,000 Colombian paper dollars in exchange for a \$20 American Express check!

As to passports, I would advise every American automobilist to obtain one before touring in foreign countries. He may not need it at all, or he may be very glad to have it available at some critical time, even if only as a document of identification at the bank or post office.

#### SHIPPING THE MOTOR CAR.

The motor-car owner who desires to be relieved from any preoccupation as to the shipping of his

car should apply to some express company, or any of the automobile companies that make a specialty of this kind of business. This will cost somewhat more than to deal directly with the steamship companies and to have the box made to order. On the other hand, the charges made by above-mentioned companies include everything—loading and unloading, as well as customs formalities. The cost of transportation varies according to the bulk of the crated car expressed in cubic feet. In Europe, between England and France, cars are accepted on steamers without crating. They are either securely lashed on deck and covered with tarpaulins, or are safely stowed away in the hold. The Automobile Club of America is trying to induce the steamer companies on this side to adopt the same methods. If they succeed an enormous simplification in the problem of transatlantic transportation of motor cars will be secured. That club might go one step further and persuade the American custom-house officials to reduce their unnecessary red tape for re-entering automobiles, and adopt a plan similar to that of most European countries.

Although there is no duty on a machine built in the United States and returning from a foreign port, it is necessary to be provided with the original shipping manifest from America to Europe. Also a certified statement of the American consul, at the European port whence the car is reshipped, that the latter is of American make and while in Europe has not undergone any changes or additions which have increased its commercial value. In fact, in order to avoid any controversy on the subject, it may be

well, before shipping the car to Europe, to have a signed statement from an American custom-house officer describing the automobile fully.

In the case of a foreign-built machine which has already paid duty on its original entry into this country no further duty is levied upon its re-entry here, provided a certificate of registration is made out before the car leaves these shores. For this purpose the car has to be submitted for inspection by the appraiser and a general inventory has to be made up of tools, tires and spare parts. This inventory must be presented to the custom house when the car re-enters the country. We are still very far from the simple and practical triptyque system as adopted in Europe.

All the above-mentioned formalities should be attended to by a custom-house broker, who knows his way through the intricacy of all the surrounding red tape.

#### CRATING.

A good crate or box can be made for \$50 to \$75, according to the size of the car. As the box will be required for the return trip, it will be well to construct it in such a way that it can be easily taken apart and assembled again.

Well-seasoned lumber will prevent the knocked-down box during storage near the wharves from shrinking or warping to such an extent that the different parts do not fit well when they are reassembled for the return trip. It is well to mark and number all pieces to avoid confusion while assembling.

Before boxing the automobile a thin layer of thick oil should be brushed over all finished iron or nickel-



plated and brass parts to prevent rusting while the machine is inside of the ship's damp hold. The suspending springs should be blocked and tied, to insure immovability of the body. All loose parts should be fastened and the windows lowered and made immovable to prevent breakage. Water and gasoline tanks should be emptied and electric wires disconnected to prevent short circuiting or self-discharge of the cells.

The material for the box should be ordinary tongue and groove pine boards, dressed on both sides, four or five inches wide, and one inch thick. The floor should be so constructed as to support the whole weight of the car. For this purpose it should be made of two skids 6x6 inches, and at least two inches longer than the extreme length of the auto. The beveled ends of the skids will allow of the use of rollers for sliding the boxed car. The skids should be placed so as to come directly under the wheels, and thus support the main pressure of the total weight. On the outside of each skid should be spiked a piece 2x4 inches in such a way that its top is level with that of the skid, and broadens the top of the latter by two inches.

The floor must be at least two inches wider than the extreme width of the car, the excess depending on the thickness of the boards used. The boards of the floor are nailed to the skids, and great care should be taken to have the latter exactly parallel and the boards square to them.

The car is run on this platform and put accurately in position. Then the wheels are blocked by means of eight wooden wedges, screwed to side boards and

to the floor of the box. But this does not prevent trouble in case one of the tires deflates, which would make the car sag and damage the axles. Therefore the axles or the hubs should be supported by and tied to four wooden or steel props, properly lined

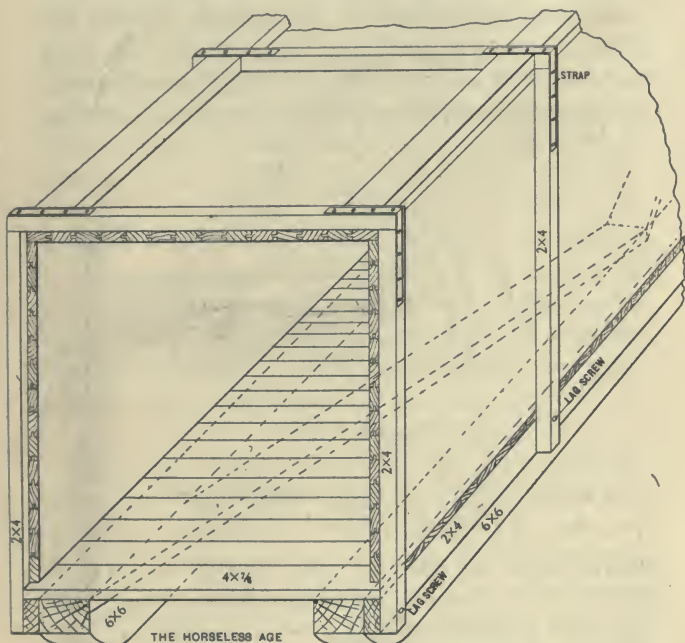


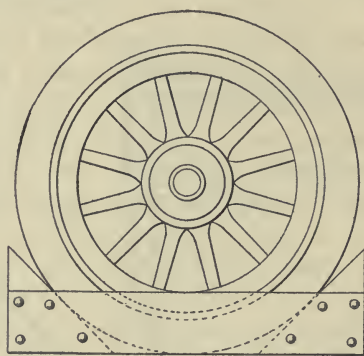
Diagram of Crate for Shipping an Automobile to Europe.

on the supporting surface with leather, canvas or cloth to prevent scratching.

The sides are built up on four uprights to each side, of 2x4 inch material, the length of each being the height of the car, with at least two inches clearance, plus twice the thickness of the ceiling, plus four inches. In this way each upright will lap down

four inches on the side of the skid, where it is fastened by a lag screw.

The boards for the sides should be cut shorter than the length of the skid by twice their own thickness, which allows the front and rear of the box to set into a rabbet. The boards for the top piece are likewise nailed to four cross-pieces, 2x4 inches. The length of these cross-pieces is equal to the width of the floor, plus four inches. As to the



Blocking the Wheel in the Crate.

boards used for the top, their length is equal to that of the floor. The front and rear ends are similarly made, using three cross-pieces for each. These cross-pieces are placed horizontally, while the required boards are nailed so as to stand upright. One cross-piece is in the centre, the other two are at the top and bottom, the latter placed so as to overlap at the top piece and at the floor by three inches. This necessitates material 2x5 inches thick and of a length equal to the full width of the floor, plus four inches. The length of the boards is given

by the inside height of the box, plus the thickness of one board.

For very large or very heavy cars it may be necessary to strengthen the floor below by nailing diagonal pieces between the skids; the outside of the top can likewise be strengthened by running along the edges a 2x4 piece, braced against the cross-pieces. The latter precaution prevents the collapse of the ceiling by the crushing action of the chains or ropes, which might be used in a careless manner, while hoisting the car to or from the ship. The edges of the top part can be fastened to the uprights of the sides with lag screws or secured by angle irons and wood screws. Lag screws or angle irons can be used in the same way for fastening the front and rear ends. Lag screws, if properly applied, are entirely sufficient and allow prompt packing and unpacking.

#### COST OF TOUR.

The cost of an automobile tour will vary considerably, according to the localities visited, the kind and size of the machine, the mileage and the duration of the trip. In this matter I am only able to give the result of my own experience, which is tabulated below. I omit the wages of the chauffeur, the passenger rates for steamship transportation and the hotel bills. As to the latter, I can make a general statement:

For our party, consisting of my wife, two children, myself and chauffeur, the average daily hotel bills, inclusive of garage charges and tips, varied from \$10 to \$15. They were very seldom higher than \$15, except in some larger cities with expen-

sive hotels. In France and Italy, they ordinarily were close to \$12 per day. We stayed at thirty-three different hotels.

Our trip covered about 3,300 miles overland, and wore out almost all my old tires; the latter were replaced by four new ones, which are all yet in excellent condition.

England and Scotland—

1,344 miles.

188 "imperial" gallons of gasoline..... \$53.00

Belgium and France—

1,253 miles.

611 liters of gasoline..... 47.00

Italy—

710 miles.

372 liters of gasoline..... 55.00

1	Total for gasoline.....	\$155.00
2	Total for lubricants.....	12.00
3	Total cost of tire repairs and renewals.....	243.00
4	Repairs on machinery.....	49.00
5	Cost of crate.....	71.00
6	Transportation of crate to New York pier.....	9.00
7	Expenses of crating.....	9.00
8	Transportation from New York to Tilbury (Eng- land) .....	71.00
9	Extra expenses for wharfage, unloading, etc.....	19.00
10	Storage of knock-down box in Tilbury three months.	6.00
11	Shipping Dover-Calais and incidental charges.....	36.00
12	Transportation and handling the knock-down box from Tilbury to Naples.....	33.00
13	Boxing the car in Naples, tips inclusive.....	24.00
14	Transportation from Naples to New York.....	73.00
15	Charges for lighterage, hoisting, etc., in Naples...	31.00
16	Custom brokerage and other expenses connected with re-entry in New York.....	26.00
Total .....		\$867.00

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To these expenses should be added the cost of a "floating" fire and marine insurance policy, as well as insurance against accidents or casualties, board and salary of chauffeur and the cost of his steamship tickets.

Outlays for gasoline are stated separately for each country, the price varying considerably. The consumption of this article was rather large, on account of the machine being "low geared." The price of oil is almost the same everywhere, and for that reason the total cost of this article has been given.

Expenses for repairs include all repair bills while traveling, but some small and inexpensive, voluntary improvements, which I introduced while touring, are not counted in. My boxed car measured about 9x7x14 feet. The cost of shipment would have been much smaller had I returned from the same port at which I landed the car. This would have saved the transportation of the empty crate from England to Italy.



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# INDEX.

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	PAGE.		PAGE.
Abbeville .....	118	Brakes .....	326
Abbotsford .....	66	Bromley .....	16, 18, 84
Adriatic .....	344	Bruges .....	104
Aiguebelle .....	164	Burgundy .....	145
Aix-les-Bains .....	161	Burton-on-Trent .....	36
Algiers .....	344	Bussala .....	194
Allessandria .....	187	Buxton .....	47
Alps .....	344		
Alsace .....	344	Campagna Romana .....	248, 253
Amalfi .....	284	Calais .....	93, 108
Ambérieu .....	149	Capri .....	273, 316
Annecy .....	153	Capua .....	266
Anacapri .....	274	Carriage Body .....	10, 323
Asti .....	187	Cassino .....	265
Austria .....	344	Cavia .....	304
Automobile Clubs .....	337	Chambery .....	161
Autun .....	143	Chamousset .....	164
Avallon .....	140	Chatsworth .....	44
Auxerre .....	138	Chauffeurs .....	146, 330
		Cheviot Hills .....	69
Baggage .....	11, 348	Chislehurst .....	16, 84, 85
Bavaria .....	344	Civita Vecchia .....	236
Belgium .....	98	Cluny .....	145
Benzina .....	186	Corneto .....	235
Birmingham .....	36, 52	Cornwall .....	56
Black Forest .....	344	Cost of Tour .....	359
Blackwall Tunnel .....	17	Crating .....	355
Blenheim .....	22		
Boulogne-sur-Mer .....	112	Dauphiné .....	344
Bourg .....	148	Dazio .....	183
Boxing .....	14, 355	Dieppe .....	118

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Dover .....	88	Introduction .....	3
Drinking Water.....	350	Italy .....	173
Durham .....	72	Itinerary .....	341
Dynamo .....	9		
		Jedburgh .....	66
Ealing .....	20	Joigny .....	138
Edinburgh .....	60	Jura .....	149, 344
Egypt .....	344		
Emigration .....	292	Kendal .....	55
England .....	15, 344	Kenilworth .....	32
Engine.....	8, 324, 325	Kent .....	85
Essence .....	117	Kew .....	20
Engine .....	8		
Expenses .....	349, 359	Lake District.....	56
		Lammermuir .....	64
Fécamp .....	120	Languages .....	335
Ferentino .....	258	Lans-le-Bourg .....	168
Fier .....	152	Licenses.....	15, 118, 122
Folkestone .....	87	Loire District.....	344
Fountains Abbey.....	67, 77	London.....	16, 19, 83
France.....	93, 344		
Frosinone .....	259	Macaroni .....	290
		Macon .....	150
Garages .....	348	Malaria....	224, 227, 228, 233
Geneva .....	151	Manchester .....	49
Genoa .....	196	Maps .....	339
Germany .....	344	Maremma .....	227
Gran Croce.....	183	Massa .....	222
Grantham .....	80	Matlock Bath.....	37
Gretna Green.....	57	Melrose Abbey.....	67
Grosseto .....	228	Melun .....	134
Guides .....	339	Menthon .....	160
		Medane .....	165
Haddon Hall.....	41	Moffat .....	58
Hotels .....	348	Money .....	353
High Wycombe.....	20	Mont Blanc.....	150
		Mont Cénis.....	173
Ignition .....	9	Montereau .....	134
Insurance .....	361	Morvand .....	142

# INDEX.

365

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Motor .....	324, 325	Riviera (French).....	344
Mount Bracco.....	212	Rumilly .....	152
Naples .....	266	Ruta .....	202
Nervi .....	200	St. Boswell.....	66
Newcastle .....	72	St. Germain-en-Laye...	130
Normandy .....	119	Saint-Rambert .....	149
Octroi .....	111	Salerno.....	296, 297, 302
Ostend .....	99	Salerno (Gulf of).....	344
Oxford .....	20	Savoie.....	151, 164, 344
Passports .....	353	Scotland.....	15, 57, 343
Paris.....	129, 130	Seasons (Best).....	345
Pisa .....	223	Sestri di Levante.....	208
Planning a Tour		Shipping .....	353
	341, 343, 345	Sicily .....	344
Pompeii .....	304	"Skidding" .....	330
Porto Fino Kulm.....	202	Snitterfield .....	24
Positana .....	280	Sorrento .....	276
Practical Suggestions..	323	Spain .....	344
Preface .....	I	Spare Parts.....	336
Pyrenées .....	344	Spezia' .....	213, 218
Rapallo .....	204	Sprags .....	9
Ravello .....	298	Starting Points.....	346
Recco .....	201	Steering Wheel.....	327
Renting .....	335	Stratford-on-Avon....	24, 28
Repairs .....	336	Studley Park.....	78
Rhine Country.....	344	Surrey .....	85
Rhone District.....	344	Susa .....	183
Richmond .....	19	Switzerland .....	344
Ripon .....	76	Talloires .....	160
Rome .....	238	Tenay .....	149
Ronco .....	192	Termignon .....	166
Rouen .....	126	Tilbury Docks.....	15, 16
Rowsley .....	41	Tips.....	115, 352
Riviera di Levante,		Tires.....	11, 329
	197, 199, 344	Tivoli .....	253
		Touring Clubs.....	337



	PAGE.		PAGE.
Tours .....	341	Vesuvius .....	310, 318
Traction Engines.....	71	Villeneuve .....	137
Triptyques,		Vosges .....	344
95, 98, 110, 172, 182			
Tunis .....	344	Wales .....	56
Turin .....	183	Warwick .....	29
Tweed's Muir.....	58		
Tyrol .....	344	York .....	79
Valmontone .....	257	Zoagli .....	207



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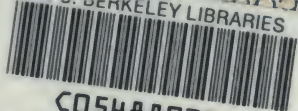
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